Collier's

NOVEMBER 29, 1941

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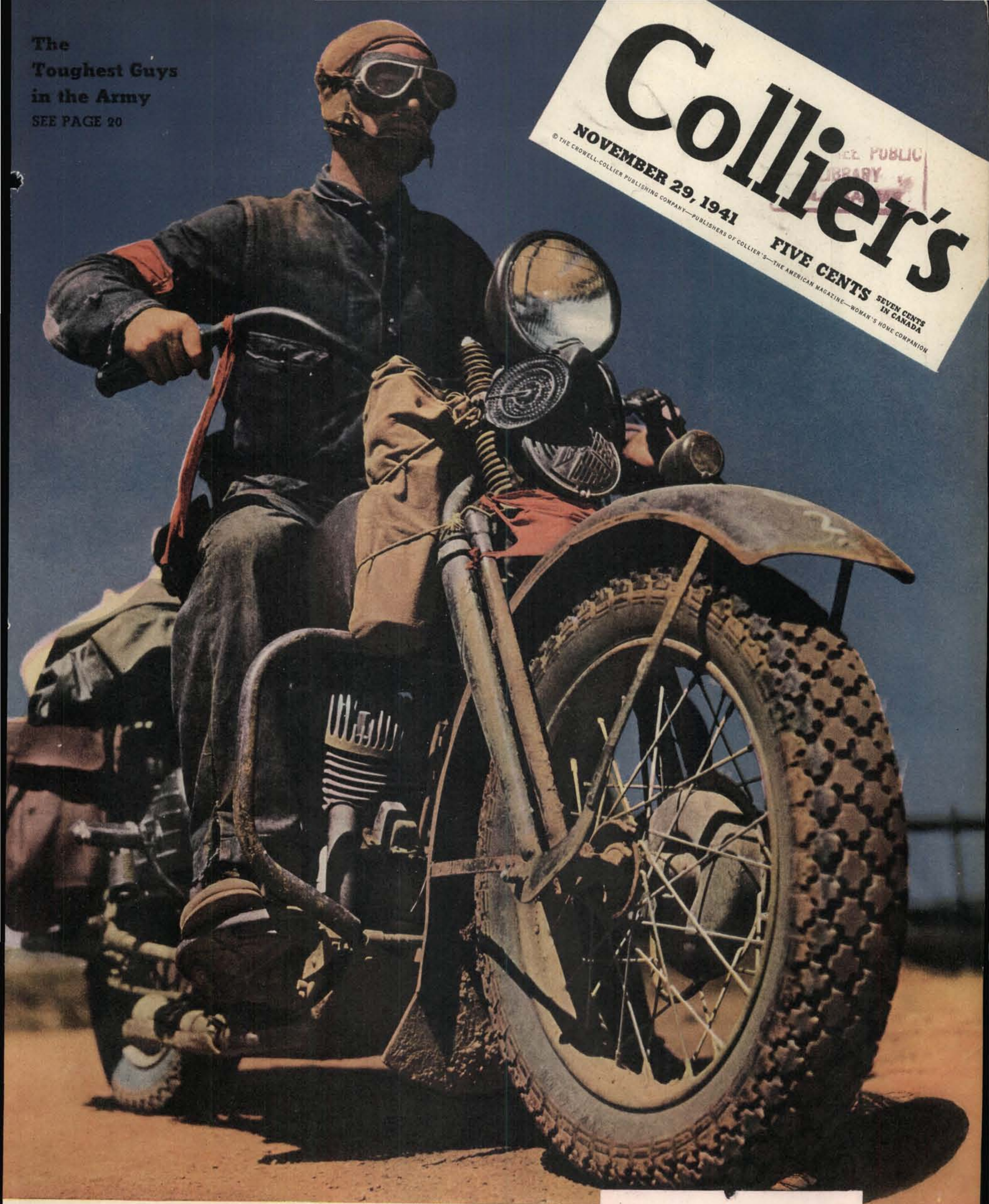

The Toughest Guys in the Army

SEE PAGE 20

ALDER GULCH A GOLD-RUSH ROMANCE BY **ERN**

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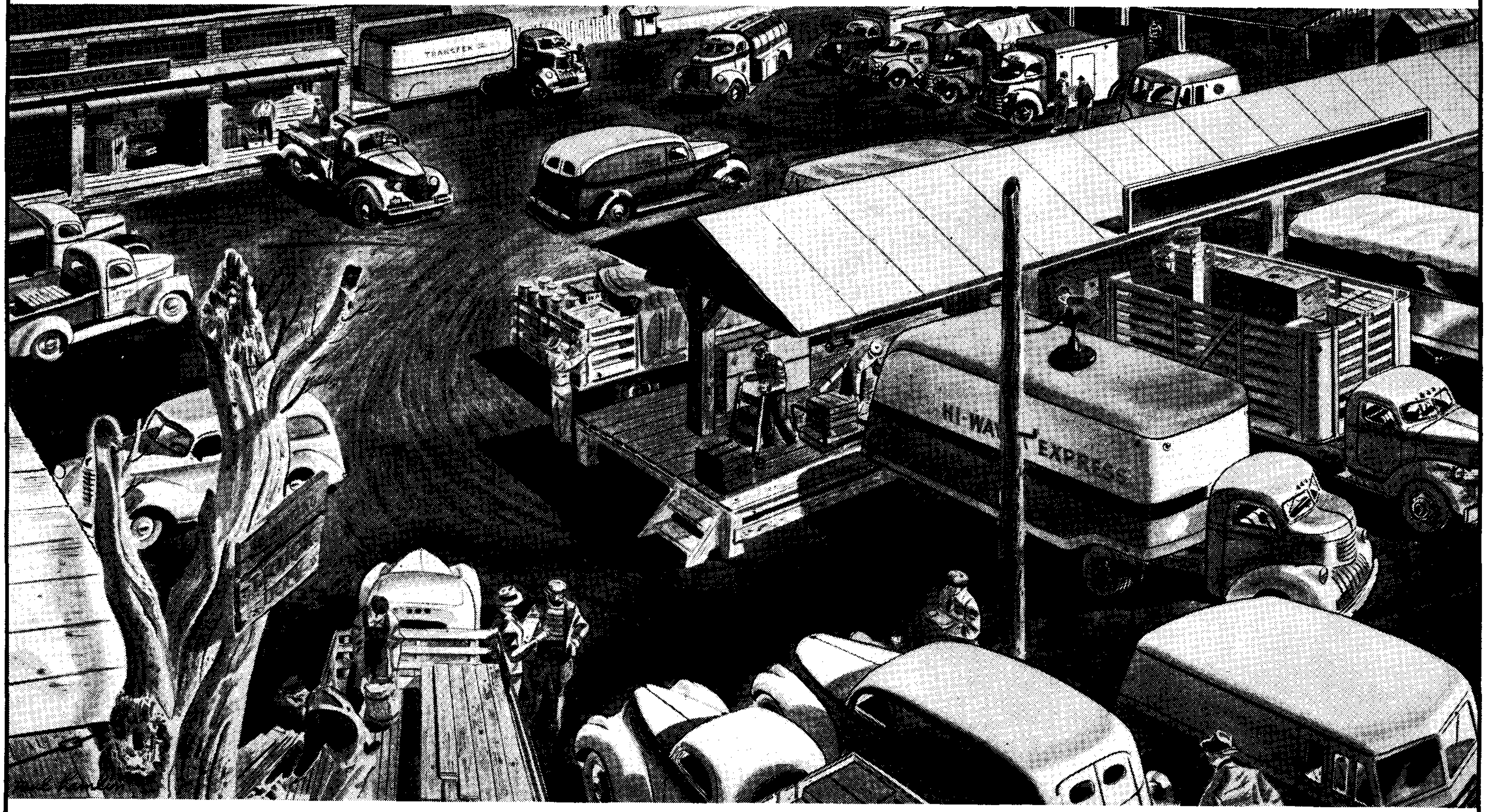

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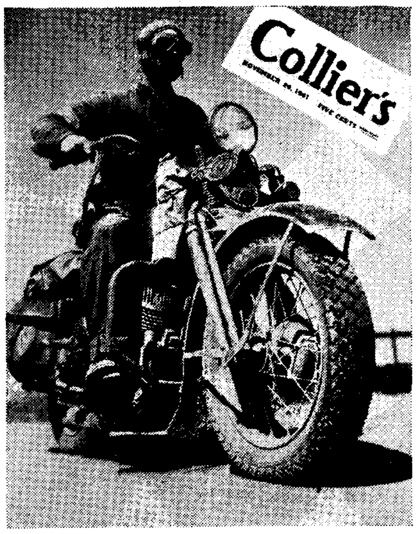
COVER HANS GROENHOFF

ANY WEEK

IN CIVILIAN life the grim-looking, 24-year-old gentleman on this week's cover ran an air hammer on Georgia highway construction. Right now, Third-Class Specialist Pvt. Milford B. Stevens, of Roopville, Ga., sticks his chin out for $50 a month as a "popsicle" rider in Co. G, 66th (Light) Armored Regiment, normally based at Fort Benning. Inducted a little more than a year ago, Stevens graduated as a tank and armored-vehicle driver from the Fort Knox Tank Mechanics School last June, learned to ride a motorcycle in August, found out about Louisiana red dust a month later and is currently tearing along with the rest of the "Hell on Wheels" boys (see page 20) in the Carolina war maneuvers.



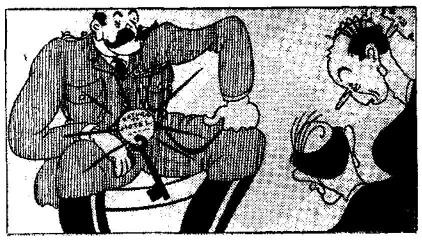
Like the others, Stevens travels light, but self-sufficiently, on the heaviest of two-wheeled machines. In front of his right knee is his encased gas mask. Hooked around the front springs, and looking like coffee percolator parts, are his dust respirator filters, to prevent silicosis. In the pack behind him are his blankets, half a shelter tent, underwear and field jacket. In the right saddlebag are his raincoat, ammunition and messages; in the left, his musette bag containing mess utensils, towel, handkerchief, socks, flashlight, toilet articles and one-day hard rations. On his pistol belt is his canteen cup and first-aid kit. He wears goggles, a leather chin protector and sometimes a crash helmet. From his jacket pocket generally protrudes a candy bar (in this case removed and presently returned in a somewhat damaged condition by the photographer). The strips of red cloth are Red Army identification.

Pvt. Stevens is one of 1,700 men and officers comprising the 2d Armored Division's 66th, the first offspring of the first U. S. Tank Corps organized early in 1918. This mobile arsenal of destruction, commanded by Col. Wm. H. H. Morris, Jr., has 129 heavily armed tanks and 73 half-track vehicles, all capable of traveling 50 m.p.h. over long distances and firing more than 1,000,000 bullets and small shells every sixty seconds. An outfit to be reckoned with.

WHEN they resume handing out Nobel prizes and get them down to common levels we shall offer the name of Mr. Charley Redcalf (not an Indian) for whatever they wish to grant a championship honest man. Mr. Redcalf lives in Miami, Florida. He has been working on what he calls Navy construction. He doesn't say whether it's ships or quarters but he does say that "it's the general opinion of everybody here that we'd be less of a nuisance if we were back on WPA." Anyway it's what Mr. Redcalf has to say about his wage that has us cheering madly. "I'm getting," says he, "on an average of one hundred bucks a week for what I'm doing and I will gladly give two weeks' salary to any deserving charity you name if you can find a guy less worth it. All I do is watch what the guy next to me is doing and then try to imitate him. If he's doing it wrong so am I but I wouldn't know it."

WE WERE interested to hear of the Englishman who, at a cocktail party given in Washington for a brand-new British war mission, was swarmed under by an American lady with apologies. "Dear Mr.————" she cried. "I've come here to tell you that I'm positively ashamed of my country and my countrymen to think that we are not over there sharing the agonies, the horrors, the hardships with you in your heroic fight against that monster Hitler." She had much more to say along the same lines—and said it. Presently however our Englishman fought free and roared: "Madame, please. Please don't feel so bad. Let me assure you that if I were an American and saw all us English around I'd be an isolationist."

WE FEAR that recently we've given you the idea that there's not so much as a square inch of quiet in all Washington. If we have, we've erred. From what we've heard peace and tranquillity reign largely in the Wages and Hours Division of the Department of Labor, and Colonel Philip B. Fleming, U.S.A., the Administrator, an able soldier unaccustomed to inactivity, yearns to get back to active military service. The trouble is that with wages what they are, in and because of defense, nobody would think of working for the legal minimum wage. Therefore, neither workers nor employers have any reason to bother the colonel. And yet we rely upon the colonel to deal tellingly with the situation. Once in the early days of the New Deal, the colonel and Lieutenant Colonel Royal Lord, U.S.A., were detailed to Dr. Rex Tugwell's Rural Resettlement Bureau with instructions to get something done—particularly housing. Every day Dr. Tugwell and his executive board, all of them drafted from college faculties, all of them deadly earnest, all of them wearing Phi Beta Kappa keys, met in the doctor's large office. Seated, they invariably unbuttoned their coats, revealing their badges of scholarship. Only Colonel Fleming and Lord kept their coats buttoned, being military men and having no Phi Beta Kappa keys to show anyway. Somehow the exhibition among other things got on Colonel Fleming's nerves. So one morning he whisked his coat open and there on his stomach, glittering like first-run sin, was a huge hotel key dangling from his watch chain. And to the key was appended a large brass disk, also shining furiously, asking the finder to return the key to the hotel that owned it. "Do you think they noticed it?" asked Colonel Fleming of Colonel Lord. "Noticed it?" replied Colonel Lord. "Hell, Phil, you could hear it for blocks around." Anyway that ended the coat unbuttoning and the belly-outing in the Rural Resettlement Administration. So we're betting on Fleming.



MOREOVER, we're losing patience with those who complain that with all the drafted brains in Washington today no sound new ideas emerge. That's nonsense. We've been talking to a top-flight OPMer who, after listening for an hour to his colleagues lament shortages, real and theoretical, of metals needed for shells, bombs and other Hitler eradicators, addressed the meeting with some heat. "There are in this country," said he, "more than ninety thousand statues and memorials to sailors, soldiers, politicians, philanthropists and occasions. Without the exact figures, I'd say that each contains not less than five tons of metal. The average would run about ten tons. That's plenty of metal—say close to a million tons counting the enclosing fences and incidental decorations. As art ninety-nine per cent of these memorials are monstrosities. If this be treason make the most of it but I still think that a million tons of bomb metal is what we need, to say nothing of what it would mean in nondefense demands."

GOT a candidate? . . . W. D.

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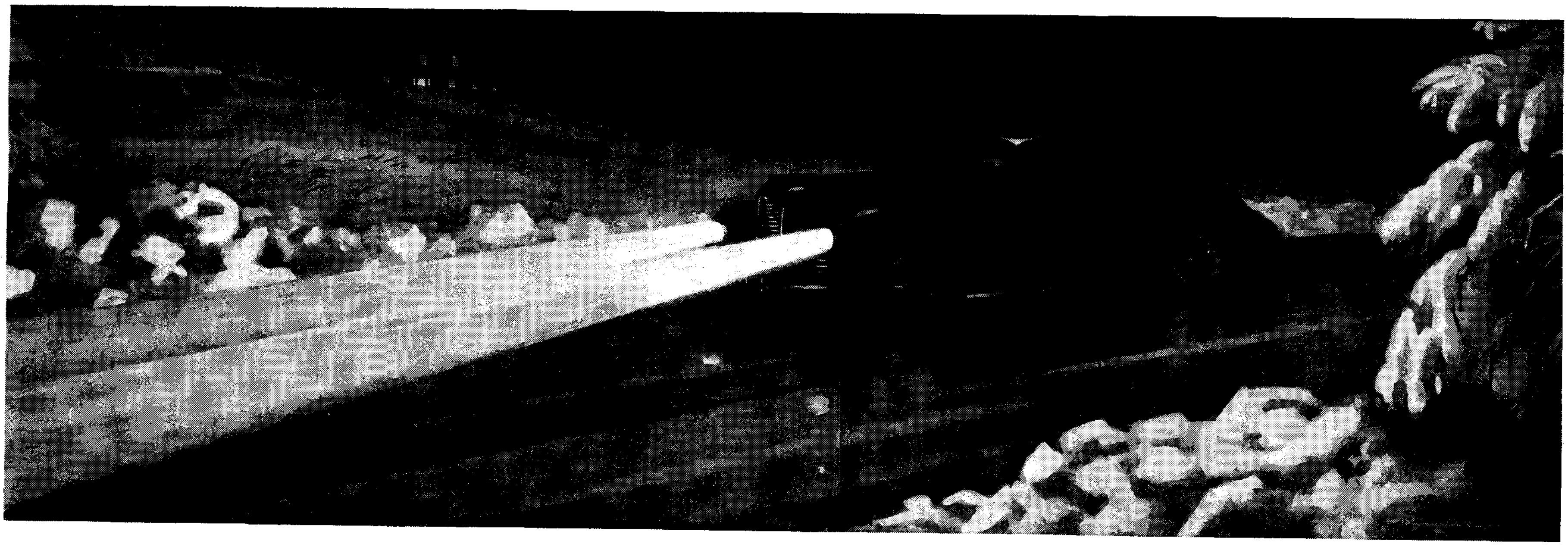
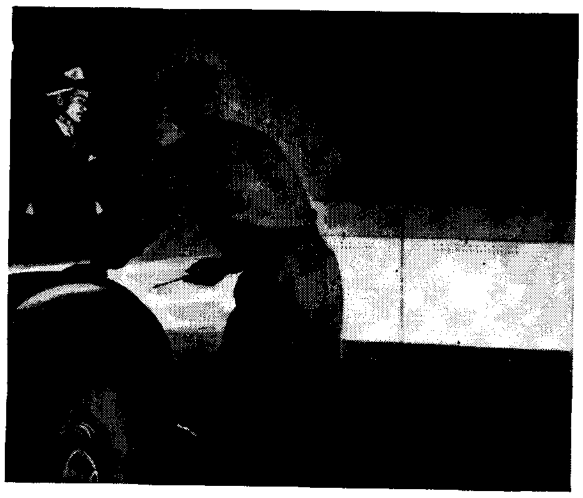


Shorter days mean longer odds – **against** you!

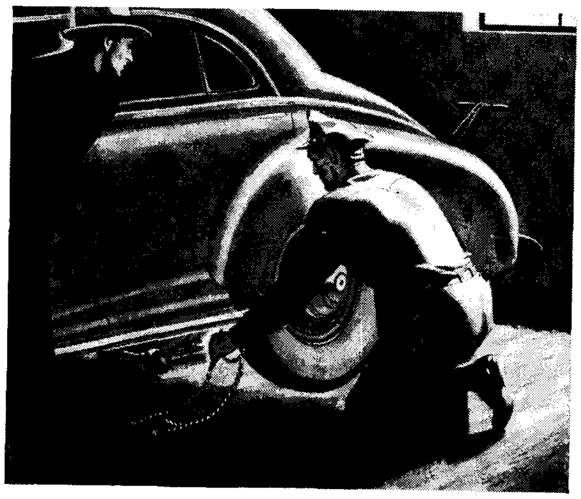
Winter invariably brings heavier tolls of traffic accidents. Despite the fact that there are normally fewer cars on the road, there are usually more than one and a half times as many accidents in December as in June.

Shorter days mean more hours of darkness. These shorter days bring with them stormy weather and other seasonal dangers in driving your car. These abnormal burdens are placed on drivers every Winter—and particularly this Winter because rapidly accelerating defense activities are putting more and more men and cars on the roads.

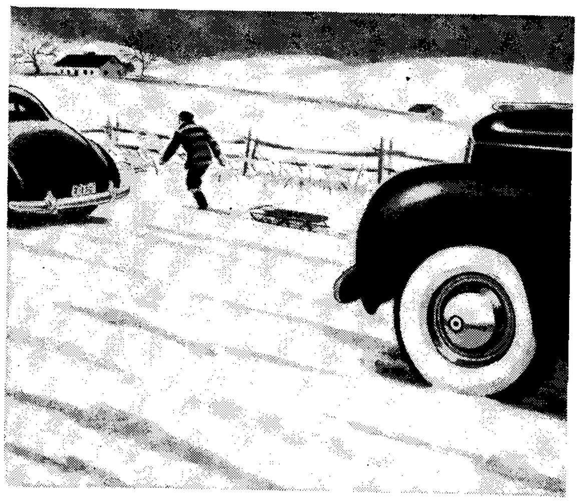
The careful driver balances increased dangers with increased caution and *pre*-caution. Here are a few suggestions he keeps in mind throughout the Winter months.



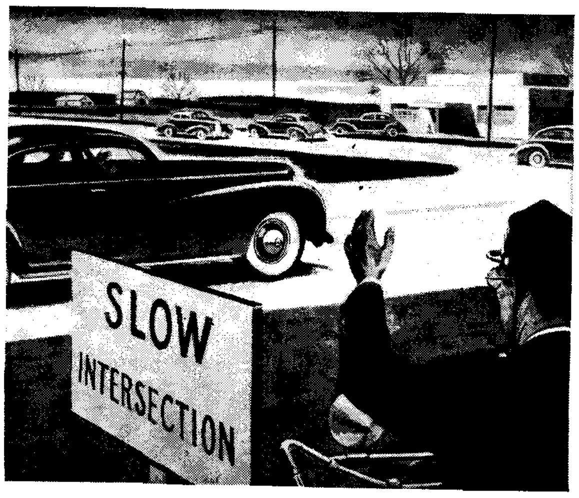
The careful driver makes sure that his lighting equipment is adequate and properly adjusted for longer hours of darkness, snow, sleet and fog; also that windshield wipers and defrosters are working effectively.



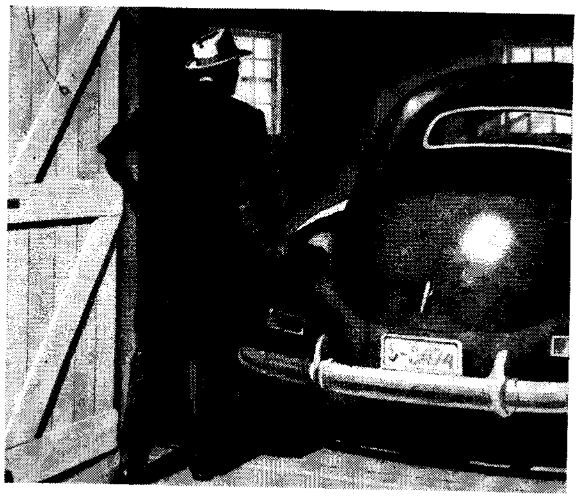
His chances of skidding are reduced by having brakes properly adjusted, by using tire chains on snow, slush and ice. The safe driver knows and practices safe driving technique on slippery surfaces. He is always on the alert for the unexpected icy spot.



He leaves more room than usual between himself and the car ahead, is more cautious than ever about passing cars when approaching hills or curves. On hills, he watches out for children on sleds.



The careful driver makes up his mind to travel at speeds reduced in conformity to road conditions throughout this season.



He remembers to be especially wary of carbon monoxide gas hazards in garages. If his car is a closed model, particularly an old one, he will have it checked for leakage.

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING"—*has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

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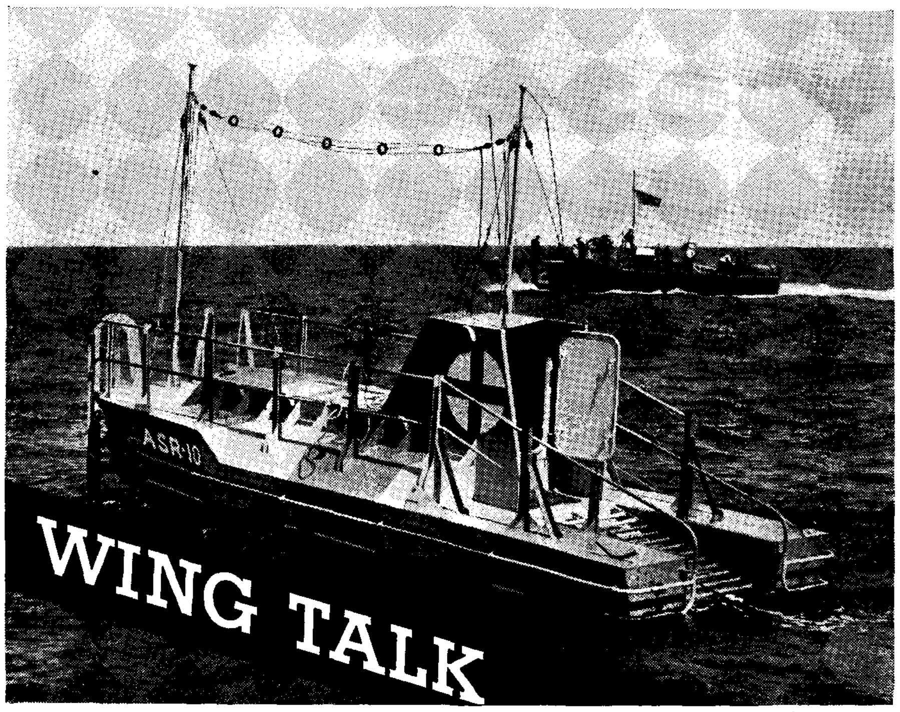


BRITISH COMBINE

R.A.F. fliers who bail out over the Channel try to make moored floats from which they are rescued by speedboat on radioing for help

STYLES in aircraft and air tactics have changed several times since the war began. Sometimes they have been influenced by what the Germans have used; others by the way the battle lines have shifted. Because the Germans had been preparing for an air war for at least six years and possess great technical and industrial skill, whatever they produce has a great effect on the other side.

A brand-new Messerschmitt 109F, the very latest of this line of fighters, *has been captured, and in the opinion* of returning Army Air Force observers has features that should be incorporated in future American designs. Instead of bristling with armament like the British and American planes, it possesses one cannon smaller than a 20-millimeter, which the Germans heretofore have used and which the British are now installing in their fighters, and two machine guns comparable to our .50 calibers. It is powered with a 1,300-horsepower Daimler-Benz, liquid-cooled in-line engine, and the plane fully equipped for battle weighs only 5,600 pounds. The low weight of the ship and the high horsepower give it an advantage of speed and maneuverability at high altitudes. Both British and American fighters have been getting heavier and heavier as more armament, armor plate and ammunition are loaded on board.

Two distinct theories are now set up, each with their advocates. One sponsors larger and more heavily armed fighters weighing up to twelve and fifteen thousand pounds and mounting air-cooled radial engines of 2,000 horsepower, and the other favors keeping down weight and armament in return for high altitude performance and superior maneuverability. Since it is now evident that one type of plane cannot be superior in all operations from treetops to 50,000 feet, the result is going to be an all-out effort for large numbers of both light and heavy fighters.

LOOK into the cockpits of our military planes, if you can get permission, and you'll see enough switches, knobs and buttons to make your head swim. Look very closely and you'll see one particular switch fenced off with a plastic guard and if you try to flip it with one finger while flipping others at the same time you just won't be able to. All this has been made necessary by a series of embarrassing occurrences which have reddened the faces of pilots guilty of a slight slip of the finger.

Coming in for a landing, the pilot flips a switch and down goes his landing gear. When this is securely locked in place he flips another switch, near by, which drops his flaps, or air brakes.

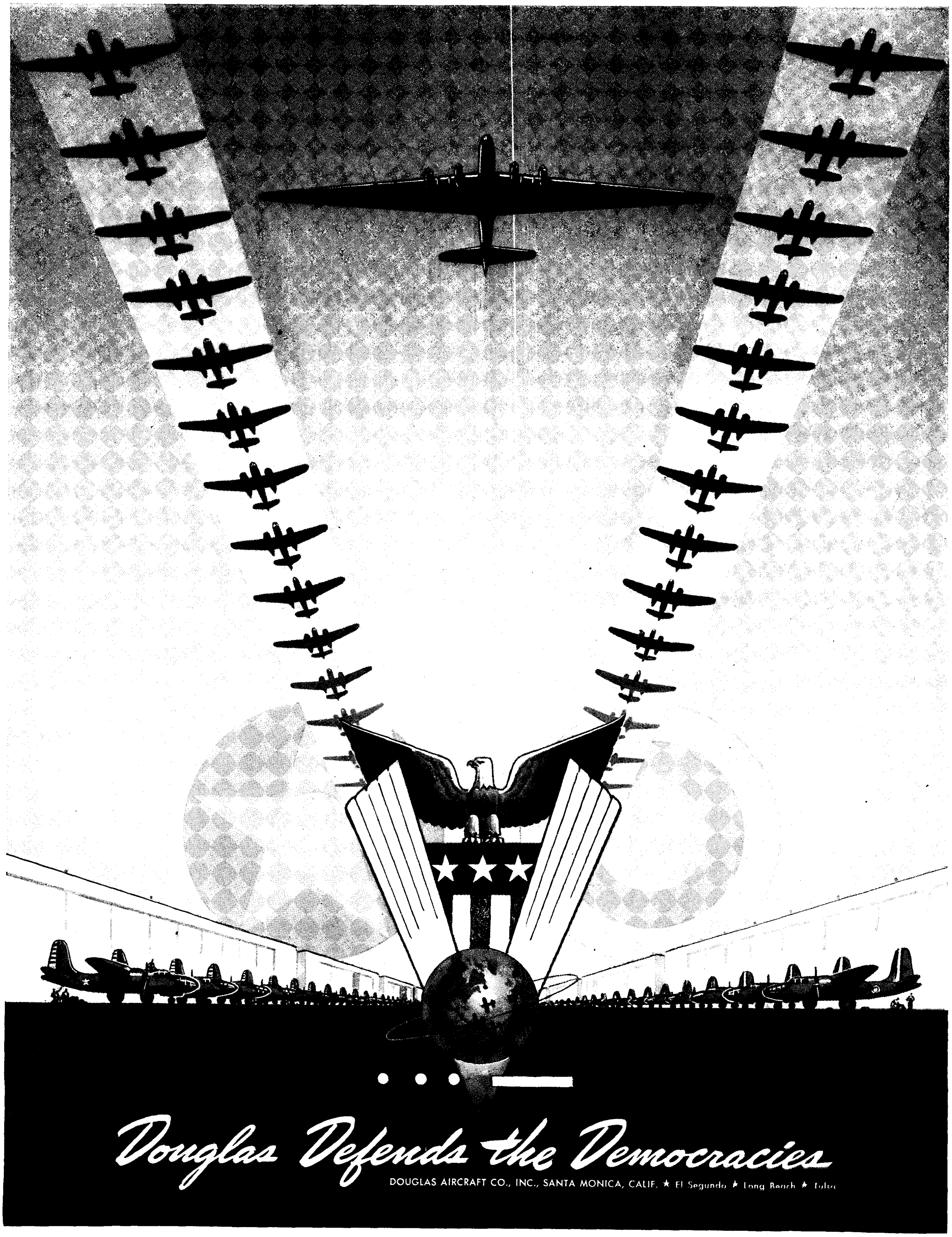
After he is on the ground and rolling up to the line, the pilot is busy looking out for other ships, and as he taxies along he reaches over to the flap switch without taking his eyes off the field and flips it to retract the flaps. More than *once he has flipped the wrong switch*, and has had that sickening feeling of the wheels falling out from under him and the plane dropping on its belly. Damage always has been limited to a bent propeller, and the extended flaps which he thought he was retracting.

So now that little landing-gear switch is fenced off from the flap switch and the new generation of military pilots will not wear the permanent blushes of their predecessors.

HATRED of the Nazis by the conquered Poles is so intense and so justified that no one dares attempt to ask those fiery people to be tolerant and charge it all up to war. And sometimes the boys in the R.A.F. wish that the Polish pilots who are flying Spitfires and Hurricanes with British markings would look upon the air battles as a sports contest instead of missions of absolute extermination. There is a different aproach to warfare among pilots and, with certain exceptions, a good amount of gallantry and admiration for the skill of the adversary on both sides. Things have been going along right well of late until a Pole or two, breathing fire and brimstone of hate for everything Nazi, not only crippled some German planes over the Channel but went to work on the Luftwaffe pilots with their machine guns as they floated down in their parachutes. That has made for bad feeling, and of course the enemy retaliated the next time and gave no mercy to R.A.F. pilots who had bailed out. The British pay highest tribute to the fierce fighters they have with them but it seems there are several ways to fight a war.

THERE'S such a thing as a host being so enthusiastically hospitable that he seriously embarrasses his guest, and maybe these young R.A.F. pilots should cut down a little on their idea of a good

(Continued on page 70)


Douglas Defends the Democracies
DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT CO., INC., SANTA MONICA, CALIF. ★ El Segundo ★ Long Beach ★ Tulsa

It was BINGO for BUTTERCUP

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

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KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Many Florida citrus-fruit growers now overcome the zinc deficiency in the soil by driving a number of zinc-covered nails into the trunk and main branches of their trees instead of spraying them with zinc sulphate and lime.—*By Bernice Becker, New York, New York.*

Nails, wire, knife blades, door hooks and many other objects are found in the stomachs of approximately twenty per cent of all cattle slaughtered in the United States. Although these foreign bodies usually do not cause any visible harm, the animal deaths that result from swallowing them cost the livestock industry more than $500,000 a year. —*By H. H. Barnum, Mason, Michigan.*

Members of Congress have the free use of the mails for correspondence from the day they are elected until the day they take office and from the expiration of their term until the following December first, although these periods when the congressmen are not in office may in some cases cover many months.—*By Leo Ryan, Waukon, Iowa.*

Catherine I of Russia, at her coronation in 1724, wore a crown that was studded with 2,564 precious stones and surmounted by a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg. Catherine II, at her coronation in 1762, wore a gown that had a train 225 feet long, which was carried by fifty attendants.—*By Juliette Palmer, New York, New York.*

Horse races in England are seldom timed, turf bets in Japan are limited to the equivalent of $5 in American money, and jockeys in Mongolia are always young boys without sufficient strength to hold in a horse and make it lose the race. —*By Dutch Harley, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

In the United States women are the victims of twenty per cent of all murders. In England they are sixty-two per cent of the victims.

Silica gel, a processed sand with a very high moisture adsorptive quality, is now being used in cupboards to keep salt, sugar and crackers dry, in drawers to preserve important papers and in cabinets to prevent the rusting of tools and instruments. By turning from blue to pink, the sand indicates that it has reached the moisture limit and must be dried in an oven.

Radio inventions include a "cough button" that enables a person speaking into a microphone to cut himself off the air while coughing, and a tuning device for radios that can be set to turn on automatically as many as 672 consecutive programs, covering eight stations for a week in advance.—*By Mrs. Louis Slutzker, Altoona, Pennsylvania.*

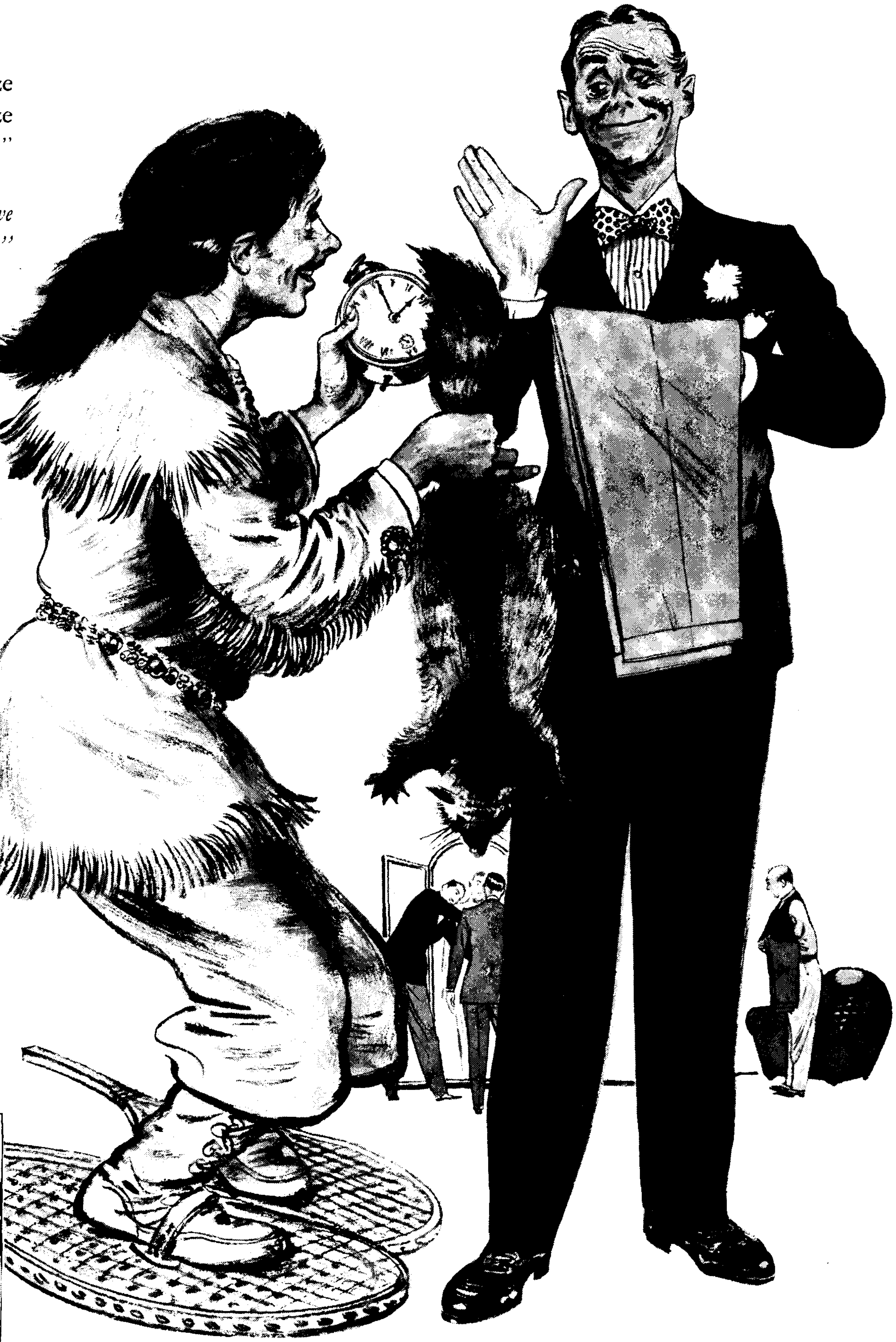
The first complete human skeleton ever found in a true state of petrifaction, every bone converted into solid stone, was the "Fossil Man of Mentone," which was discovered in a cavern in Mentone, France, in 1873.—*By Alice Blodgett, Stowe, Vermont.*

Of the 150 baffling luminous displays that have been observed during earthquakes, the most remarkable accompanied the catastrophe of 1930 in Idu, Japan. At the height of this earthquake, strange sheets of light illuminated the night sky so brightly that objects in unlit rooms were visible.

After the British had spent nine months in preparing to raise the Bayern, the 28,000-ton German dreadnought that was scuttled in Scapa Flow in 1919, the vessel came to the surface in only thirty seconds from a depth of 120 feet after the air locks went into action on September 1, 1934.

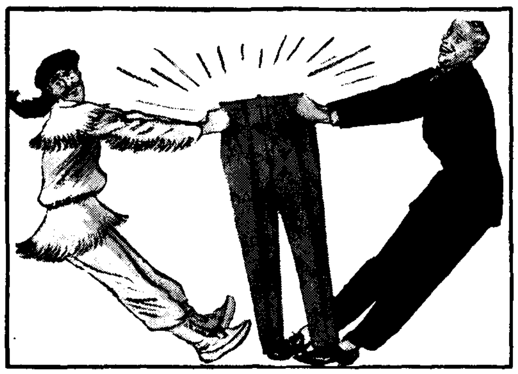
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's. The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Pierre le Rader—he one smart trader!

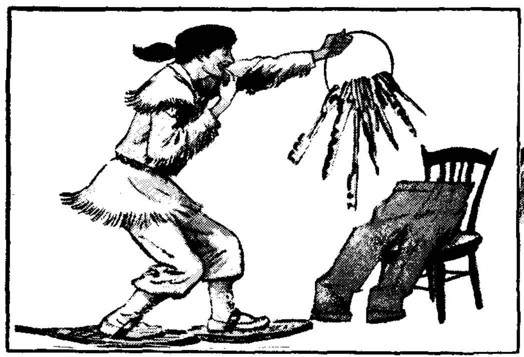


1. "If ze slide fastener won't work, ze expensive suit is useless! Give me ze *dependable* slide fastener and I pay more."

"Keep your treasures, sir. The expensive Talon slide fastener costs you no more!"



2. "Ooh, la la! I pay no more, but get a slide fastener zat is *strong* enough for pants ('Talon') ...It has ze exclusive coin-forged slider and lock zat will stand rough wear, outlast ze suit itself!



3. "I pay no more, but get ze *safe* slide fastener ('Talon')...wiz ze new special lock zat will save me from ze embarrassing situation! From now on, Pierre looks like a hawk for ze word *'Talon'* on all slide fasteners!"

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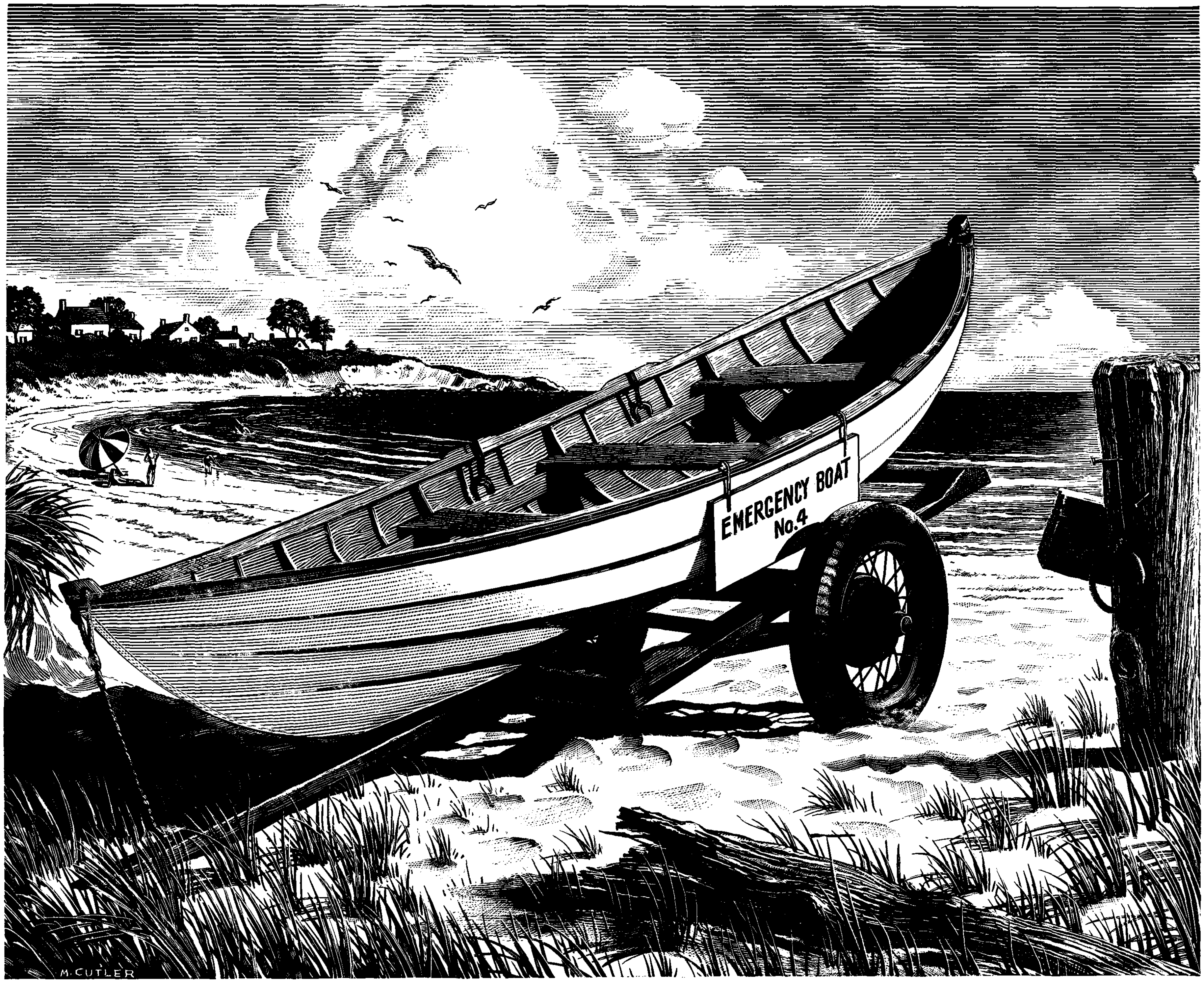

Not by appointment

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Collier's The National Weekly for November 29, 1941

Alder Gulch

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN G. BAUMGARTNER

Beginning a new novel of the American West—the turbulent love story of a dangerous man and a daring woman, set against the violent background of the Virginia City gold rush

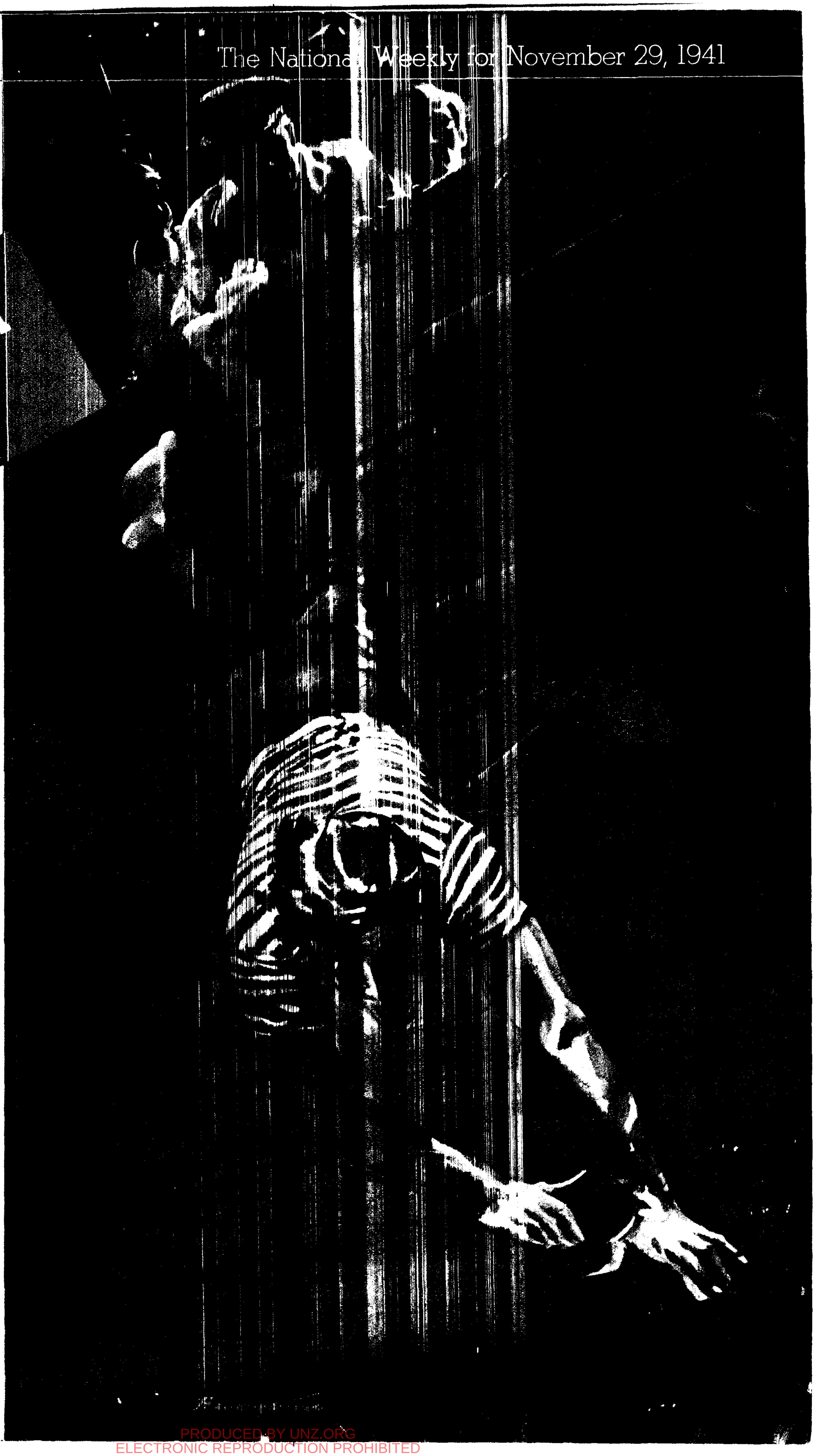
ONE moment he was a cool man who viewed his chances for escape and found them full of risk; and then a night wind moved over the river with its odors of dark soil warmed by summer rain and the resin scent of firs and the acrid taint of brush fires, and when these rank flavors came to him he knew at once he was done with caution. He belonged to the land, and the land summoned him. Before midnight came he would go over the ship's side, no longer caring whether it would be as a living man or a dead one. He stood on the foredeck and laid a hand on a capstan's bar, and excitement rushed all through him and sweat made a dry nettle-stinging on his face.

The bosun was a short black shadow hard by the foremast pinrail. The bosun said, "Pierce, come down from there."

This square-rigged ship, the Panama Chief, wound slowly around its anchor in midstream, bowsprit now pointed on the streaky glow of Portland's waterfront lights two hundred feet removed. One street lay against a ragged backdrop of buildings, beyond which the dark main hulk of town ran back into a mass of firs rising blackly to rear hills. All sounds traveled resonantly over the water—the crack of a teamster's whip, the scrape of feet on the boardwalks, the revel of a near-by saloon.

"Come down," repeated the bosun.

The ship's bell struck five short ringing notes. The moon's quarter-full face dimmed behind a bank of clouds and



The next instant he took his dive over the ship's rail, with a second shot from another gun following him

She darted behind a building and paused to catch his hand. "Careful with your feet," she said, and led him

the color of night at once deepened so that the surface of the river became a vague-moving oil surface into which a man might quickly drop and quickly vanish. Pierce bent and unlaced his shoes. He kicked them quietly off, moved to the break of the deck and descended the ladder.

He went by the bosun, passed the galley and paused near the mainmast shrouds. Mister Sitgreaves, the first mate, stood against the starboard rail and Canrinus, the second officer, was in the same sentry position on the port side. The captain was above them on the aft deck, his cigar bright-burning in the shadows. "Mister Sitgreaves," called the captain, "come here."

There were two Sitgreaveses on this ship, the mate and his brother, the captain. The mate retreated aft and went scuffing up the aft-deck's ladder. On the amidships hatch cover the rest of the Panama Chief's crew silently and sullenly waited for a break to come, hating the ship and its master and its officers.

The captain said in his bold, steady voice, "If any man tries to jump ship, Mister Sitgreaves, knock him down. This crew is signed from San Francisco to Canton and return. I'm no hand to lose my men."

The captain was afraid of losing his men, as well he might be. All of them, excepting the two mates and the bosun, had been shanghaied aboard at San Francisco by force and knockout drops. There had been, Pierce remembered, an amiable man beside him in the Bella Union saloon. The amiable man had suggested a drink and presently he, Pierce, had died on his feet, to awaken on the Panama Chief at sea.

"Bully boy," said a murmuring voice from the amidships hatch cover.

The captain moved to the head of the ladder and he stared below him and gave the crew his hard, short laugh. "You'd like me down there, no doubt, to start a confusion whereby you could make your escape. I'll not please you till we put to sea. Then, by gad, I'll give you confusion."

On the hatch cover men softly and bitterly murmured. The first mate, Mister Sitgreaves, clanked down the ladder and took his station again at the starboard rail. The second officer hadn't moved from the port side, the bosun remained deep in the foremast's shadows. All these men were armed, and it was six months to Canton and back, by which time this year of 1863 would be gone. The Panama Chief was nothing better than the Confederates' prison at Andersonville, of which Pierce had his indescribable memories.

He closed his fingers around the rail, and his body, lank in the shadows, bent backward until all weight rested on the balls of his feet. Mister Sitgreaves saw this and smoothly said, "I wouldn't do that."

The men on the hatch cover stirred and rose up. Brought aboard by violence, starved and bruised by iron discipline, they caught the clear, wild smell of freedom and suddenly all of them were shifting softly along the deck. The captain issued a sharp call:

"Who's that by the rail, Mister Sitgreaves?"

The mate said, "Pierce, sir."

"Knock him down, Mister Sitgreaves."

The mate moved forward, his boots sibilantly scrubbing the deck. Pierce let his arm drop to the cool, round top of a belaying pin, seized it from the bitts and took one quick side step. A sound at his rear warned him that the bosun now was moving forward to slug him and a man in the crew called out, "Watch back!"

The captain roared, "Don't you know who's master on this boat?" and came down from the ladder in long jumps.

PIERCE gave ground and retreated to the hatch cover, thereby avoiding the mate and the bosun, who now came together shoulder to shoulder and moved slowly at him. The crew shifted toward Pierce, making a cover for him; faced with this unexpected resistance, mate and bosun paused.

The captain said, "I'll show you how to handle mutiny, Mister Sitgreaves," and came forward, bold and black in the night. Some man groaned, "You're done in, Pierce!"

Pierce gave ground as bosun and mate moved at him, backing toward the port rail. The captain wheeled to block Pierce's way. "You're a sea lawyer," he said. "I am going to make you cry like a dog."

These three, captain, mate and bosun, were pinching him in against the galley wall. He wheeled and ran around the galley, circling it to the starboard side, and reached the mainmast stays. He had shaken mate and bosun, but the captain had outguessed him; the captain was before him, softly laughing in his throat. Pierce saw the captain pluck a pistol out of his pocket and lift it for aim, and all this while the steps of the mate and bosun pounded behind him. Pierce, never wholly stopped, wheeled aside. He caught the flat explosion in his face and felt the violent pain of his eardrums; and brought the belaying pin down on the captain's head in one sweeping blow. The next instant he took his tumbling dive over the ship's rail, with a second shot from another gun

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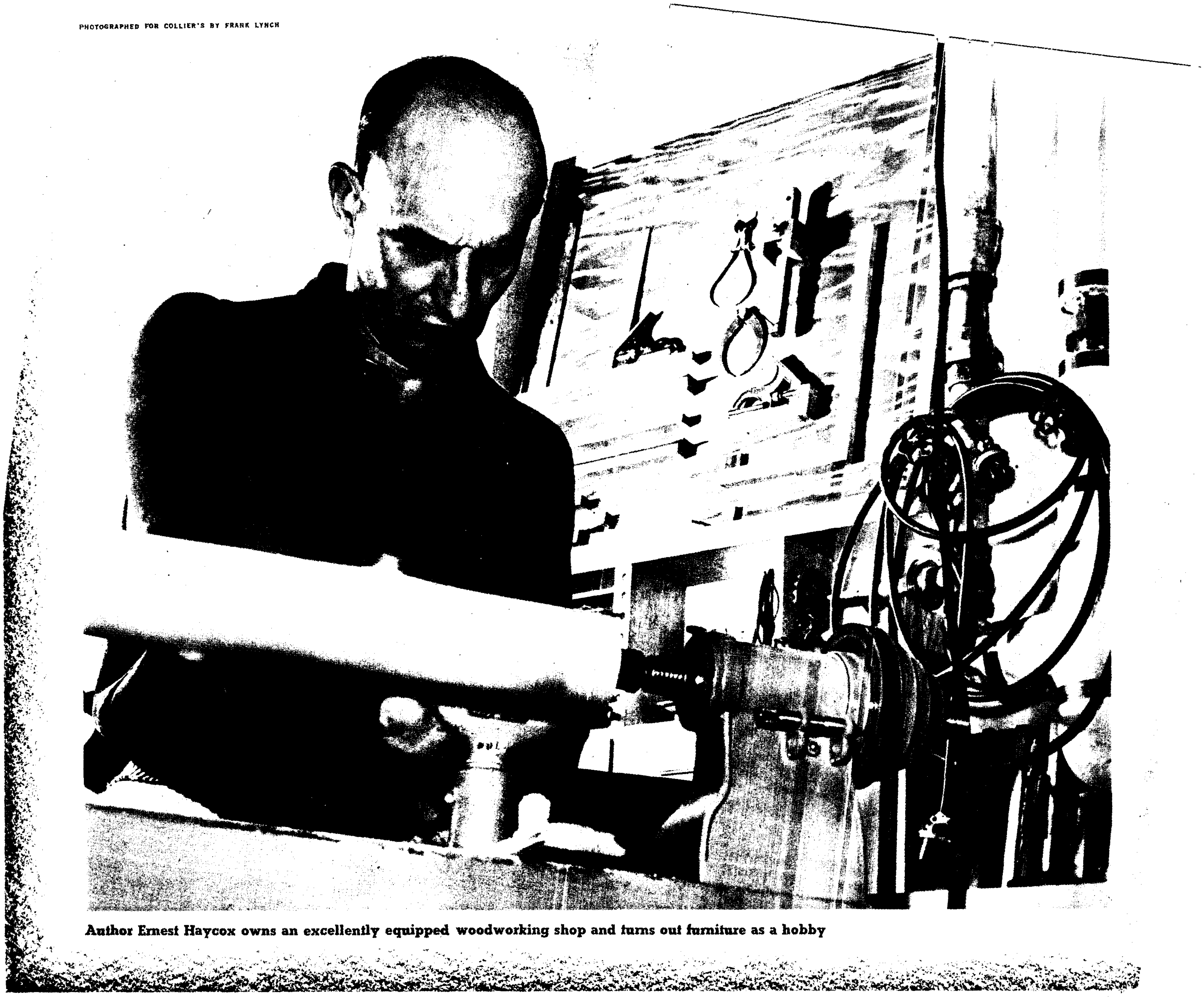
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY FRANK LYNCH



Author Ernest Haycox owns an excellently equipped woodworking shop and turns out furniture as a hobby

Books and Saddles

By Jim Marshall

Spread down, pardner, around the campfire and visit with the range boss of the Haycox country, whose seventeenth novel, Alder Gulch, begins on page eleven of this issue

EVERY once in a while—although he knows better—Ernest Haycox sits down and pecks himself out a complete Western serial plot. He writes the outline, describes the hero, heroine, complications, secondary characters and so on to the final clinch, sixty thousand words away. This done, Mr. Haycox glances glumly through the six or seven thousand words of the synopsis and throws the whole thing into the fire.

Once, some years ago, he figured out a complete plot and stuck grimly to it. The result was pretty terrible. None of Erny's friends even mention the thing, preferring to remember the sixteen good Western novels he's written—with no idea, when he started each, how it was going to turn out.

Today, when he feels a serial for Collier's coming on, Mr. Haycox simply dreams up a hero, a general situation and an opening scene. His heroes are pretty real to him. They're all rebels, more or less; strongly individualistic guys, with a touch of sadness somewhere. They represent to their creator something typical of the Old West.

"The West," says Haycox, "was—and to some extent still is—the last major stand of freedom and the rights of individuals who are willing to fight for them. It still is the freest place in the world—and that is why Western stories have such a universal appeal."

What is going to happen after Haycox's hero has ridden into Haycox's scene no one has the slightest idea, least of all Haycox.

"You place your hero in a certain setting, at a certain period—maybe half a century ago—and let him meet the other characters," explains Erny. "Then if you have your characters and their setting clearly in mind, they'll write the story for you. All you have to do is hammer it out on the typewriter."

Haycox, now ranked as America's ace Western-story writer, has been hammering them out that way since he sold his first story for $30 back in 1922. He was a student then at the University of Oregon, learning journalism and short-story writing and living in a converted chicken coop back of a fraternity house in Eugene. The walls of the coop were covered with rejection slips and it became a game among the several budding scribblers at the college to collect rare slips from obscure magazines.

But before he went to the university, Erny had had a pretty full life. At twelve he was making a living on the streets of Portland, Oregon, where he was born. He sold the Oregonian and the Oregon Journal and Portland News, and when he had fifteen cents he ate in a Jap restaurant. This sustained him until he could make another fifteen cents for more food. Well, it was steady work, but it got him nowhere.

He tried other jobs—bellboy in a family hotel, dishwashing at half the lumber camps in Oregon, anything he could lay his hands on. In 1914 he drifted south to San Francisco and got a job as a delivery boy for a hat factory. This paid $5 a week. A room cost $1.25 and a meal ticket $3.50, leaving two bits for the more abundant life. Besides, the hatboxes were too large to go on streetcars and the kid had to walk around delivering them.

So he left the hat factory and got a job as news butcher on the old Oakland, Antioch & Eastern, an interurban line running to Sacramento. You rode continuously and met interesting people and somebody was always leaving half a package of popcorn or a chunk of peanut brittle that a growing boy could use.

(Continued on page 64)

Lady Makes Good

By Kyle Crichton

Here is Joanna Boniface Winnifrith of Ightham—who is now better known in movie circles as Anna Lee

FROM our European operatives we learn that the ambition of all English actresses is to get a Hollywood contract and join the Nanny set. A requisite for this is that you should be married and have a child. Naturally, when you are an actress and have a child, the child must have a nursemaid. The nursemaid is Nanny. All decent English families have a Nanny. Nannies seem to be a strange breed of people. They have no names. They are known solely by the names of their employers.

"Nanny Stevenson had tea this afternoon with Nanny Rathbone; Nanny Stevenson went to the cinema last night with Nanny Best."

From this you will know that the Stevensons are in town. Robert Stevenson is a director at RKO and a successful gentleman. His wife is Anna Lee, who plays opposite Ronald Colman in My Life with Caroline and is now featured in How Green Was My Valley, the John Ford production at 20th Century-Fox.

When you have that assimilated, we will really knock your eye out with a story. You're not going to believe it and nobody is going to push it off on you, but Mrs. Stevenson will raise her right hand in solemn oath and swear that it doesn't pay to be the wife of a movie director.

This is the evidence: when Lewis Milestone was getting My Life with Caroline ready for production he found he had no leading woman. Mr. Stevenson knew of the crisis and he also knew that Miss Lee, his spouse, was not only available but was slightly frothing at the jowls for want of lucrative labor. But did Mr. Stevenson so much as say, "By the way, Miley, old man, I think you might take a look at a little girl who did rather well in British films, a Miss Lee?" Mr. Stevenson did nothing of the kind. He played the game like a little man. He bit his tongue, he gulped back a sob, but no words passed his lips.

Up to this point we feel that truth is being preserved. But, according to the story, Milestone, desperate even to the point of looking at old English films, encountered one called A Young Man's Fancy, took one look at Miss Lee's calcimined countenance and started leaping. Mr. Milestone is a heavy man; he leaps only under severe provocation.

"Where is this beautiful lady?" Mr. Milestone is reported to have cried. "Find her and let not an hour pass. Use bloodhounds, radio interceptors and special-delivery air-mail letters!"

Right Under Their Noses

There were cables to London, there were frantic inquiries at theatrical agencies. Finally she was found at San Francisco, where she had gone for the week end.

"I think you will like Hollywood, Miss Lee," Mr. Milestone is reported to have said over the phone, wheedlingly. Miss Lee refrained from saying she had been living in the place for six months and liked it right well, barring the climate. She said merely she would come down and hear what Mr. Milestone had to say.

Is there anybody in the house who believes Milestone didn't know that Lee was Stevenson? No? Well, let's go on.

She started in life as Joanna Boniface Winnifrith, the daughter of the rector of Ightham, near Sevenoaks, England. Her father ran a boys' school and she was the only girl around. At his death she talked her mother into allowing her to enter the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Arts in London, better known as Miss Fogarty's. Joanna Boniface was fifteen at the time and it was a step of some proportion for a dominie's daughter. The classes were held in Albert Hall, which is a cross between our Madison Square Garden and Carnegie Hall, and part of the fun was sneaking into the big hall to see prize fights, concerts and wrestling fiascos. After a year she quit and got a job as understudy with a theatrical touring company.

"It turned out that Miss Fogarty hated me," says Miss Lee in explanation.

What got her the consent to go on tour was the assurance that everything was in the hands of the Actors Church Union, which recommended boardinghouses for the week stands and kept an eye out for moral lapses. As a preacher's wife, Mrs. Winnifrith couldn't very well object to that.

"The 'dig's' keeper was always called 'Ma' and there was invariably an autographed photograph of Sir Herbert Tree in the parlor and the bath was always out in the back yard—a tin tub and a bucket of water to pour over yourself. You couldn't cook your own meals but you could buy a kipper and Ma would fix it up, taking a nice chunk for herself. Room rent was cheap—nine and six, about two dollars, for a six-day week."

The provincial actors weren't the

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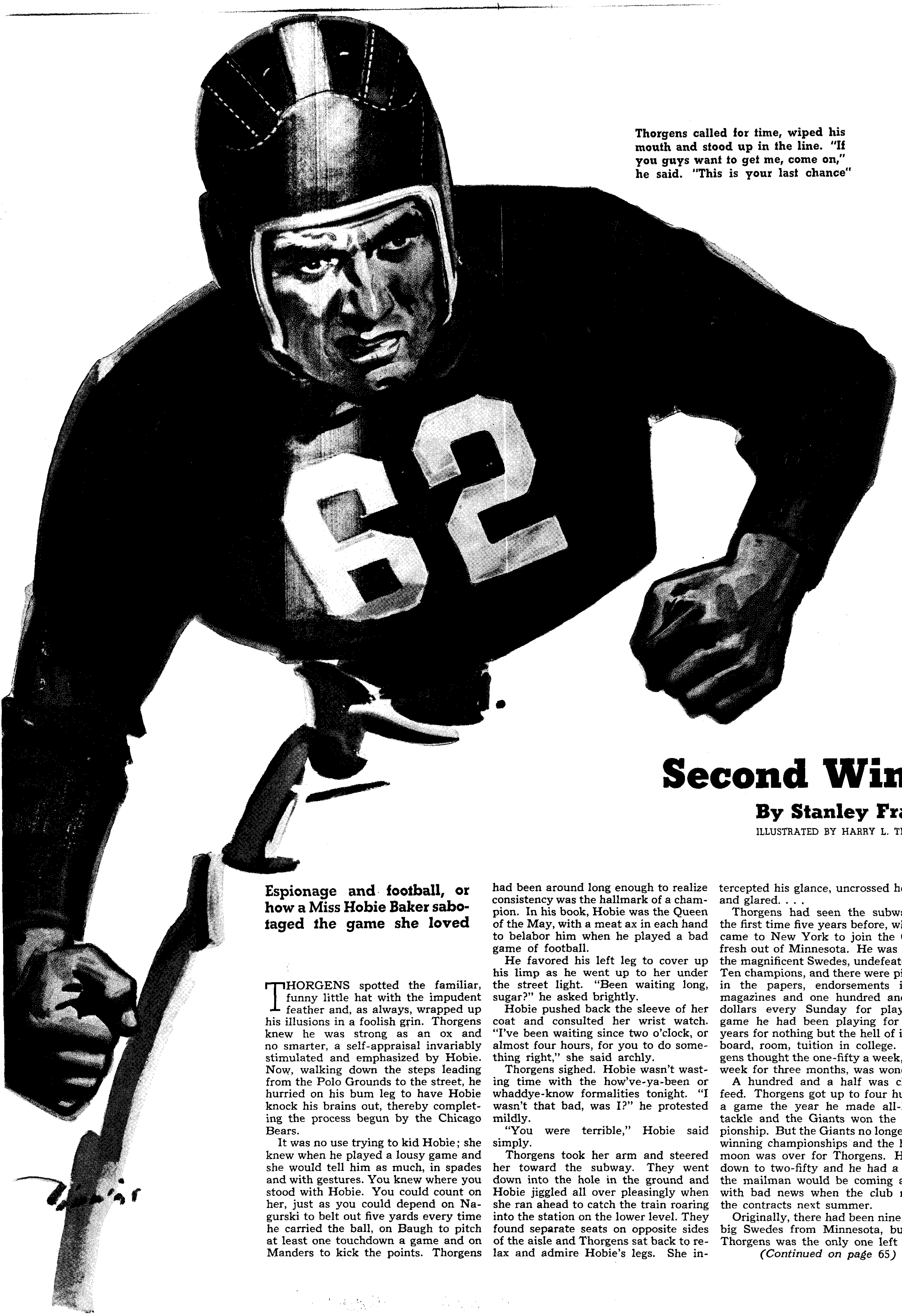


Thorgens called for time, wiped his mouth and stood up in the line. "If you guys want to get me, come on," he said. "This is your last chance"

Second Wind

By Stanley Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

Espionage and football, or how a Miss Hobie Baker sabotaged the game she loved

THORGENS spotted the familiar, funny little hat with the impudent feather and, as always, wrapped up his illusions in a foolish grin. Thorgens knew he was strong as an ox and no smarter, a self-appraisal invariably stimulated and emphasized by Hobie. Now, walking down the steps leading from the Polo Grounds to the street, he hurried on his bum leg to have Hobie knock his brains out, thereby completing the process begun by the Chicago Bears.

It was no use trying to kid Hobie; she knew when he played a lousy game and she would tell him as much, in spades and with gestures. You knew where you stood with Hobie. You could count on her, just as you could depend on Nagurski to belt out five yards every time he carried the ball, on Baugh to pitch at least one touchdown a game and on Manders to kick the points. Thorgens had been around long enough to realize consistency was the hallmark of a champion. In his book, Hobie was the Queen of the May, with a meat ax in each hand to belabor him when he played a bad game of football.

He favored his left leg to cover up his limp as he went up to her under the street light. "Been waiting long, sugar?" he asked brightly.

Hobie pushed back the sleeve of her coat and consulted her wrist watch. "I've been waiting since two o'clock, or almost four hours, for you to do something right," she said archly.

Thorgens sighed. Hobie wasn't wasting time with the how've-ya-been or whaddye-know formalities tonight. "I wasn't that bad, was I?" he protested mildly.

"You were terrible," Hobie said simply.

Thorgens took her arm and steered her toward the subway. They went down into the hole in the ground and Hobie jiggled all over pleasingly when she ran ahead to catch the train roaring into the station on the lower level. They found separate seats on opposite sides of the aisle and Thorgens sat back to relax and admire Hobie's legs. She intercepted his glance, uncrossed her legs and glared. . . .

Thorgens had seen the subway for the first time five years before, when he came to New York to join the Giants fresh out of Minnesota. He was one of the magnificent Swedes, undefeated Big Ten champions, and there were pictures in the papers, endorsements in the magazines and one hundred and fifty dollars every Sunday for playing a game he had been playing for seven years for nothing but the hell of it, plus board, room, tuition in college. Thorgens thought the one-fifty a week, every week for three months, was wonderful.

A hundred and a half was chicken feed. Thorgens got up to four hundred a game the year he made all-league tackle and the Giants won the championship. But the Giants no longer were winning championships and the honeymoon was over for Thorgens. He was down to two-fifty and he had a hunch the mailman would be coming around with bad news when the club mailed the contracts next summer.

Originally, there had been nine of the big Swedes from Minnesota, but now Thorgens was the only one left in the

(Continued on page 65)

Naval Engagement

By George Trevor

After all these years Navy now has a football team it honestly can brag about—thanks to Swede Larson, who, in exactly three years, has performed a real coaching miracle

WHEN Swede Larson enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1917, fresh out of high school in Minneapolis, it caused some heartburning in the family. His father, although patriotically proud of the choice, was regretful that the boy wasn't going to follow in his footsteps at the University of Minnesota. Also he was somewhat hazy about his son's selection.

"What *is* a marine?" he asked.

"Well-l," began Swede. "It's something like a . . ."

"Soldier or sailor?" asked his father.

"Both," said Swede, not too sure.

"Now, Emery," said his father, "don't make jokes. We'll look it up in the encyclopedia."

He looked it up and found that Swede was right. Swede was a Marine private for a while and then went to Annapolis and got a commission and now he is football coach at Navy and if Army, by some miracle, should lick Major Emery Ellsworth Larson's team this week in Philadelphia, it will be the first time, either as a player or as a coach, that Swede Larson has experienced such a disaster.

By a coincidence, both service teams happen to be good this year, which is a break for morale. It has not always been thus. For years Navy couldn't have beaten Army with eight trained gunners in the backfield. Last year Army, through most of the season, played like a group of little boys that had never recovered from early cases of rickets. Earl Blaik has corrected that situation; Navy has three sets of strength everywhere; and the result should be as fine a chorus of bone-crushing as the Army-Navy game has seen in years.

Swede comes by his football from tradition. His father was captain and guard on the Minnesota team of 1895; his brother, Douglas, was Minnesota center in 1920-21; another brother, Ted, was halfback and center on St. Olaf's (Minn.). Swede got his start at West High, Minneapolis, on a team that contained such greats as Earl Martineau and Al Ruben, later stars at Minnesota. Swede alternated at center and tackle on that team and was captain in his senior year.

The Hero Makes His Debut

Then the war and the Marines. He fought the war from a post at guard duty at the Bear Mountain station close to West Point. Major Larson prefers not to mention these days, saying merely: "I was disappointed."

Through the help of Congressman Harold Knutson of Minnesota, he got an appointment to Annapolis after the war and was on the great Gil Dobie teams of that period almost immediately, plebes being eligible then. The great game of that era was the famous Navy-Great Lakes Training School classic, perhaps the most exciting game ever played anywhere. In the first two minutes of the game, the regular Navy center made a bad pass and Dobie said to Swede: "Warm up, Larson."

Larson started running up and down the side lines. He ran for fifty-eight minutes and never did get in the game. When somebody reminded Dobie of this, he said:

"Hell, we'll win without a center."

But Navy didn't win. It was ahead 6-0 with about a minute to play and Bill Ingram was going over for a second Navy touchdown when Erickson of Great Lakes stole the ball and started down with a clear field. When he was halfway to the goal line and no regular Navy man even in sight, he was suddenly tackled with fury and completely buried by Saunders, a sub guard of Navy, who, overcome by this disaster, had come off the bench and floored him.

Pandemonium. Fights. Utter confusion. Jimmy Conzelman, coach of the Great Lakes team, swears that they only got the touchdown by gathering around the ball in a scrum and forcing it over the goal line. Larson says this is the bunk. There was no rule to cover the play. Unnecessary interference is only penalized by half the distance to the goal line. That would have saved the game for Navy, but, according to Larson, Admiral Eberle, superintendent of the Academy, came down on the field and insisted that the touchdown be awarded to Great Lakes. They kicked the goal and won, 7-6.

Larson was fond of Dobie, the glooming Gil, who seriously predicted before every game that if Navy could hold the opposition to six touchdowns, he would be satisfied.

"That's great psychology if you have great players," says Larson, "and we had them. Dobie would work for hours on the 'three out and up' play, timing it with a stop watch. The halfback would take three steps to the right and then go into the line. I'd loft a soft pass to the back just at the right moment. Nobody could stop that play."

The World's Most Uncertain Game

Navy was not defeated by Army in these days, even with the great Walt French in the Army backfield, but the game Larson remembers with the most pleasure is the Princeton game in his senior year when Navy avenged a defeat of the year before. He remembers it best because of a remark by the referee. There had been a pile-up and a Princeton man had swung on the enemy. The referee threw himself at the mass, grabbed the man whom he couldn't see and howled:

"Whoever owns this hand goes out of the game!"

When he was graduated from the Academy, Swede wrote Dobie, who was then at Cornell, and applied for a coaching job.

"Stay in the service," advised Dobie. "Football coaching is the most uncertain thing in the world."

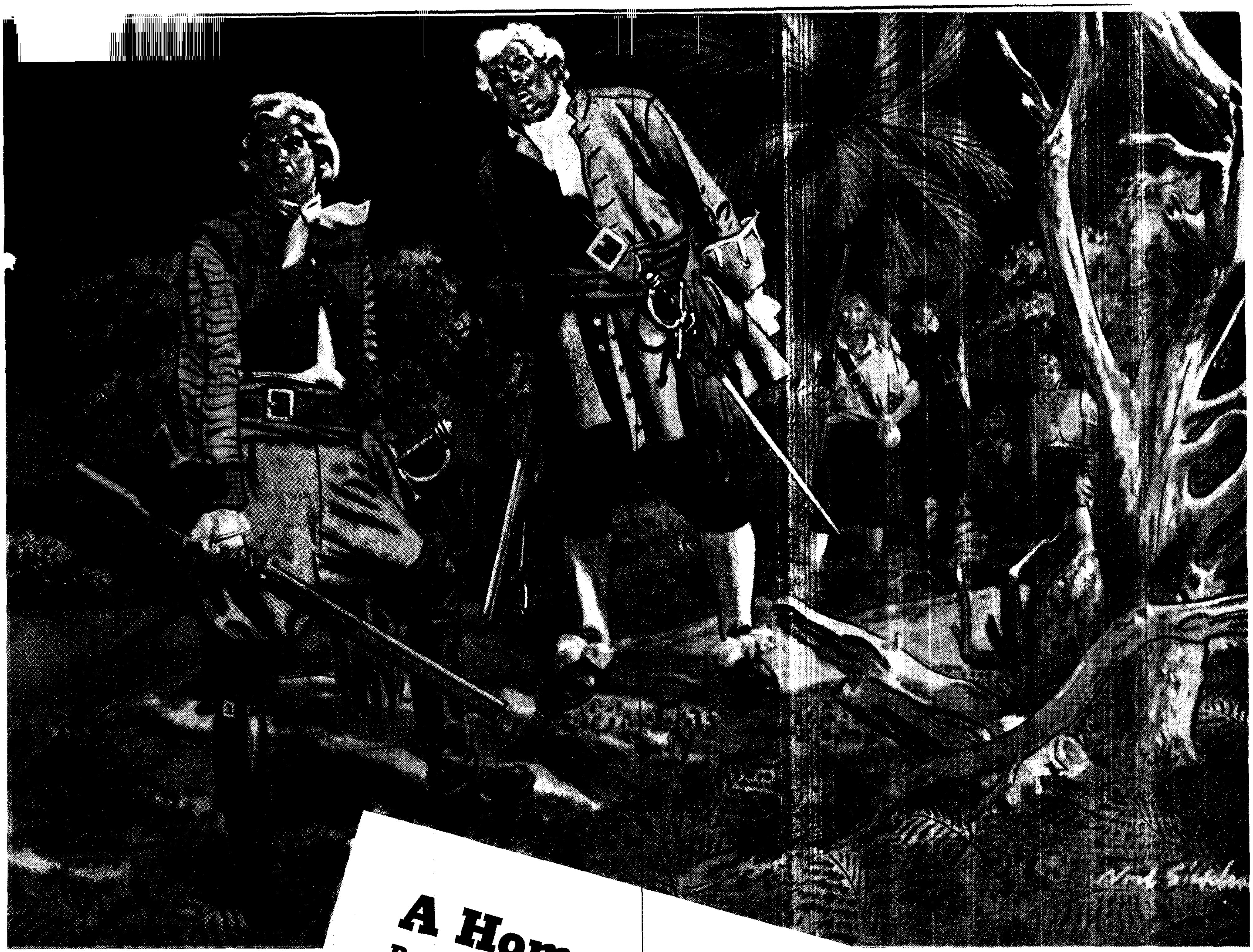
So Larson stayed in the service and also coached. He was at Quantico in 1922 under General Smedley Butler, coaching the football squad and playing on it along with John Beckett, the great Oregon tackle. They defeated the Third Army Corps team that was headed by Gene Vidal, but next year the whole team was almost court-martialed when General Butler said he would be satisfied with a 40-0 victory over V.M.I. and the team instead lost 6-0.

"Football is like a war!" bellowed General Butler in a rage. "Who in hell wants to lose a war!"

(Continued on page 54)

Major Emery (Swede) Larson coaches Backs Werner and Gutting and End Zoeller. Capt. Froude watches

HANS KNOPF



"They'll be counting strongly on surprise," Marivaux said. "We'll give them surprise," one of the men shouted. They were beyond the town, past the last of the outlying houses

A Home for Love

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY NOEL SICKLES

It took a stroke of fortune disguised as a calamity to show them what they needed to be happy

SUZANNE CHAUVET sat comfortably in the deep grass. From the corner of her eye, without turning her head, she could see the brown curve of John Willis' cheek; she could see the line of his shoulders. He was an Englishman: strange.

He hadn't a wife in England (or anywhere else). He had said as much. She decided, then, to be brazen.

One pale cloud moved languidly across the sky, traveling westward toward Cuba. She smiled at it.

She thought: If only you could bring yourself to consider the matter fairly and without prejudice—reasonably, with the utter avoidance of artificiality—you would be forced to confess that the hand of Heaven was obvious in it. Yes, she told herself; the facts actually cried aloud for sensible attention.

In the first place, it need scarcely be argued that a young woman should marry. And if she happened to possess a certain attractiveness, and the young man was attractive too, then so much the better, for themselves and for posterity—

"Oh, incontestably," she said under her breath, serenely, "it's all so very clear."

Certainly this was a generalization that brooked no disputing: A young woman should marry. It was neither quite rational nor quite proper to do otherwise. Well, then; in the present case, did anything really stand in the way? Her property— Hardly. Her property was an accident, in a manner of speaking. She had been born to it, she had done nothing to deserve it. Suzanne Chauvet was prepared to regard her property as of no importance at all—whatever the others might say.

The others— She plucked a blade of grass and clamped her white teeth upon it. Her mind raced on. Confound and mortify the others, she said to herself with unaccustomed violence of thought.

She knew that others, certain people of the port town, Cayona—she could give names to them—could be counted upon to declare that John Willis was a wanderer, an adventurer, a man without property—and an Englishman. Thus they would sum him up, harshly.

She felt a sudden keen thrust of anger.

She assured herself that there was doubtless a special hell devised for gossips of Cayona. She found a moment's solace in the thought.

"But now it is necessary to be brazen," she remarked privately. "Because he is an Englishman: strange."

She turned her head and looked at John Willis as he sat quietly, thoughtfully, beside her in the grass.

HE WAS, now, staring at the sea that curled upon the shore a thousand or more feet below them. The slope was precipitous and brilliantly green. Distantly across the fine dark blue water rose the wild and unpeopled mountains of western Haiti. The West Indian sun was hot; there was no breeze. But the almond tree on the crest where they sat offered shade that had almost the texture of velvet.

Suzanne Chauvet was not, for the moment, aware of either sun or shade. "There is something I must speak to you about," she said.

She would, she declared, be entirely frank with him. She said, looking at him evenly and without embarrassment, "I have always felt the greatest respect for Englishmen. In that I differ from my father. He used to say the English were unprincipled, unscrupulous and ruffianly. He was bitter on the subject; so are a lot of others in this colony."

John Willis nodded, but did not shape a reply.

The girl smiled pleasantly, almost gaily, yet there was deep seriousness in her wide black eyes. "I can still hear my father," she went on, "though he's been dead now for three years, may he rest quietly. He used to stand up here on the crest—this is, you know, the highest point of our land—and stare out over the sea and say to me, 'Suzanne,' speaking gruffly, 'some day when this island grows prosperous with farming, the English will sail up the Windward Passage from Jamaica and they will lay their guns on us and destroy us and drive us out!' "

John Willis moved his head and his eyes met hers. His lean brown face, topped by an unruly shock of corn-colored hair, was expressionless. "But that was unreasonable—" he said, mildly.

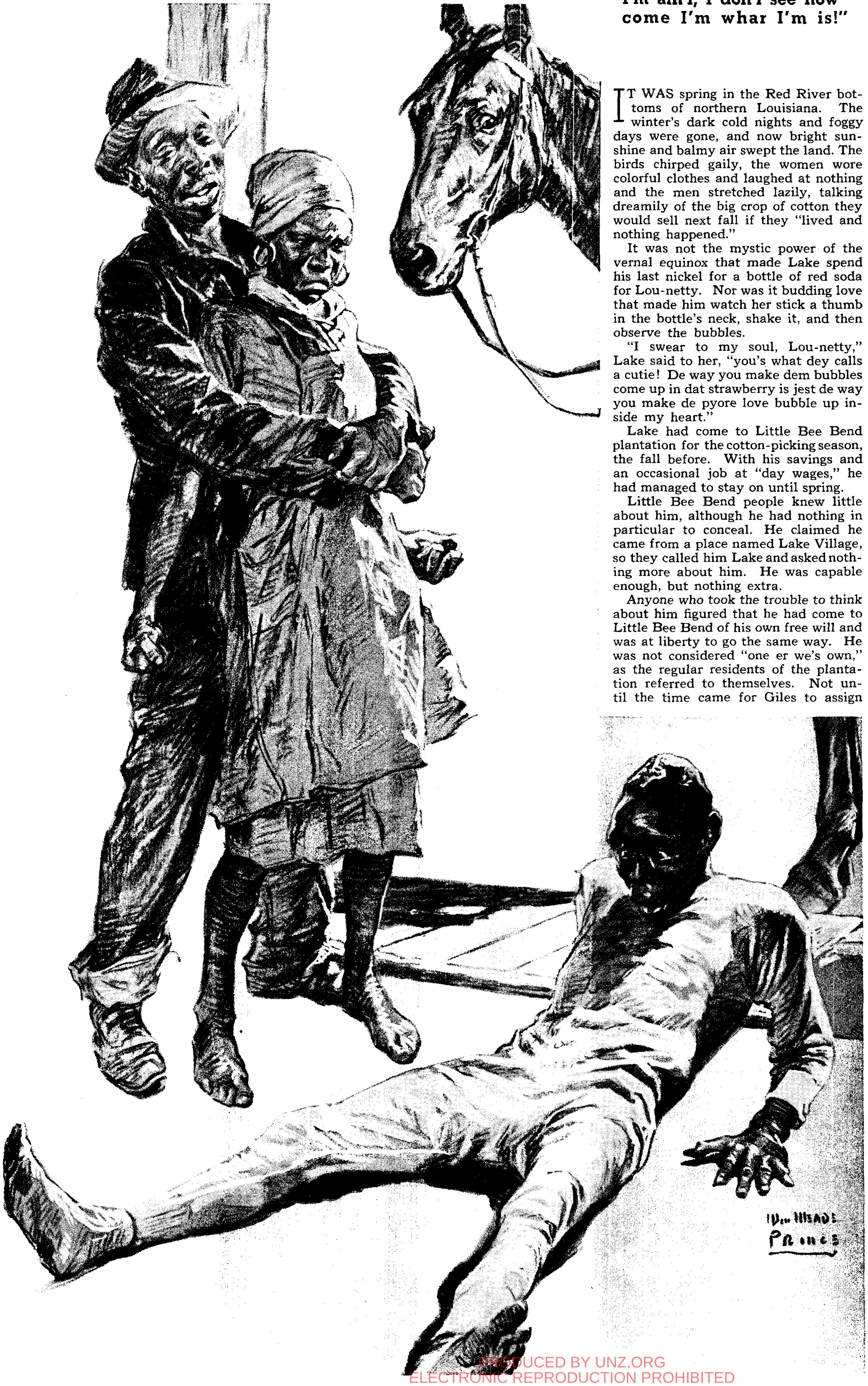
(Continued on page 60)

One of We's Own

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

"Hot damn!" said Lou-netty's restless husband. "Hit's so many places whar I'm ain't, I don't see how come I'm whar I'm is!"



IT WAS spring in the Red River bottoms of northern Louisiana. The winter's dark cold nights and foggy days were gone, and now bright sunshine and balmy air swept the land. The birds chirped gaily, the women wore colorful clothes and laughed at nothing and the men stretched lazily, talking dreamily of the big crop of cotton they would sell next fall if they "lived and nothing happened."

It was not the mystic power of the vernal equinox that made Lake spend his last nickel for a bottle of red soda for Lou-netty. Nor was it budding love that made him watch her stick a thumb in the bottle's neck, shake it, and then observe the bubbles.

"I swear to my soul, Lou-netty," Lake said to her, "you's what dey calls a cutie! De way you make dem bubbles come up in dat strawberry is jest de way you make de pyore love bubble up inside my heart."

Lake had come to Little Bee Bend plantation for the cotton-picking season, the fall before. With his savings and an occasional job at "day wages," he had managed to stay on until spring.

Little Bee Bend people knew little about him, although he had nothing in particular to conceal. He claimed he came from a place named Lake Village, so they called him Lake and asked nothing more about him. He was capable enough, but nothing extra.

Anyone who took the trouble to think about him figured that he had come to Little Bee Bend of his own free will and was at liberty to go the same way. He was not considered "one er we's own," as the regular residents of the plantation referred to themselves. Not until the time came for Giles to assign specific land to each man did Lake realize he was not a member of the clan. Giles offered Lake no land at all. Lake protested.

"You might do efn I couldn't git no better," Giles told him.

"I'm better'n some you got," Lake argued. "You seed me pick cotton wid de best and you seed me plow. You knows I steps faster den Joe Boody, and you knows I'm got mo' sense in my haid den Jett—"

"Yeah," Giles admitted, "but Joe Boody and Jett is we's own. Dey ain't too good but dey kin git along amongst de homefolks."

"I kin git along, too," Lake said. "I got along over in Texas and I got along over in Arkansas. I got along up de river and I got along down de river. I bet I c'd git along even in McGee-hee."

"Dat's jest de p'int er not givin' you no crop," Giles said. "For a young man, you done got along in too many places. You's what dey calls a rambler. I ain't axin' you no questions, but I know you picked cotton hyar last fall, endurin' de cotton-pickin' time. And dat tells me dat you had done left out f'm whar you was at, about de time cotton-pickin' started. You don't stay in one place long enough to make you a crop and den pick hit. You got to ramble f'm place to place."

"BUT I done quit ramblin'," Lake insisted. "Dat's how come I wants to settle down on Little Bee and make me a crop, hyar."

"You aims to quit ramblin'," Giles said, "but one er dese days you might wake up and find yo'se'f purty heavy in de credicks at de commissary, and purty grassy in yo' crop, and dat same day you'd change yo' mind. Why, boy, you ain't even got you no wife to hold you down."

Lake pretended shyness. "I'm fixin' to git one," he said.

Giles laughed. After all, there was that low patch known as the Cockle Burr cut that no man wanted to work. Its seven acres would make fourteen bales, if the grass were kept out of it. If Johnson grass got the upper hand, just once, you might just as well get the mower and hay baler to work, for there would be no cotton on Cockle Burr that fall. The cut had whipped many a good man. It was the first land to go under water when it rained, and the last to dry out. It stayed wet several days longer than any other land on Little Bee Bend, and Johnson grass can do a heap of growing in two or three extra days.

"Git you a wife," Giles told Lake, "and I'll gi' you a crop for a weddin' present."

It was not Lake's first experience at marriage, nor did he figure it would be his last. He selected Lou-netty because she seemed calm, capable and harmless. He began his courtship by buying her a bottle of red soda pop and pursued his wooing on the commissary porch by likening her technique in bringing bubbles to the top between sips to the effect of love on his heart.

"But I ain't shakin' yo' heart like I'm is dis strawberry," Lou-netty said. "I ain't did nothin' to yo' ole heart and hit ain't got no call to bubble up love bubbles at me."

"Aw, go 'haid, Thaing," Lake scoffed. "Ev'y time you opens dat big ole mouf er yo'n, hit jest drools out sweet love for me. Efn I had me two bits, I'd send over to town and buy you a pair er dem candy-stripe socks."

(Continued on page 56)

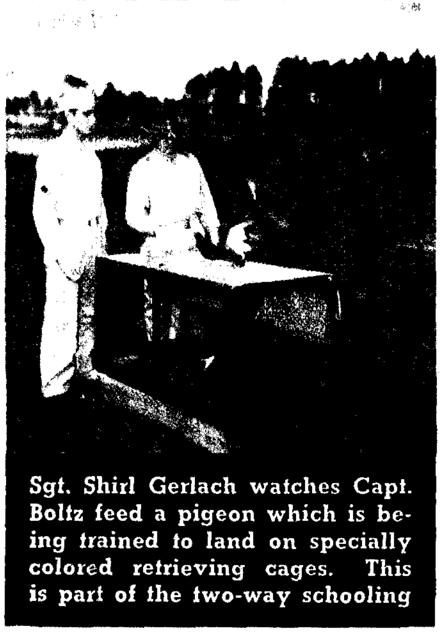
"Take hit easy, chile," he soothed Lou-netty. "He's leavin', but hit's good like dat. He ain't one er we's own and he never could make hit"

PIGEONEERS. N[illegible] in North Carolina, [illegible] car-rier-pigeon com[illegible]ne is proving that [illegible] an im-portant place [illegible] tele-phone in blitz war[illegible]ns are bred and trained [illegible]al Corps at Fort Mon[illegible]ly 40 to 60 mph a[illegible] ha[illegible]ge life span of 12 to [illegible] years [illegible]d-ing the 280th is Captain [illegible] B. Boltz, who has six personal flying mes-sengers. Nearly all 117 members of the company were pigeon hobbyists in civil life. Some officers had Army pigeon experience in World War I

280 SIGNAL CO.
PIGEON

Birds are carried in wicker baskets for training in the field

At their base camp, pigeons are settled in lofts like that above



Sgt. Shirl Gerlach watches Capt. Boltz feed a pigeon which is being trained to land on specially colored retrieving cages. This is part of the two-way schooling

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS GROENHOFF

280th SIGNAL
PIGEONEERS
CAMP CLAIBORNE, LA.

How it's done is a military secret, but the pigeon leaving Corp. Richard Arrowsmith's hand (above) has been trained to carry a message 50 miles and return with an answer. Special groups, trained to fly at night, are kept in dark lofts during daylight

OUR NEW ARMY

6TH ARMY CORPS

MANEUVER NOTES: In Norman, N. C., the 101st Cavalry's Corp. Charles T. Kirk was having trouble with some of the men in his squad who wouldn't keep their clothes hung up. Stuff all over the place. Corp. Kirk found the answer. He procured what is described as "a sort of dog" and trained him to be a first-class tearer-upper of socks and other apparel not being worn. The boys are so neat now you wouldn't know the old squad. . . . One inventive trooper in the mechanized regiment decided the easiest way to heat a can of beans was to wire it to the exhaust manifold of his scout car. Soon's he got it all rigged up, orders came to move out. Ten minutes later there was a loud bang from under the hood. Yep. Beans.

SOUTH CAROLINA

CAMP CROFT, Spartanburg. Activated last February, this infantry replacement training center is now in line for two distinctions. (1) It is said to be the largest cantonment around which no trailer brothel has been found and (2) it is probably the "marryingest" Army post in the country.

Since mid-February, some 500 of an average of 15,000 soldiers have taken brides. The record is thirty-seven in one week. Simplicity of South Carolina marriage laws is the best reason ascribed for the boom in marriages. There are no restrictions other than that the girl be sixteen, the boy eighteen; and there is no waiting period, no blood tests. Just a dollar and a quarter for the license.

8TH DIV.

FORT JACKSON, Columbia. The things that Pfc. Chas. H. Delamater, 4th Ordnance Co. Detachment, never knew until he was inducted are many and varied. Here, according to a recent dispatch from him, are a few of them:

"That 5:30 A. M. is a better time to get up than to go to bed. That more draftees are afraid of being turned down than accepted. That some Reception Centers are very bad examples of Army life. That a lot of rest can be had in the ten minutes of every hour permitted men in training. That a technical sergeant doesn't have to be technical. That a soldier on guard duty allowing a prisoner to escape must serve the prisoner's term. That shavetails aren't such bad guys. That Regular Army and Reserve officers disagree on training procedure, the former believing the sergeants should do the work to make them more self-reliant, the latter believing they should do it themselves so they won't forget how. That the primary requisite for admission to Officers School is leadership—experience, education and ability are secondary. That two shelter halves can be made into a boat large enough to float the full equipment of two men. That K.P. duty as a punishment is against Army regulations; and that peeling potatoes is the easiest part of K.P. That the War Between the States is discussed more often than the current World War. And that a steel helmet is a hair restorer; it stimulates the scalp by bouncing around on the head."

MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

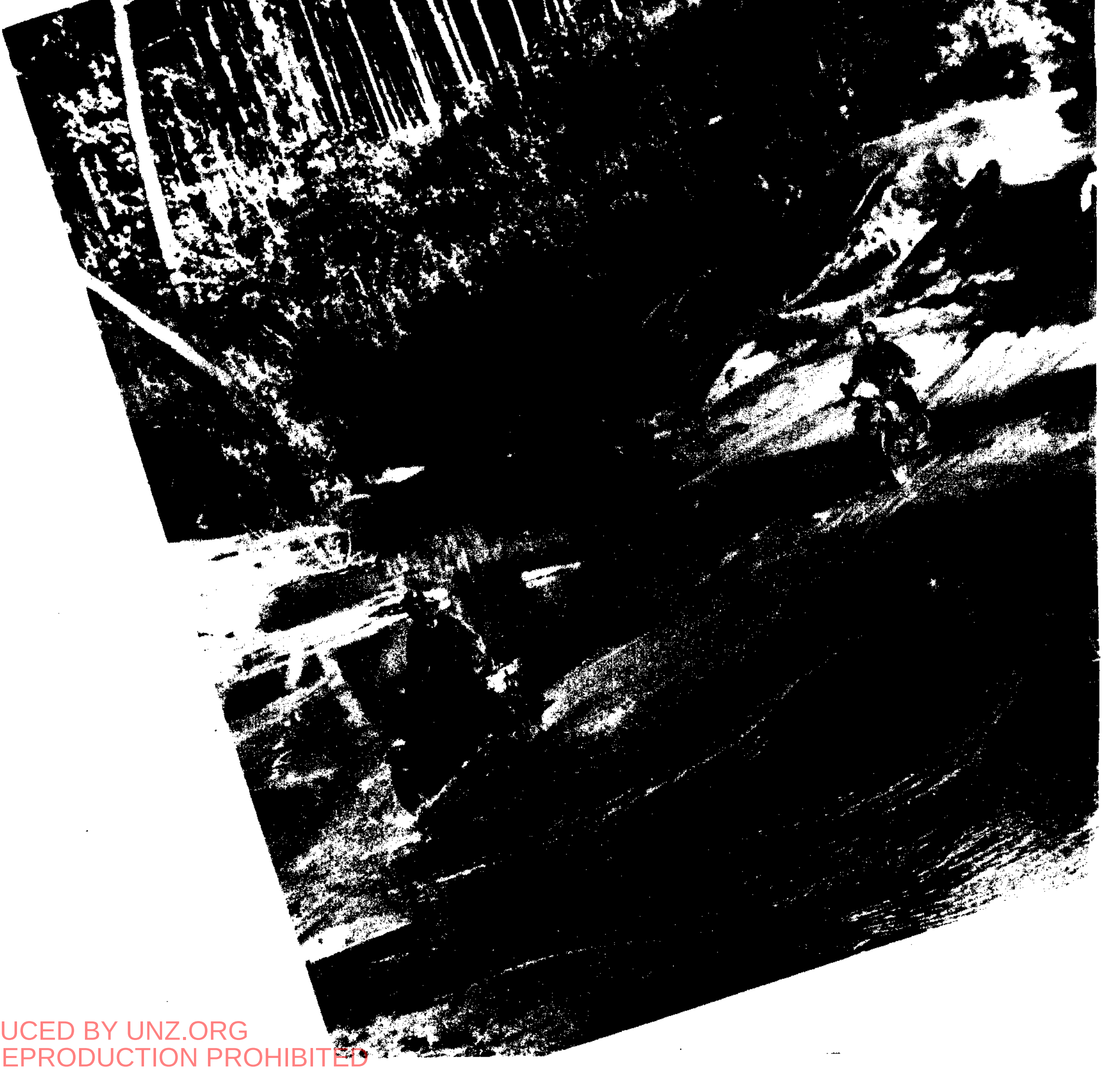
CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. Top Kick Robert Wolfe, Co. D, 112th Quartermaster Regiment, sent his company clerk on an errand the other day and sort of wishes he hadn't. The clerk was delayed, and when somebody finally entered the tent the sergeant, scraping the whiskers off his face, yelled over his shoulder as to wit: "Where the hell have you been?" Because the immediate silence was extremely pregnant, the sergeant turned around to face the division's commanding general, Major Gen. Robert S. Beightler, and several staff officers. "Attention!" croaked Sgt. Wolfe. Sgt. Sylvester Rowan, who was pulling on his trousers, snapped to attention and, as is customary in embarrassing moments of this type, his pants rolled down to his ankles.

OFFICERS and men of the Hq. Co. and Band, 147th Infantry, put up a public-address outfit in the two units so that sergeants, instead of blowing whistles, can now yap their orders into a microphone. The system is okay by everybody except Pvt. Bruno Egger. Seems Pvt. Egger gets regular shipments of cookies and candy from home, and that whenever a new batch is tossed into the orderly tent a sergeant tells Pvt. Egger about it via loud-speaker. By the

(Continued on page 71)

Before the advent of armored vehicles, motorcyclists were mere messengers. Nowadays, motorcycling is a rough, dangerous, romantic assignment. Second Armored Division men tackle rough terrain (above) at Ft. Benning

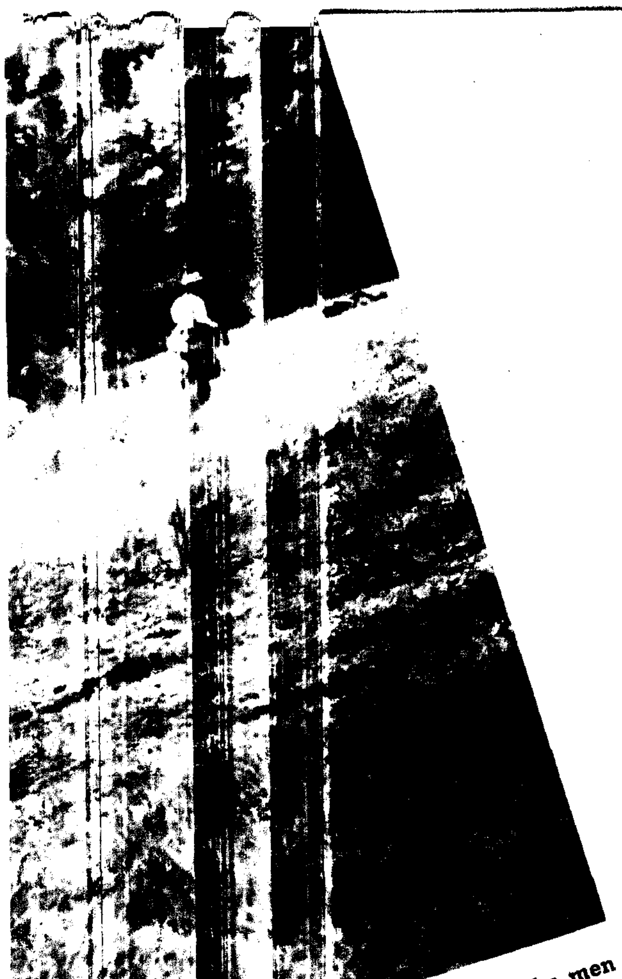
It takes more than heat and cold, mud and water (below) to put the motorcycle units out of action



HELL ON WHEELS

By Lieutenant Will Charles

Toughest guys in our mechanized Army are the reckless lads who slam around on motorcycles, and sometimes stop much too suddenly



torcycles are not confined to armored forces. The men ove form part of the fire power of a cavalry regiment

A CONVOY of tanks trundled through a small Kansas town toward the mock attack. Twenty-five yards apart they came, charging over the trembling pavement, shaking the clapboard buildings and rattling store-front windows. Occasionally one sidled onto the dirt shoulder, chewed the earth and raised a red cloud that choked onlookers. Presently heads turned toward a screaming siren approaching from the opposite direction. Wide open, a goggled motorcyclist ripped around a bend and swished by the two leading tanks.

He never passed the third.

A pavement crevice twisted his front wheel, the rear of the cycle jerked up and snapped him with the speed of a pellet at the oncoming tank. His body smashed on the front of the steel hulk.

Deep-throatedly the column halted and idled at the roadside. A captain quick-stepped to the scene; a glance at the motorcycle's insignia showed it to be one of his men. Color drained from his face.

A private, one of the tank's crew, clambered out and approached his captain. He surveyed the remains briefly, then looked at his commander.

"Looks like he's dead, sir."

The captain surveyed him sourly. "Apparently so."

"Well, then, sir," the private said, haltingly, "can I have his motorcycle job?"

Army Armored Force veterans, continually enthralled by field performance of the motorcyclists, recall in bivouac bull sessions the audacious request of this private. The incident occurred in the early summer of '37, when the 7th Cavalry Brigade (mechanized), a forerunner of our present Armored Divisions, maneuvered in the Ft. Riley, Kansas, area. Since then hundreds of cycle soldiers have slithered and slipped, hurdled and hit, flipped and flopped and when handle bars ram into them or when tanks don't stop in time, the investigating officer writes those four little words in the accident report, "In line of duty," which entitles one to military honors at Arlington or a long time in a hospital bed as a plaster-cast saint. All this at government expense.

Before the advent of armored vehicles in the Army, motorcyclists were mere messengers with occasional light convoy duty interspersed. It was nice work and everybody tried to get it. Nowadays it's different. A rough, dangerous, romantic assignment, it has developed a rough, dangerous, romantic breed of men. Some of the toughest guys in the Army.

"But," you say, "what about Eddie (Thirty Degree Angle) Sullivan, who races in the barnstorming cycle circuit?"

"Sure," I answer, "Eddie's good. Odds are he'll beat Private Smith on the board track and dirt track, too. But it's not only speed that counts in the Army. Have Eddie put on full field equipment and ride down a pitted country road at night at 35 or 40 miles an hour. Maybe they're practicing black-out and Eddie somehow has to get to the head of the column to block civilian traffic at the big intersection not far distant. In front of him a thirty-ton tank is thundering along, emitting only a pencil-thin blue light. There's another behind him, and if he falls they'll never see him. Eddie has to pass. The country lane isn't wide enough for both the tank and Eddie. It's impossible to see the ditch, but it's the only chance. Can Eddie do it? Private Smith can. They're tough hombres, these cycle cowboys."

"Okay, maybe these guys are tough," you say, "but what about tank crews and the pilots and the parachutists at Fort Benning. What are they, softy-pants?"

I'm glad you asked me, brother. The answer is no.

But the Army is cracking up more motorcyclists than all three put together. War may reverse the scales on this point, but the fact remains at present. Newspapers, in quest of the dramatic, ferret out air crashes and scream about them. True, most of the comparatively few are fatalities. As for our parachute squadron, I suppose they boast many wrenched and broken legs, but I have heard of only one death. You'll agree both the pilot and the parachutist are heroes. The treasury pays each of them fifty to a hundred bucks additional per month for being heroes, while a tank crew (not to go so far as to mention the motorcyclist) in a more uncomfortable job has its beer limited by the usual basic pay allowance.

Every time one of America's five armored divisions takes to the field, say for three or four days, it is conservative to count on a number of accidents—usually motorcyclists. Even when a division shows itself off in a cross-country review, or "rat race," that lasts half an hour, the medicos are ready for business. A political committee visiting Fort Benning and especially a camp-canvassing bunch of movie photogs would be surprised to know the costs of their visits. The Secretary of War probably doesn't know that the "rat race" in his honor at Fort Knox snuffed out two lives; one a motorcyclist who flopped in the blinding dust in front of a tank herd, the other a tank sergeant who was standing in the turret when the tank overturned.

Safe driving is preached daily by Army authorities but preparing for war is an inherently dangerous business. Tankmen, pilots, parachutists know they face the prospect; motorcyclists expect it. Their philosophy was reflected in the request of that private in Kansas. To

(Continued on page 73)

Taciturn and sinewy, the cycle boys take their jobs seriously. Full field regalia (details on page 4) includes a dust respirator, worn by the man at left, as a guard against silicosis

Like most other soldiers on maneuvers, the motorcyclists sleep when and where they can, with a pack for a pillow and saddle and gas tank for a mattress. Despite motorization, shoes wear out fast

TOGRAPHED BY KNOPF, ENHOFF AND SIGNAL CORPS

The Pied Piper

By Nevil Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN his only son, a member of the R.A.F., is killed, John Sidney Howard, a retired English barrister, tries to find forgetfulness, peace, in the placid French village of Cidoton where, days gone by, he had spent many pleasant vacations. Among those whom he meets, and sincerely likes, at his little hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh. The Cavanaghs have two children: Ronald and Sheila. Mr. Cavanagh, employed by the League of Nations in Geneva, is obsessed with the idea that, come what may, he must never desert his post.

The Germans begin their drive into France; and Howard decides to return to England. Whereupon, the Cavanaghs (who are English) ask him if he will take the children to England with him. Howard is an old man—he is nearly seventy; he is growing feeble; he realizes he should not encumber himself with the children but he has not the heart to refuse his friends. . . .

The journey toward the channel is an arduous one. In Dijon, little Sheila becomes ill. A sympathetic hotel maid takes her in hand, nurses her skillfully; and when the little party is about to leave Dijon, she implores Howard to take with him her niece, the daughter of a Frenchman (the maid's brother) who is living in London. The little girl's name is Rose—the maid calls her "*la petite* Rose." Howard hesitates, but finds himself unable to refuse the maid's request.

The old man and his charges reach Joigny, by train. There, they take a bus for Montargis. Some fifteen miles from their destination, German planes bomb the crowded road, wreck the bus; after which, there is nothing to do but walk!

They walk slowly. Presently, they reach a badly smashed car. In the car are two dead persons—a man and a woman. Near the car is a small boy—five or six years of age. Howard speaks to the boy, asks him what his name is. The boy, terrified, is unable to answer. Taking pity on the little fellow (whose name, it is later learned, is Pierre), the old man decides to take him along.

After a time, two English soldiers—a corporal in the R.A.F. and a driver—give Howard and the children a lift, in a motor lorry, take them to Pithiviers. Reconnoitering in the town, Howard and the corporal encounter a pitiful little figure—a little Dutch boy, perhaps seven, who is being stoned by the villagers. Making inquiries, the old man learns that the terrified and embittered villagers suspect the boy of being a German—*and a spy!* Howard, deeply touched, realizing that the little fellow may be killed if he remains in the town, makes another sudden decision. "We'll take him along with us," he says quietly. "All right," the corporal says. "But if we don't get a move on us, the bloody Jerries will be here and kill the lot of us."

V

HOWARD picked up the spy, who suffered that in silence; they hurried to the lorry. The child smelled and was plainly verminous; the old man turned his face away in nausea. Perhaps in Angerville there would be nuns who would take charge of him. They might take Pierre, too, though Pierre was so little bother that the old man didn't mind about him much.

They put the children in the workshop; Howard got in with them and the corporal got into the front seat by the driver. The big truck moved across the road from Paris and out upon the road to Angerville, seventeen miles away.

"If we don't get some juice in Angerville," the driver said, "we'll be bloody well sunk."

In the van, crouched down beside the lathe with the children huddled around him, the old man pulled out a sticky bundle of chocolate. He broke off five pieces for the children; as soon as the German spy realized what it was he stretched out a filthy paw and said something unintelligible. He ate it greedily, and stretched out his hand for more.

"You wait a bit." The old man gave the chocolate to the other children. Pierre whispered, "*Merci,* monsieur." *La petite* Rose leaned down to him. "After supper, Pierre?" she said. "Shall Monsieur keep it for you to have after supper?"

The little boy whispered, "Only on Sunday. On Sunday I may have chocolate after supper. Is today Sunday?"

The old man said, "I'm not quite sure what day it is. But I don't think your mother will mind if you have chocolate after supper tonight. I'll put it away and you can have it then."

They drove on at a good pace through the hot afternoon. Three miles from Angerville the corporal turned and spoke to Howard through the hatch. "Getting near that next town now," he said. "We got to get some juice there, or we're done."

The old man said, "If you see anyone likely on the road I'll ask him where the depot is."

"Okay."

In a few minutes they came to a farm. A car stood outside it, and a man was carrying sacks of grain or fodder from the car into the farm. "Stop here," the old man said, "I'll ask that chap."

They drew up by the roadside, immediately switching off the engine to save petrol. "Only about a gallon left now," said the driver. "We run it bloody fine, an' no mistake."

Howard got down and walked back to the farm. The man, a graybeard of about fifty without a collar, came out

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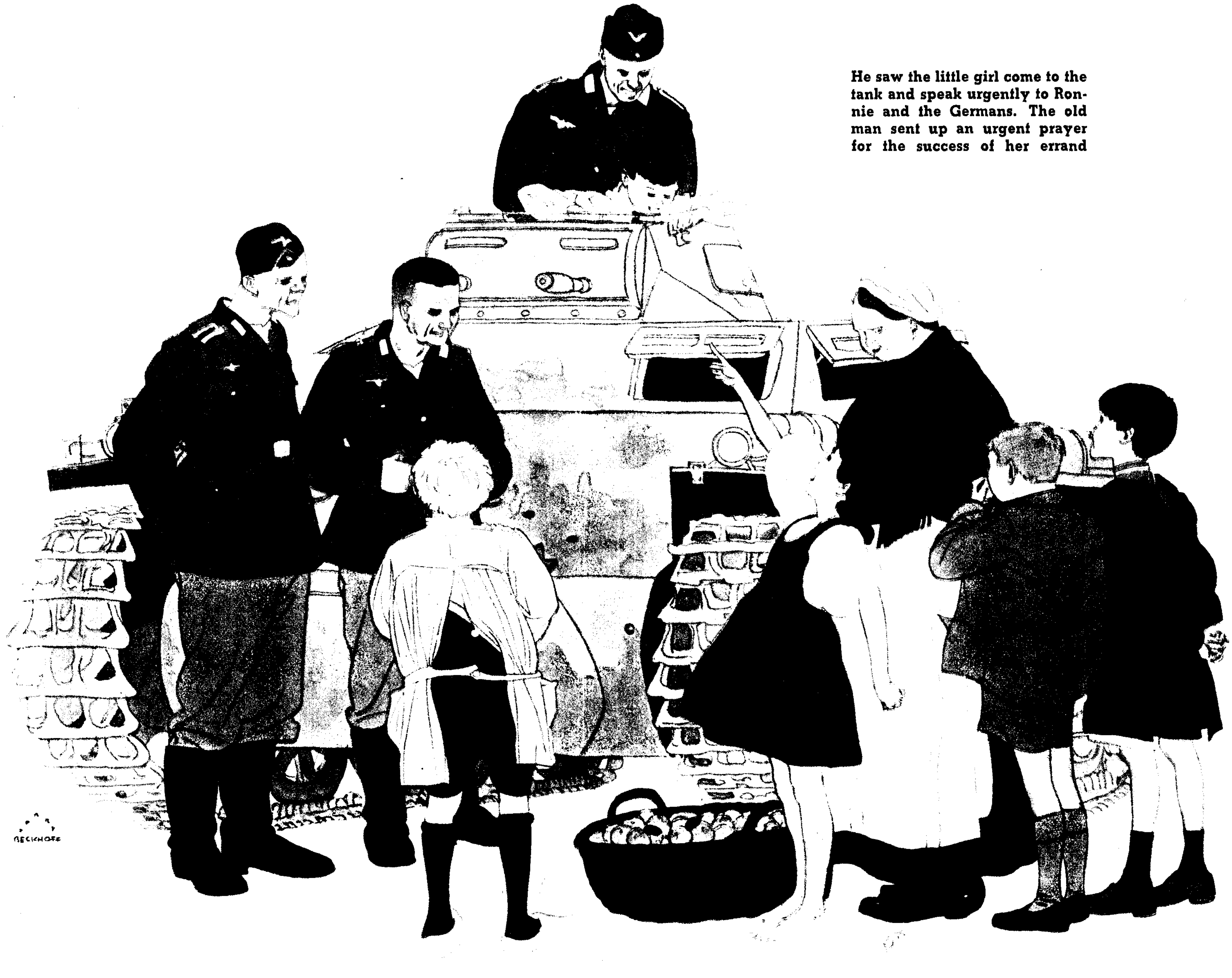
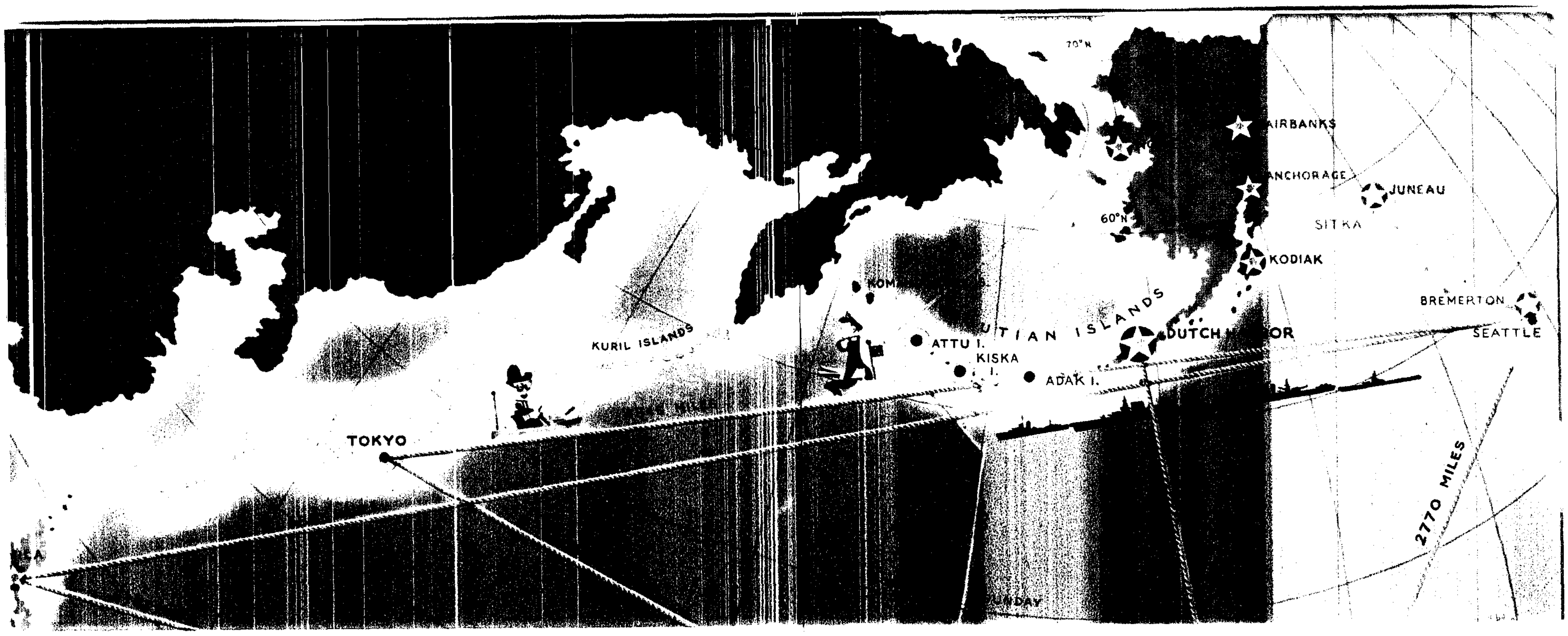


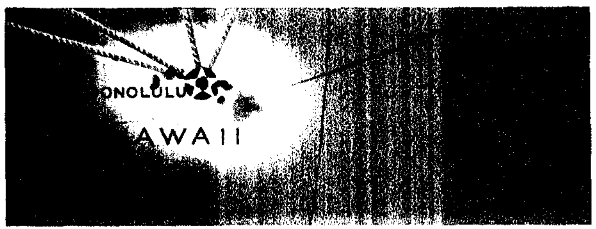
He saw the little girl come to the tank and speak urgently to Ronnie and the Germans. The old man sent up an urgent prayer for the success of her errand



Alaska Gets Hot

By Corey Ford

Northern anchor of our Pacific defense is the 1,000-mile chain of the Aleutian Islands, lying directly across the shortest air and sea routes between Asia and North America. Navy and Army bases in the Aleutians are equally valuable for offense or defense; protect Alaska and Hawaii. Existing bases (stars) are being greatly enlarged. Red circles indicate possible bases of great value



ROLF KLEP

There are plenty of reasons—all good—for the bustle of military preparations in Alaska, and you can find all of them on your map. Have a look

BLACKIE'S Cocktail Lounge fills up fast on a Saturday night. Blackie's Cocktail Lounge is the only bar in the Aleutian Islands, the only bar in Alaska for over a thousand miles; and it gets quite a play when the men are paid off at the Dutch Harbor base. The bar runs along one side of the big bare room—it used to be a dance hall until the dances got too rough—and there are a juke box and a couple of stout tables, but no chairs. "Had to take out the chairs," Blackie explained. "They splintered too easy in a fight. Made a lot of work sweeping up on Sunday."

The soldiers from the base were standing around the center of the room, drinking beer. Beer is all you can afford to drink on thirty bucks a month. Raindrops trickled off their hats—it rains all the time in Unalaska—and ran down their green oilskins and down the sides of their soggy leather boots and formed little pools of muddy water around the soles. We had seen them working in the rain, as we sailed into Unalaska Harbor that afternoon, toiling single-file like lines of ants up the green, treeless, rain-swept hills around the harbor, stringing barbed wire on inverted V's like ranch fences, digging gopher holes in the sopping tundra for gun emplacements, carting away the dirt afterward and dumping it over the cliff so that no telltale brown mounds would warn an enemy plane. We had seen them miring knee-deep in the soupy yellow mud, building roads around Amaknak Island, hand-hauling materials up steep mountain slopes. Now they stood around Blackie's at night and watched the civilian defense workers lined along the bar.

The civilian workers were drinking whisky. You can afford whisky if you are a civilian worker. Civilians get paid eighteen bucks a day. Shovel runners get as high as $175 a week. They were getting quite drunk along the bar, and the soldiers sipped their beer in the center of the room and watched them soberly. We asked a soldier if they ever had any trouble.

"Oh, no, we don't have no trouble," he replied matter-of-factly. He was watching the group along the bar with a calculating eye. "We just wait till they get drunk enough, is all." He polished his hands. "That way we never have no trouble at all."

This Place is Hot

Some of the troops they expect at Dutch Harbor this winter will have to live in tents until barracks can be built, but it can't be helped. There is work to be done here, and they can't get enough workers from the States. So far nobody who has applied for a job at Dutch Harbor has been turned down; but still they can't get workers enough. Even at $175 a week they can't get the workmen to stay. Every ship from the States takes away as many workmen as it brings.

"They're scared to stay," one of the soldiers said. He wasn't resentful—just mentioned it. "They're scared the bombing's going to start. They found out we got orders to evacuate all women and children from Unalaska if it starts, and they're scared to bring their families, and they're scared to be up here in Alaska away from their families. I can't blame 'em," he shrugged. "This place is hot."

The heat is on, here at Dutch Harbor; for the Aleutians form our westernmost outpost in the Pacific, eight degrees west of Hawaii, less than eight hundred miles from Japan itself. Two hundred and fifty miles north is Russia's heavily fortified Komandorski Island—a rich plum for an enemy power if Russia falls. At about the same distance from American soil is a big Soviet air base at St. Lawrence Bay, reportedly built by Nazi engineers. And across the narrow Bering Straits is still another base on Russia's East Cape peninsula at Weylin, only forty-seven miles from Alaska. The capture of Siberia by Nazi-dominated Japan—and any effective resistance by Siberia's two semiautonomous armies, in case the Moscow government crumbles, is at least problematical—would mean that we should have strong Nazi military bases and airports literally within shooting distance of the United States.

They take it for granted in Dutch Harbor that when it comes, they will get it first.

Not only at Dutch Harbor; they're getting ready all over Alaska today. You will see it, in the course of this article, at the Navy's other two Alaskan bases at Kodiak and at Sitka; see it for the first time, as far as we know, since up to now no correspondent has been permitted to inspect or photograph these sites. You will see it in the interior at the Army's nearly completed cold-weather experimental stations and its smaller auxiliary fields. You will see the Alaskan tundra quaking with the greatest burst of activity since gold-rush days, the mountains rumbling with dynamite, the yellow carryalls hauling out the ancient spruce stumps, the 'dozers uprooting million-year-old mastodon bones in the freshly thawed muck, the cats and the scrapers smoothing the ground for runways. Night and day you will hear the hammers pounding, the concrete mixers grinding, the steel framework of hangars rising clamorously against a silent background of forests and glaciers. You will find huge Army bombers, on experimental flights, alighting at remote Eskimo villages in the Arctic. You will see ships from the States arriving every day with more and more men, at such a rate that the white population of the Territory may be doubled in a year. You will see a hundred million dollars being poured into Alaska today to make it ready.

Designed for Offense

Ready for what? Invasion? Military experts generally scoff at the idea that an enemy would attempt to capture a territory so far from home, so sparsely settled and undeveloped that it would be impossible to hold it successfully. Attack by parachute troops? Air-borne tanks? A siege of Alaska by an enemy fleet? No; none of these. Contrary to popular impression, our Army and Navy are not primarily concerned today with Alaskan defense. There is another reason for all the military preparation going on up there in such a hurry right now.

That reason is offense.

Take a globe and a piece of string. Put one end of the string on Tokyo, and the other on Seattle. The string will cross the Aleutian Islands twice. Dutch Harbor, you will find, lies smack in the middle of the shortest ocean highway between the United States and Japan. Now swing the western end of your string down as far as Manila. Still it will pass only a few hundred miles south of the Aleutians. Actually it is shorter to Manila by way of Dutch Harbor than by way of Honolulu. (Impossible? Check it yourself.) Even the southern islands of Guam and Luzon, you will find, are nearer our Pacific coast by way of Alaska than by way of the Hawaiians.

Try a little further. Run your string from Panama to Nome, Alaska, and down again from Nome to Singapore. Incredible as it seems, you will have come within fifteen degrees of forming an absolutely straight line. For the startling fact is that the shortest route from *any* part of northern Asia to *any* part of North America is either through, or close to, our Territory in the north. Alaska lies virtually dead center. All roads, it seems, lead to Nome.

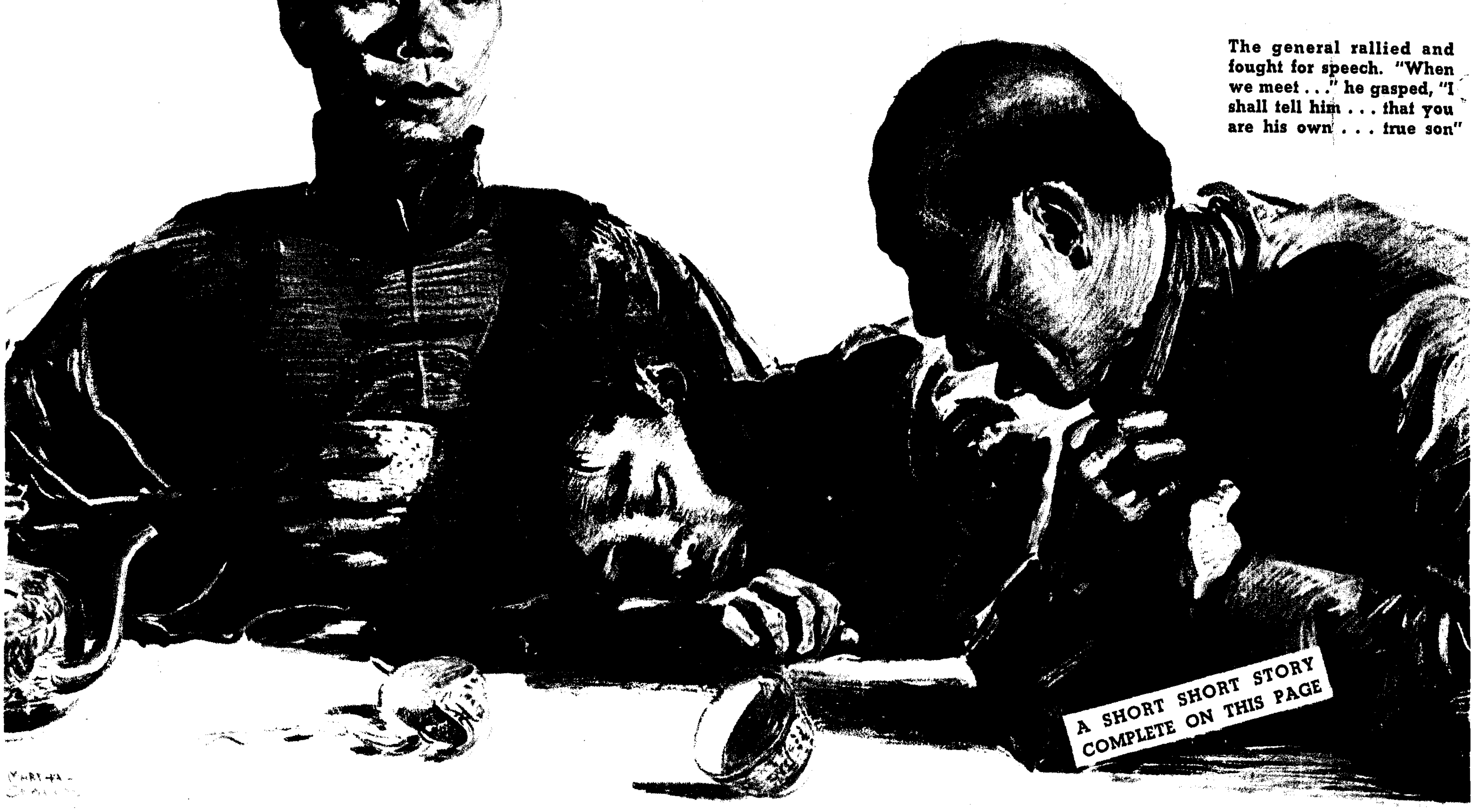
What does it add up to, then? Briefly, that we have in the Aleutians a transoceanic bridge of potential island bases unequaled anywhere else in the world. They are located strategically on the flank of the most direct routes from northern Asia, not only to our own coast but also to Hawaii; any Oriental force proceeding against Honolulu, for example, would automatically have them on its left and rear. The mere existence of well-fortified bases in these islands

(Continued on page 46)

Death in the Pot

By Walter Duranty

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS



The general rallied and fought for speech. "When we meet . . ." he gasped, "I shall tell him . . . that you are his own . . . true son"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
Martha Sawyers

"IT IS perfect," said Baron von Neustadt, caressing the little teapot. "Ming of course. It cost me dearly—a Han jade seal which I loved."

The baron was past eighty, but his eyes were clear and there was no tremor in his voice. He had been dean of the diplomatic corps at Peking for many years.

I took the little teapot from the old man's hand. "But why has it two compartments?" I asked as I lifted the lid, whose top was a four-clawed dragon. "And why these two holes in the handle?"

The baron's smile was subtle. "Ah, it's new to you, is it? They *are* very rare, very ingenious. . . . Do you remember Ho-hang-min?"

"You mean the northern dictator—the old marshal?"

"Yes, that one," said the baron. "He began as a bandit leader in the northern provinces and helped the Russians in the war of 1904. Then he swung to the Japanese, four million dollars the price was, and so they won. He grew too strong and that worried the Japanese. So his train was dynamited and he went to join his ancestors.

"General Yung-feng, the old marshal's chief of staff, had a finger in that murderous pie. I think he provided the dynamite. He was *most* ambitious. I suppose too he despised the young marshal, as they called him, the old man's son, whose name was Ho-min-cheng; he thought he was sodden and ruined by drugs. A not uncommon mistake for intelligent men to make, to undervalue an opponent.

"The young marshal had an English adviser, under whose influence he 'took a cure,' as Americans say. Thus restored, he became aware of General Yung-feng's conspiracy, and asked him to dinner.

"At that time, the general had made his plans to kill the young marshal and seize power in the northern provinces.

"Being Chinese and astute, the general took with him to the banquet four or five of his trustiest henchmen, all armed with Luger pistols.

"The young marshal received the general warmly and offered, most politely, to seat his guest in the host's place at the foot of the table with his back to the door. Yung-feng refused the honor and sat himself down in the middle with his gunmen on both sides. He had no suspicions, but he took no chances, and was careful to partake only of such dishes as the marshal had tasted already.

"After the dinner the young marshal clapped his hands and they brought him tea, in this teapot, this very same porcelain teapot. He poured for himself and for the general and for the general's henchmen. He drank the tea from his cup before the general drank, and his henchmen. All of them drank their tea.

"MEANWHILE they went on chatting in a desultory manner, but the general saw that the young marshal's English adviser had come quietly into the room and was sitting near the marshal. He nudged his leading gunman and whispered, 'Watch it, it smells wrong.'

"The gunman looked at him dully. 'My feet have gone to sleep,' he muttered, 'without any pins and needles.' "

The Baron von Neustadt tapped me on the knee. "At that instant General Yung-feng found that his feet also had gone to sleep, without any pins and needles. He knew quite well he was poisoned and finished and dying and doomed. He did not know how they had done it but he knew it all right."

The baron paused dramatically, and pointed at me with his finger. He went on: "There with death in his body, now aware that his hands and feet and the hands of his men were paralyzed, that the chill of death had caught them and was slowly flowing up to heart and brain . . . at this moment the general became one hundred per cent Chinese.

"Looking straight at Ho-min-cheng, he said, 'My host, I wish to thank you . . . for a splendid entertainment. You are . . . I perceive . . . a young man of unusual gifts. But not, I must say, the equal of your late-lamented parent, that pearl among men. Your father, young sir, was a *man,* like whom there are few in this world.'

"The young marshal looked at him coldly. 'Who are you?' he said, 'to say such things of my father, whom you killed, you pro-Japanese traitor, as you plotted to kill me too?'

"The general's senses were fading. His knees were cold, and he could not move a muscle. 'That's the fault of your education,' he said, 'your barbarous foreign tutor. You have lost your Chinese manners, and you do not understand. I go now from here to your father, to join him . . . over there. Of course you are right, I killed him . . . and you're right, I meant to kill you . . . but somehow you did it first. So now . . . as I'm dying . . . I send him . . . I send to your noble father . . . a message through the skies. I speak my last words in his honor, that we can meet on friendly terms.'

"For a moment his head fell forward, then he rallied and fought for speech. 'When we meet . . .' he gasped, 'I shall tell him . . . that you are his own . . . true son.' "

The baron sat back grinning, like the Cheshire Cat in the story.

"I don't understand," I said, "I don't yet see how they did it."

"You will if you look at this teapot; you see it has two compartments, and the two little holes in the handle. This is one of the poison teapots. Look, the lid fits tight. If you put your finger on the upper hole in the handle, the foremost compartment in the pot is shut off by lack of air, and it pours from the second compartment. If you stop the second hole, the foremost compartment pours."

I TOOK it in my hands, so lovely in shape and texture. Simply by touch of a finger one could pour death or tea.

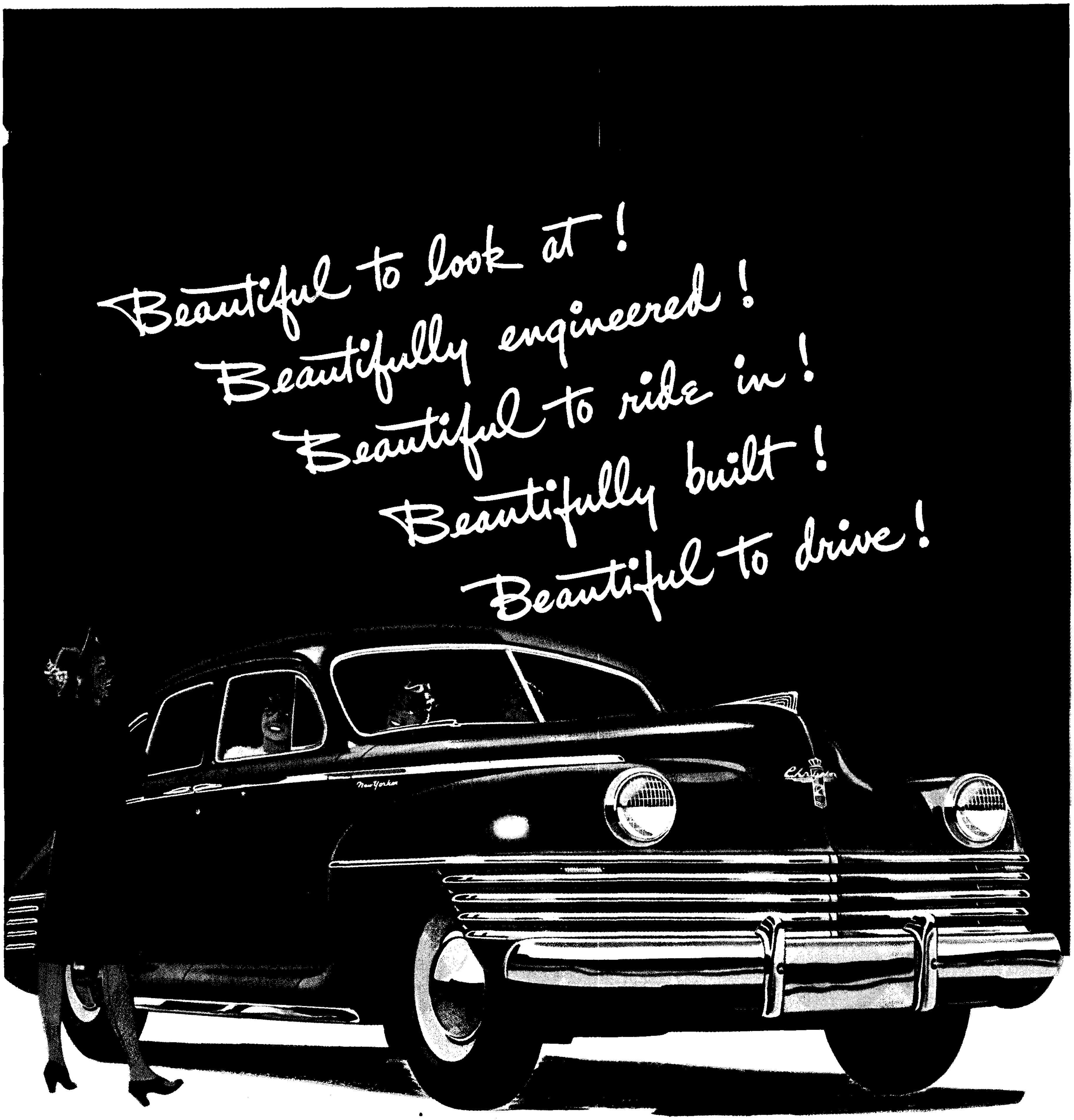
"Oh, yes," I said, "now I see it. But how did you . . . ?"

The Baron von Neustadt put the teapot back on the table "With much trouble I acquired an authentic imperial-jade seal. The young marshal wanted it too. He said to me smoothly, 'Excellency, I deem you my friend, and my father's friend before me. And therefore, in token of friendship, I make you a trifling present. This small teapot . . . there is nothing so rare in China. You see it has hidden virtues.' He showed me the teapot's secret. 'Who knows, one day you may need them.' "

The baron's eyes were bright, but his mouth was old and tired. "You know," he said, "what that meant . . . I had to give him a return gift, and of course it was the seal, the jade seal."

"What a deadly toy," I murmured. "Did you ever, sir, *did* you need it?"

"My friend," said the baron gently, "you are young and I am old, you shall not wait long for an answer, you shall know that when I am dead."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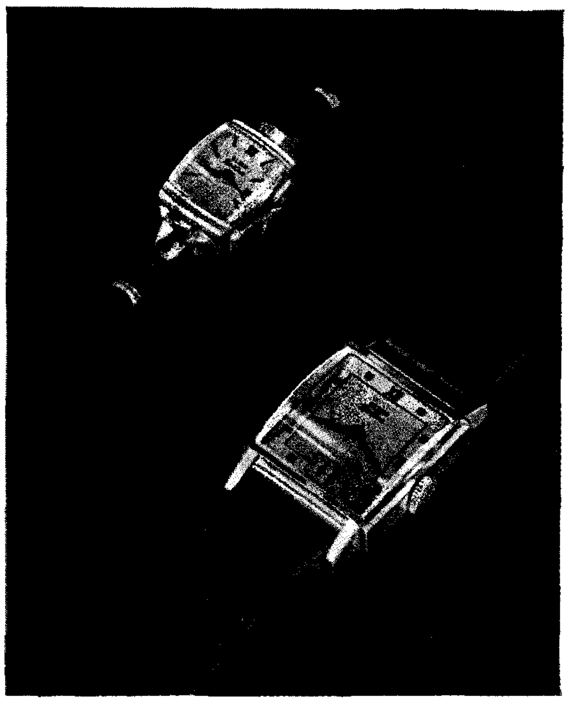

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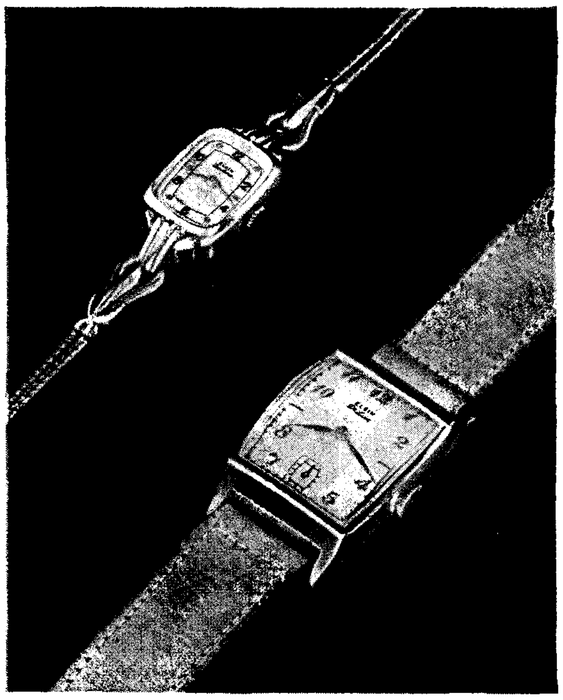

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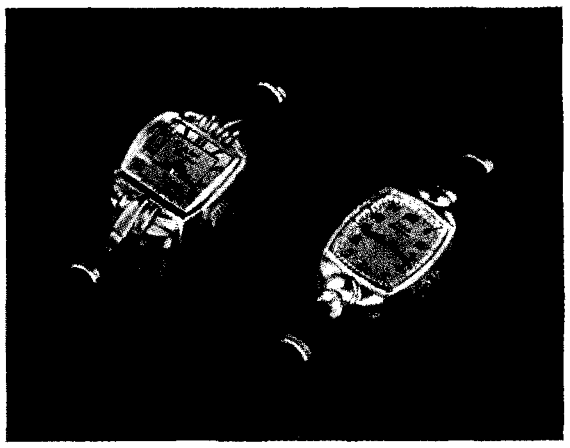

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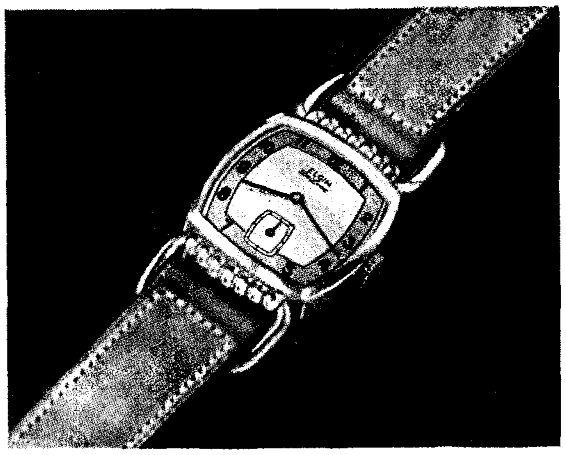

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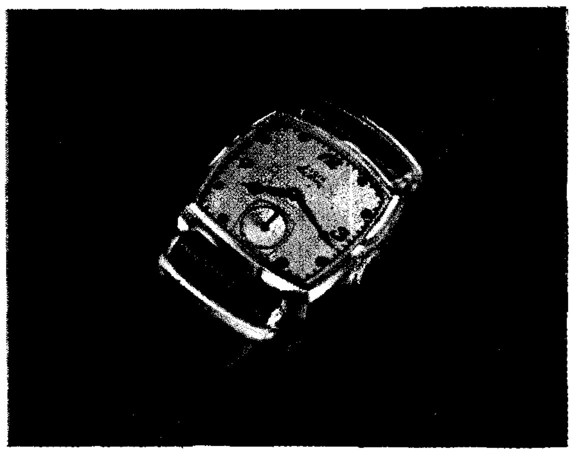

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Alder Gulch

Continued from page 12

following him. Deep under the water he heard its echo.

He stayed under and drifted with the current until his heart began to strike its hammer blows on his ribs, and came up to see the dark hull of the ship slipping by. The water was half warm from spring rain and bore the silt of a hundred valleys and hills far away. He heard Mister Sitgreaves calling: "Lower the boat!"

"There's his head!"

A bullet whacked the near-by water and sent him down. He swam breast stroke until he thought he had cleared the boat completely, and rose again. The stern of the Panama Chief was an edgeless shape upstream. Mister Sitgreaves issued his orders, very cold and very even, and the blocks of the davit falls were squeaking. He heard the bottom of the lifeboat hit the water. Mister Sitgreaves said, "Let go," in a softer and softer voice. This man, Pierce remembered, was the captain's brother.

THE current carried him downstream. Somewhere on the water another rowboat traveled and a lantern bobbed close by the water's surface. Pierce angled shoreward, feeling the down-dragging weight of his clothes. He swam overhand, putting his strength into his long arms, and as he swam he had a very strange recollection of a shallow Virginia creek he had crossed two years before under the fire of Confederate sharpshooters. All around him the creek had run red.

Mister Sitgreaves had lost him. It was so quiet aboard that he heard Mister Sitgreaves say conversationally, "Hold it, while I listen." The pilings of a wharf stood before Pierce and water splashed steadily from it to the river. He had the thick odor of sewage around him as he cleared the wharf's end and put his feet down upon yielding mud. A voice called from wharf to ship: "What's the trouble out there?"

He faced a low, crumbling bank and dropped into the wet silt to fight for wind. The mate's answer rode over the water from the Panama Chief: "Man jumped ship. Where's your police?"

Pierce drew in a mouthful of water and spewed it out. He came against the bank and climbed it, to face the played-out end of a street on the ragged edge of town. Sheds and barns loomed before him. The wharf was to his left and in that direction the main part of Portland seemed to lie; a wagon rolled by, two men idly arguing on the seat.

There was no more sound from Mister Sitgreaves and no further inquiry from the watchman on the wharf. But as he lay flat on the edge of the river bluff with water draining from his clothes Pierce realized the town was no more safe for him than the ship had been. Sitgreaves would notify the police and the town would be searched. What he needed was dry clothes, a meal and a quick means of leaving Portland.

He moved away from the bluff, past the wharf and through broken piles of lumber; he crossed the pure mud surface of a street entirely dark and empty, pursued an alley not much wider than wagon's length and found himself at a small, triangular square. Across the square a saloon shed light from every window and beyond this saloon the main part of the town apparently lay, hard by the river, its stores open even at this late hour. Along this street supply wagons steadily moved. The name of the saloon was the Oro Fino.

He left the alley and walked directly over the small square toward the flaring lights of the saloon. A string of freight wagons crawled out of the darkness and passed between him and the saloon and somewhere a river boat whistled. Paused at the edge of the square while the freighters rolled by, he observed a man ride up and come to a halt before the string of wagons. He was in high boots and rough clothes, he wore a shaggy beard and he had the stain and the smell of a miner about him.

Pierce said, "Where's gold country around here?"

The man gave him a moment's study. "Upriver. Away up. In Ideeho."

"Just came from the California diggings myself."

"Hear they're played out. You look damp to me. You could stand a drink."

"I am a little shy of company," said Pierce.

He had judged his man rightly. The miner's lawless spirit instantly arose and prompted him to say, "Stay here and I'll get you a drink." The string of freighters had now gone by, whereupon the miner crossed the mud, dismounted before the Oro Fino, and rolled the swinging doors aside with his shoulders.

There seemed to be a sharp dividing line in town. Before him light glowed and warmth moved, regardless of the hour, while behind him in Portland's quieter quarter the solid and respectable citizens slept the sleep of the righteous. At that moment Pierce heard a quick call and turned to find Sitgreaves pointing at him. Behind Sitgreaves were the bosun and two citizens who were undoubtedly police.

"That's him," said Sitgreaves.

Pierce wheeled across the square to the alley's mouth. There was perfect darkness here for the length of a full block. Running down the loose mud, he heard the halloo of voices and a command from one of the police, "Hold up or I'll fire!" The alley played out in the middle of the block, dissipating itself into a series of between-building pathways, and Pierce took one of these in full flight, to arrive at another street all dark except for a corner house whose lights shimmered on wet pools in the street's mud. He swung close to the face of the buildings with the racket of the pursuing gentlemen steadily continuing to his rear. He cut across the mud to the far side of the street; he ran through the beam of light from the corner house, and curved into another street. And heard a woman's voice say:

"Wait!"

HE CAME to a dead stop, he whirled half around to face the dark side of the house. The woman was a shadow against the house, and he saw only the motion of her shoulders in these shadows. "No," he said impatiently. "No, I'm sorry."

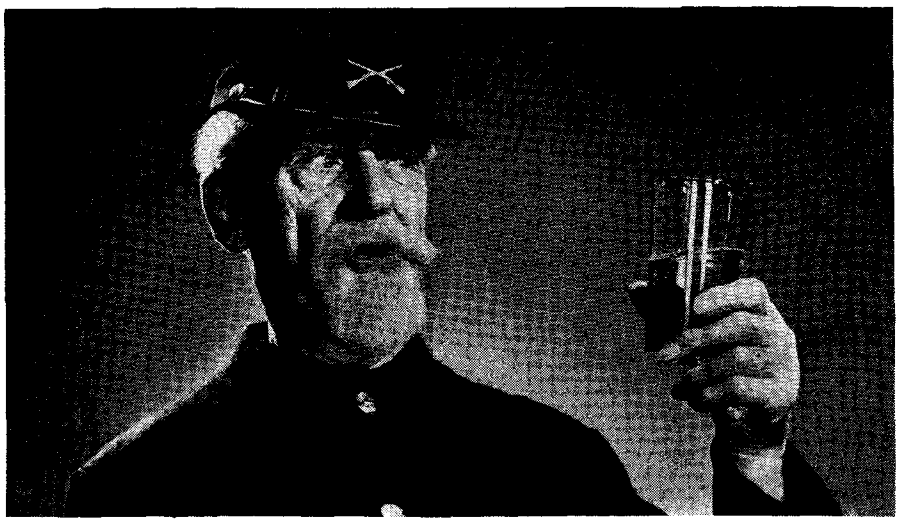
She came nearer. "I had a look at you when you came across the light. You're wet." She put a hand against his chest and drew it away. Back on the other street Sitgreaves' dead, calm voice was very distinct: "He went that way."

The woman said, "Come with me."

She went ahead of him at a light run, so that he had to stretch his legs to keep up with her. Half a block onward she darted behind a building and paused to catch his hand. "Careful with your feet," she said, and led him on. Somewhere in the heart of this complete darkness she stopped again, threw open a door and pushed him into a lighted room. She came in after him, closing the door.

It was a bare and worn and unlovely room with a stove in its center, a counter in the corner, a clock on the wall, and a

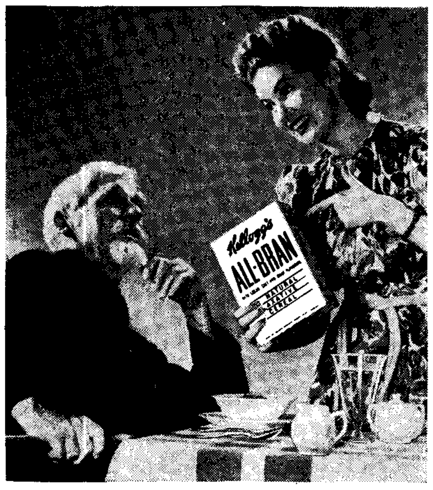
Grandpa Goes Modern



"BACK IN 'SIXTY-FIVE," says Grandpa, "I was just a drummer boy. But I remember one thing the old general told me. 'Boy,' he says, 'nothing in the world does a soldier as much good as a real old-fashioned *purge.*'"

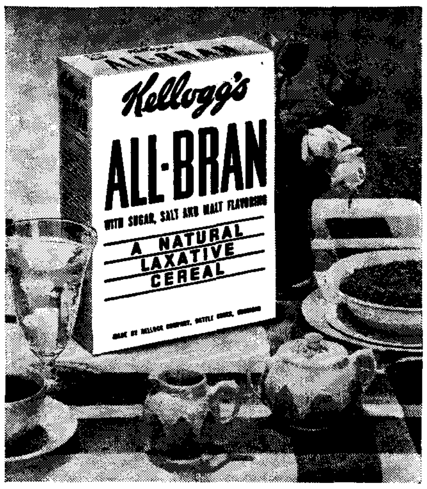
"AND SO, YOUNG LADY," says Gramps, "never quibble over a good strong dose. Stick your chin out and drink it down. It makes a man of you!"

"GRAMPS," says I, "you're a hard character. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Come to breakfast; I want to show you something."



"NOW WHAT?" says Gramps.

"Just a crisp, delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the common kind of constipation that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it."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"WHOA THERE!" hollers Grandpa. "Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good! If vittles like this can make you join the 'regulars,' I'm enlisting right now."

And, bless you, he did—even to following the directions: "Eat it every day and drink plenty of water!"

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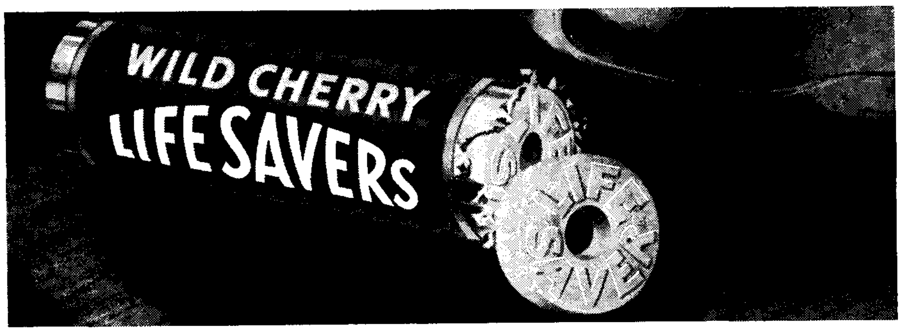
For that dry feeling after a big meal (and we don't mean *dish*-drying) pop a WILD CHERRY LIFE SAVER in your mouth. It's cool and dewy; it takes your breath away.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Save yours with LIFE SAVERS. 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

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huge, man-shaped woman sitting unsurprised in a rocking chair. She had iron-gray hair and a tremendous figure and her eyes were thoroughly unsympathetic as she looked at Pierce and read his story. "Jumped ship, didn't you?" she said. Then she turned her attention to the other woman and her expression changed, as though she saw something she didn't understand. "What are you doing in this end of town, Miss Castle?"

Pierce wheeled to have a look at this Miss Castle and met a pair of gray-green eyes dead-on. She had black hair covered by a kind of shawl that women sometimes seized up on the spur of the moment for both hat and cloak. It sat like a cowl on her head and came down about straight shoulders and a strong, rounded bosom. The night had brought color to her cheeks and her glance made a good job of investigating him. For a common woman she was well gotten out in a dark dress which came snug to her throat. A cameo pendant hung from a fine gold chain about her neck.

THE big woman in the rocker said, "Ladies never come here. What kind of menfolk have you got to let you be such an elegant fool? If you were seen you would be compromised."

Miss Castle shrugged her shoulders. "You have two fugitives instead of one, Madame Bessie."

"How would a lady like you know my name?" demanded Madame Bessie in clear displeasure. "And how did you know my door?"

"From my menfolk. You're talked about over Portland's supper tables."

"Is that what the best part of town talks about?" asked Madame Bessie. "In mixed company?" She got up from the rocker and took a lamp from the counter, and trimmed and lighted it. She was, when she faced Pierce, both taller and heavier than he; she was a formidable creature with a square-jowled face and a bit of a mustache. "Your menfolk ought to keep such things out of their houses."

She led them down a dismal hall scarcely wider than her shoulders and flung open a room's door. She put the lamp on a marble-topped dresser and stepped back, again watching Miss Castle with resentment. "I don't understand this. I shouldn't permit it. You're a fool for being something you shouldn't be. Usually it is money or a man that turns a girl. Your people have got money enough. So it must be a man."

"We won't be spending the whole night here," said the girl.

"That makes no difference," said Madame Bessie. "You are compromised now. But I suppose it is no different falling from a high place than from a low place." Thus far ignoring Pierce, she now turned to him: "Be quiet if you hear trouble outside. Get out of those clothes and I'll find some dry ones. All these ship jumpers land here wet to the skin. You'll be getting the last one's clothes. The next one will get yours. I'll take four dollars now."

"Two," said Pierce, "is my stake."

"You think I do this for the fun of it?" asked Madame Bessie sharply. "You can get out now. I won't be cheated."

"It's all right," said the girl. She produced a little purse from somewhere and laid a half-eagle into Madame Bessie's waiting palm. Madame Bessie gave the girl one look of scorn. "To go with him is bad enough. To pay his way is worse. He'll use you and lay you aside. Don't you know you can't buy a man for very long?" She closed the door behind her with a harsh jar; her heavy body went audibly down the narrow hall.

"Fugitives," murmured the girl, "can't be particular."

"Don't spend your money on me," said Pierce. "I have no way of paying you back."

"Perhaps," she answered, "a way will present itself. What is your name?"

"Jeff Pierce."

"Mine is Diana Castle. You were shanghaied aboard ship at San Francisco, I suppose, and made a break tonight."

"That's it," he said. "How would you know?"

"I saw the Panama Chief drop anchor in the middle of the river. When a boat stays out from the dock it usually means they've got a shanghaied crew. Men escape frequently from these boats. It is an old story to us. You can hide here until your ship sails and then walk abroad a free man. Our authorities are not much interested in recapturing seamen for bully shipmasters."

"For a lady," he said, "you have uncommon knowledge of the hard side."

"I told you I was a fugitive also, didn't I?" Then she lifted her hand to keep him silent; for there was the sound of men suddenly arrived in Madame Bessie's office, and uncivil talk. Pierce looked carefully around the room, saw a window and he went to it. He raised the window and put his head and shoulders through the opening. There was an alley, black as a tunnel, running beside this building; he drew back but left the window open. Out in Madame Bessie's office a first-class quarrel raged, with Madame Bessie laying her voice around like a club. "If they come down the hall," said Pierce, "we go out this way."

It was her lack of excitement that puzzled him more than anything else. She was, as Madame Bessie had said, a lady from the proper quarter of town and had no business being here; this cheap lodginghouse was for the other kind of woman. There were only two kinds. This was the thing that unsettled his judgment of her and made him resent her steadiness, as Madame Bessie had resented it. Either she was too ignorant of this muddy side of life to feel shame or she was a woman turning bad. He could not really tell. She was a strong, shapely girl with full red lips, firmly controlled, and with a cool expression in her eyes. She was sober, yet he had the idea there was a laughter in her which she deliberately hid from him. On her left hand a diamond burned its single spot of white fire.

THE sound of bitter brawling died and the searchers apparently departed. The girl said as an idle thought: "Madame is outraged by my conduct. I have noticed that her kind of woman always has the strictest sense of propriety. Why is that?"

"She knows what good and bad are."

"What are good and bad?" asked the girl. "Do you know?" She gave him a sharp glance; she shook her head. "You do not approve of me," she murmured, and shrugged her shoulders. "I'm afraid it will do you no good."

Madame Bessie came into the room. She closed the door behind her and stood with her great shoulders against it, more formidable than before. "They're gone," she said. "Now you both get out of here."

"How about that change of clothes?" asked Pierce.

"No," retorted Madame Bessie. "I'll call no trouble down on myself." She put both large arms across her bosom and locked them together, and a clever thought came gray and sly to her eyes. She turned on Diana Castle: "You're paying for this man's trouble, ain't you? It will just cost you a hundred dollars to keep my mouth shut. I could always call the police back."

Diana Castle said, "What has happened?"

"This man," said Madame Bessie, nodding at Pierce, "killed the captain in the fracas."

Diana Castle stood before Madame Eessie and watched the woman with a thorough self-reliance. She matched Madame Bessie's stare. She was cool and she was very thoughtful. Madame Bessie said, "You can get that hundred dollars for me, Miss Castle."

"You want to keep out of trouble, don't you?" asked the girl. "What if I were to step out on the street and start screaming? Suppose I said you had dragged me into your place? I think you'd be in the penitentiary a long while."

Madame Bessie watched her a considerable interval, not so much with anger as with a reluctant admiration. And she said finally, "All right, Miss Castle. I guess you know what you want."

"Now," added Diana Castle, "could you get him some clothes? And he needs a drink, Madame, and we are both hungry, aren't we?"

MADAME opened the door and cruised through it and turned. "Miss Castle," she said, "you are too calculating for a proper lady. Wherever did you learn to be smart?" With this, she departed.

The girl walked to the open window, her back to Pierce, and placed her hands on the window's sash. Her shoulders dropped and became round at the points and then she came slowly about and he saw that her face had a shadow on it. Her confidence was momentarily broken, leaving her tired or weak or a little afraid. He liked her better for seeing it. It took the calculation and the chill out of her.

"Did you have to do that?" she asked.

"When I made for the rail he came against me and fired a shot. I knocked him down with a belaying pin and went over the side." He shook his head; he made an odd motion with his hand. "Not to be helped."

She was watching him and he discovered that she was afraid of him for the first time. "What," she asked in a distant voice, "would you like me to do?"

"Nothing. You'd better go out of that window now."

She let out a sigh and moved toward him. She was almost smiling, her fear vanished. "For a moment I thought I had made a mistake in you. But I have not. You are not one of those murderous Sydney ducks coming off a ship with your teeth broken in, cunning and half inhuman." She paused, not quite through with her thoughts about him, and added in a softer way, "I can still hope."

He said, "Why should you hope?"

"Because I need a man. That is why I stopped you on the street. You are to help me get out of this town. There are four thousand people in Portland. I can't appear on the street, or get on the California stage, or take a boat without being recognized. A woman traveling alone in this country is under handicaps."

"I do not know about that," he said.

She checked him with a gesture. "You're in trouble and you know nothing of this country. You cannot take any road from Portland without being spotted in the back country. But I know how you can drop from sight."

"How?"

"Do I go with you?"

"How do you go with me?" he asked.

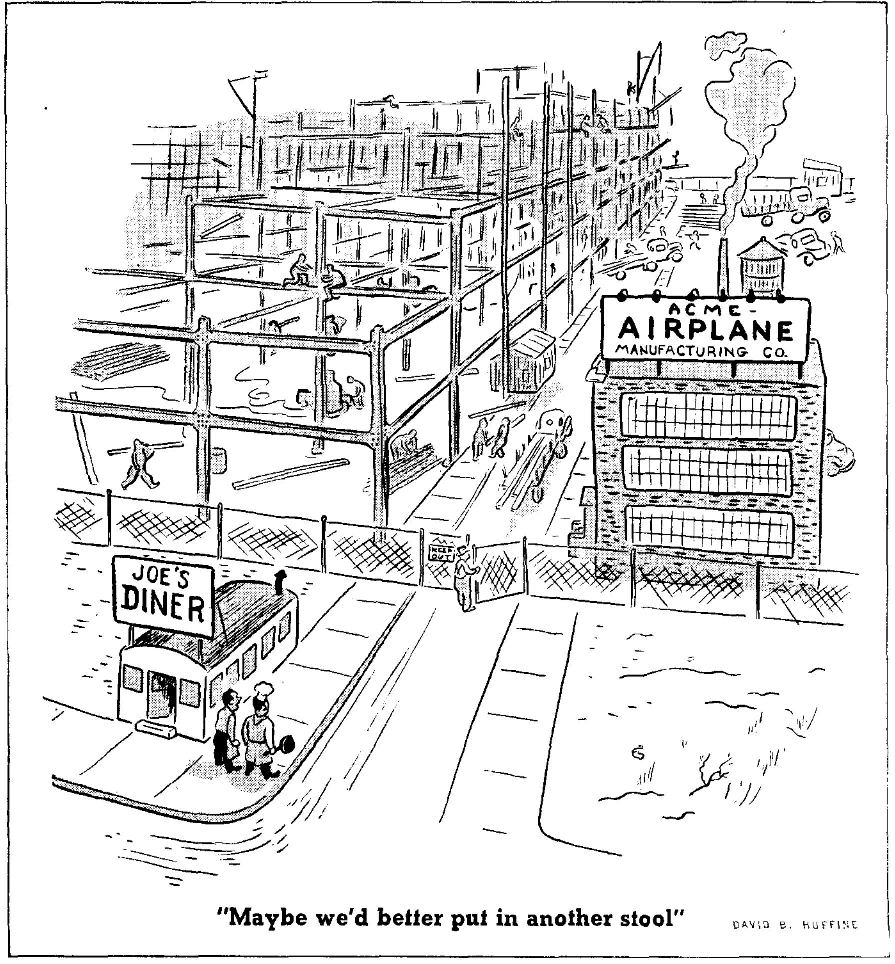
She drew a breath and her pleasant lips came momentarily together. She looked down at the floor and so avoided his eyes. "As your wife."

"No," he said. "Not as my wife."

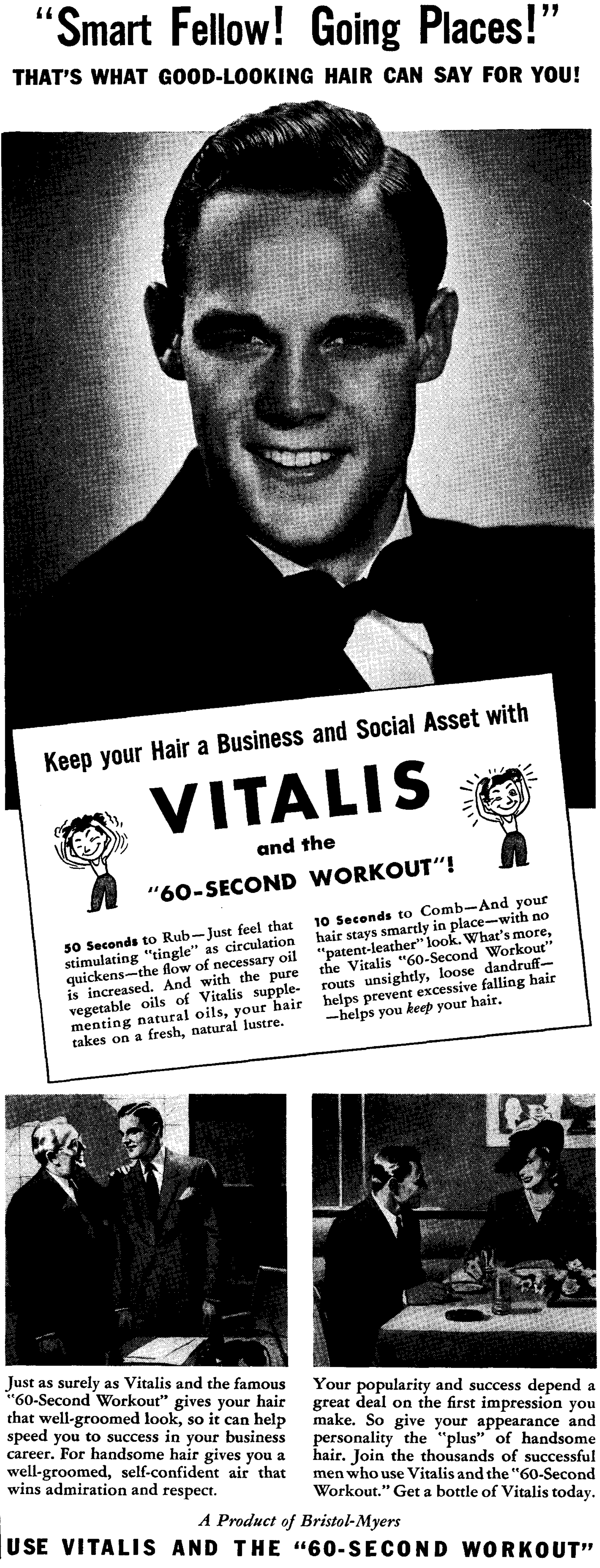
She said: "There will, of course, be no marriage. We must make the best of it before people's eyes until we get to the place we're going. Is it so much to ask? Are you already married?"

"No," he said. He moved back to the window and he stood there watching the yellow lamplight shine in her eyes. She had a fair, smooth skin and a round face pointed by a firm chin; she had an enormous certainty in her, she had a positive will. What confused him was that light in her eyes which seemed to hold back some kind of laughter from him. In a way she liked this touch-and-go business; it had an exciting effect on her. Madame Bessie stirred heavily in the hall and time went on fast and he looked at her and made his decision. "All right," he said.

Madame Bessie came in with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots over one



"Maybe we'd better put in another stool" DAVID B. HUFFINE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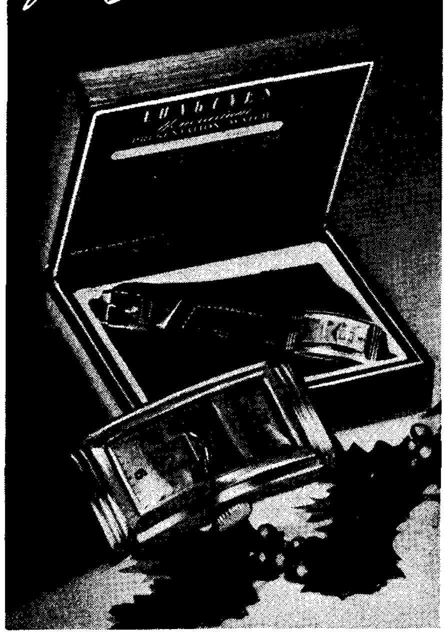

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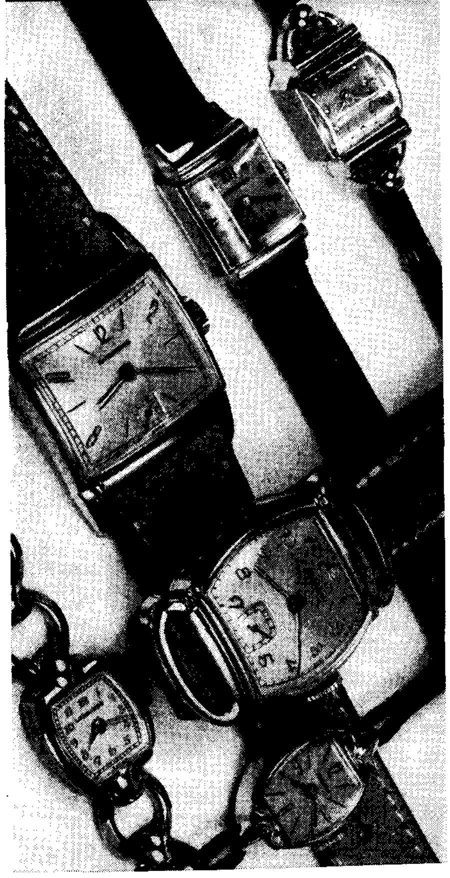


arm. She had a whisky bottle under the clothes, and carried a pitcher of coffee and a loaf of bread in her other hand. She threw the clothes on the bed and deposited the rest of her burden on the washstand. "There's a miner from the Owyhee dead drunk in one of my rooms," she said. "This is his suit."

"Give him mine in the morning," said Pierce, "and tell him he fell in the river."

Madame Bessie nested both fists against her ample hip line and scanned these people with her dismal experience of the world's worst side. "You're a cool lot," she said, "the both of you, and you want your way and mean to get it."

"Yes," said Diana Castle, "we mean to get it, Madame."

"Mark me," said the madame, "you'll get something else. You will get hurt." She turned out and lifted her shaggy eyebrows in faint surprise when Diana Castle followed her into the hall and closed the door. "You start with modesty," Madame commented in her tart, disbelieving voice. "You will end with something else. You will never keep him."

"I don't want him, Madame. Not for long."

"So you think," retorted the madame. "Cool as you are, you are still a fool. The game you play will make you cry soon or late. He will break your heart and you might break his."

"What game, Madame?"

"For a woman there's only two—money or a man. You have money, so it must be a man."

"There's still another game, Madame."

"Is there?" countered Madame Bessie. She moved her massive shoulders forward and laid her gray-chilled stare on Diana Castle. "I've seen a lot of girls start as you start. You know where they are now? Up on the second floor of places like mine, waiting for trade." She put her face quite close to Diana Castle, darkly murmured, "Women are weaker than they think," and moved heavily down the hall.

Pierce removed the cheap sweater and pants that had come out of the Panama Chief's slop chest and stood stripped in the room's center, drying himself with a towel. He was lank-bodied top and bottom with long, flat muscles; his ribs showed when he lifted his arms and two bullet scars made white nipples above his left hip. He had sandy red hair and a heavy-boned face, and his eyes sat broad and deep in their sockets, and his chin was faintly thrust out. His mouth was full at the center, and habitually held steady. When he had gotten into the miner's clothes—trousers and double-breasted blue shirt and high boots—he said, "You can come in," and took time to wash up at the stand.

SHE came in; she stood against the wall, waiting. When he turned to her she noticed that he had the bluest and darkest eyes a man could possibly own. They were penetrating and reserved rather than friendly, and he had an alertness to his body motion, as though keyed and cocked for the unexpected. He was thinner than he should be and she had not yet seen him smile. She supposed he was around twenty-eight.

He put on the miner's coat and took a water glass from the washstand. He filled it half with coffee and half with whisky; he tipped his glass to Diana Castle and waited a moment. She had that smile somewhere behind her eyes when she said: "Luck." He drank his coffee and whisky straight down.

He had been cold, and presently was warm. He broke the bread with his hands and offered her half the loaf. She shook her head and watched him eat. He had a ring on his small left-hand finger that interested her, since it seemed to be a woman's ring, but she pushed the obvious question away. He put his hands in the miner's coat and pulled out a pipe, a letter, a small bullet mold, and a buckskin pouch. The pouch, when he loosened the pucker string, held three or four ounces of coarse gold nuggets.

She watched him now with complete troubled interest. He looked down at the pouch and hefted it between his hands, and laid it on the washstand beside the other articles. "What's left of a large bust," he commented. "Madame Bessie will probably see that he never gets it." He went to his wet clothes in the corner, retrieved his two dollars and put them in the pocket of the borrowed coat. The girl released a held breath. "You're honest," she said.

"Up to thirty dollars," he answered dryly. "What now?"

"The steamboat Carrie Ladd leaves the foot of Washington Street at five in the morning for Lewiston. A thousand miners come through here every month bound for the mines upriver. When you get there you'll be out of sight."

"Neither you nor I," he pointed out, "will walk up that boat's gangplank at five in the morning without being stopped. The police will watch it."

"I know," she said. "But we have to get on that boat."

"Where's Washington Street?"

"Two blocks south of here. Then turn left and go two blocks to Front."

"I'll go take a look."

SHE came toward him. She had her small purse in her hand. "As long as we're together," she said, "this is yours."

He let the purse lie in his palm, feeling its heaviness. "Maybe my honesty doesn't go beyond thirty dollars."

"I've got to take that chance, haven't I? When I left the house tonight, I left for good. There's six hundred dollars gold in the purse."

He turned to the window and had one leg through it when a thought arrested him. He looked back to her. "You married?"

"No."

"Not that it would have made much difference," he said in the same dry way. "But I have never run off with a married woman."

"Otherwise?" she asked.

He gave her a good and sudden smile. "Or any woman," he said.

The window let him into a pitch-black alley which he pursued to a street bordered by little frame shops long since locked up for the night. He halted on the sidewalk, listening to the thinned-out voices of men drift over housetops from the water front; and presently he crossed the mud and advanced another block and saw the flare of lights on Front. Keeping to the shadowed walls, he moved toward the river. Coming to Front he put his back to a saloon for a moment's observation.

Directly across from him stood the Pioneer Hotel, and beyond that was a dock to which a steamboat lay tied, pilothouse and single stack showing against the night sky. Men trotted from boat to dock, loading freight, and a barrel of tar burned on the dock's end, its smoky yellow light darkly dancing on the river. A line of waiting wagons bent around the corner of the Pioneer House as far as the dock.

HE WAS in poor position here, with men moving past him, in and out of the saloon; and so he crossed through the line of wagons and took position on the shadowed side of the hotel. A runway tilted downgrade to the lower deck of the boat, and at the foot of the runway a big canvas-topped wagon stood, its driver half asleep inside a blue Army overcoat.

"Hard sleeping," said Pierce.

The driver pulled himself awake. "Been here three days. Damned boat is booked solid. I'll get on tonight, though."

"Coat looks familiar."

"Third Ohio," said the driver.

"First Michigan myself," offered Pierce.

"Ah," observed the driver, "it is a hard war, and a long one. Buy your way out?"

"Wounded and discharged," said Pierce. "My wife and I are trying to get upriver. There isn't any space."

"Be lucky if you get away inside of a week."

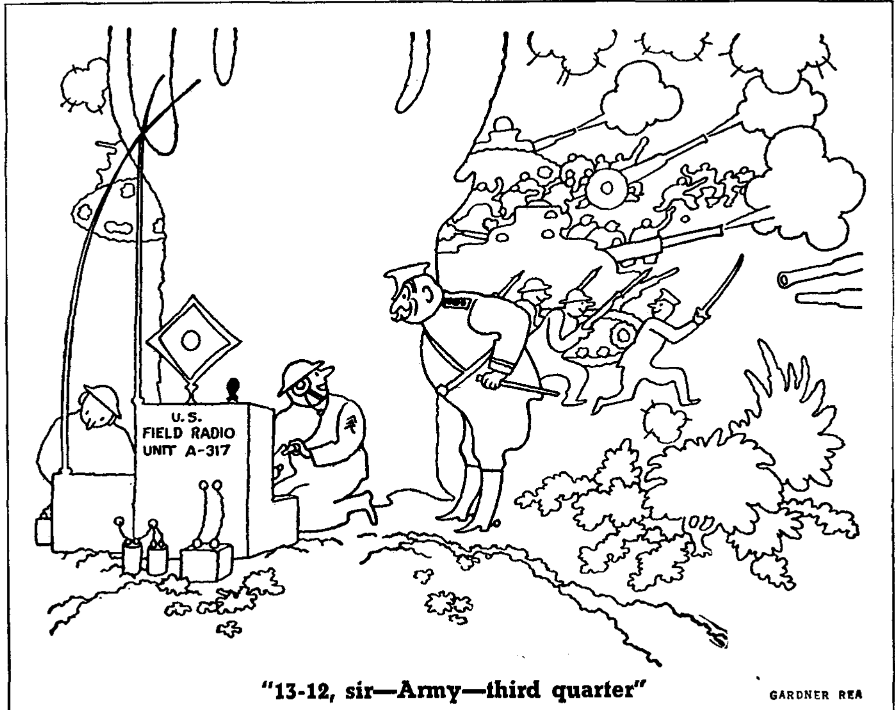
"That would be too late," said Pierce. "It is damned serious." He came forward and stood close by the wagon. A heavy piece of machinery crashed on the deck of the Carrie Ladd and four men rounded the corner of the Pioneer and came to a stand behind Pierce. He was in the shadow cast by the wagon, with his back to them, but he recognized Sitgreaves' voice at once.

"We will watch this boat until it sails."

"Hard man to give up, ain't you," said one of the others.

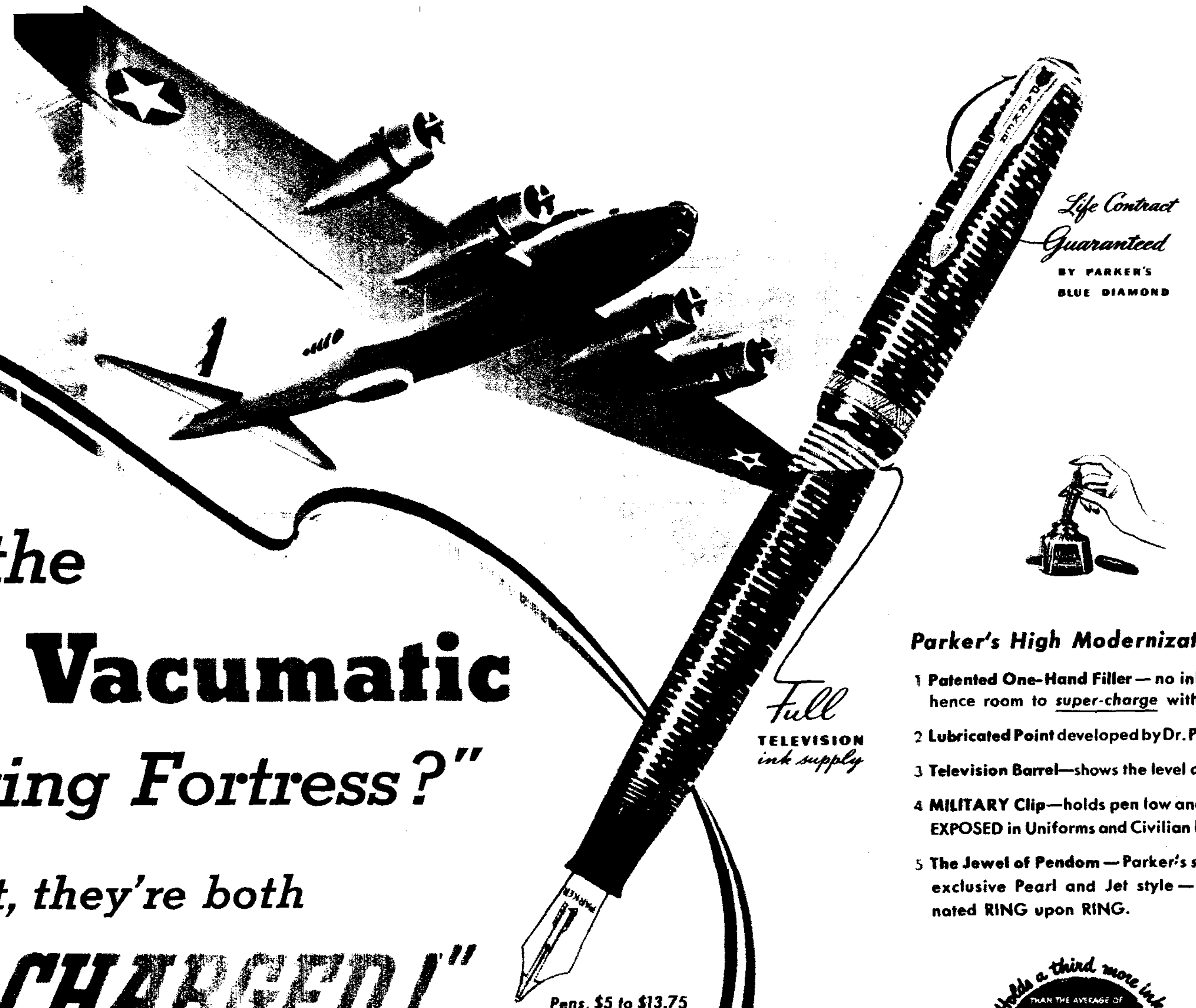
"Why, yes," stated Sitgreaves in a steady voice, "I reckon I am. I will get him tonight, or in the morning, or next week, or next year. Let's try the alleys again."

The four men departed. "Somebody



"13-12, sir—Army—third quarter"

GARDNER REA



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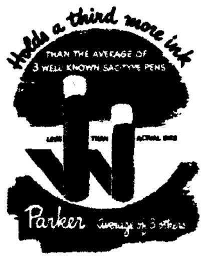
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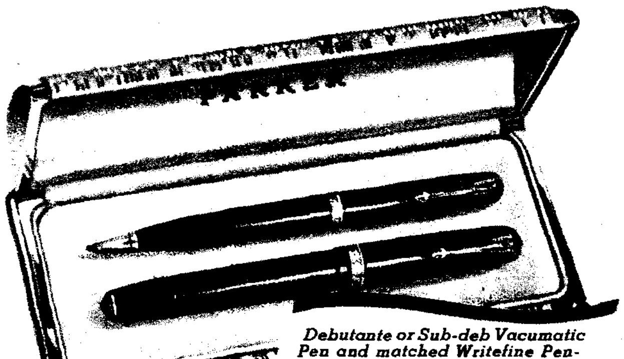

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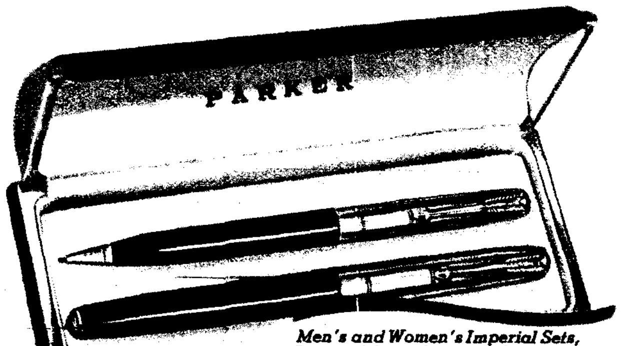

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killed," commented the driver with disinterest. "Well, I guess we seen a lot of boys killed, ain't we, brother?"

"You've got a cover on your wagon," said Pierce. "If my wife and I hid inside they couldn't see us."

The driver revived himself sufficiently to pack and light his pipe. He lowered the match until he caught a clear view of Pierce's face. He laughed easily to himself. "That's one way," he said. But he gave Pierce one more sharp appraisal before he said, "Come later when some of these lights go out."

Sitgreaves and his three partners were fading into the darkness up Washington. Pierce moved back into the first available shadows beyond the saloon and took station there, watching the driver of the canvas-topped wagon with a degree of suspicion; the man's gesture with the match was on his mind. The driver settled down inside his big coat for a chilly rest and, half an hour later, Pierce made his way across town to Madame Bessie's, let himself through the window to the lodginghouse room, and found Diana Castle sound asleep on the bed.

PIERCE ate the rest of the bread and drank the cold coffee and tilted himself on the room's only chair. He thought of the dead captain with a slow pity but without regret, much as he had once thought of those butternut-clad Confederate infantry who came running out of the summer wheat fields in Virginia and dropped at the crack of his gun. Pity was something he remembered in a far-off boyhood, never since recaptured; it was just a memory.

Long later he got up from the chair, observing that the black night's square at the window began to tremble slightly with gray; and touched the girl on the shoulder. "Time to go," he said.

She was up at once, frightened. She stared at him and her arms came up in a quick, pushing gesture; and then the shock passed and relief softened her and for the first time he saw her smile. "I would have been asleep in another moment. You weren't gone long."

"You *have* been asleep for three hours," he said irritably.

She said in a little voice, "I don't ever mean to cause you trouble."

"You have a good home. You have people. You have friends and money and nothing much to worry about. You don't know what you're getting into. It is like leaving a warm room and going out into the rain. You'll never get dry again."

"So you have a conscience," she murmured. "But let's not argue. If you hadn't turned the corner of this house a few hours ago some other man would have. I would have taken him."

"All right," he said. "We go out through the window." He gave her a hand through the window, seized a blanket from the bed and followed her. It was still black in the heart of this block but, overhead, the stars had lost some of their electric brightness, and a thin river mist moved against them. Diana Castle took the lead, reaching back for his arm, and in this manner they reached the nearest street and went along it, their footfalls running sharply ahead.

The remnant of a tar-barrel fire guttered crimson and black on the dock and the superstructure of the Carrie Ladd traced a skeleton shape against the night mists. The girl suddenly pulled him to a stop before a building's door. She had, he saw, a letter in her hand and now bent and slipped it beneath the door. Looking up, he noticed a sign that said: "Castle and Tipton, Wholesalers." Diana Castle faced the door, and her voice contained the first regret he had so far heard from her: "I am telling my father not to worry. I am telling him that this is my own doing."

Somewhere footsteps made a breach in the town's stillness. The girl whispered. "That will be them," and seized his hand and led him down a between-building gap. Fifty feet from the street, once more in the sightless heart of a block, he pulled her to a stop. Back of them, at the mouth of the opening a lantern made its diamond-bright flash, and men were talking:

"There was a racket up this way."

"She'd not be walking the street at this hour, Harry. It makes no sense."

The first man's voice came back, hard-used and very tired: "None of it makes sense. I'm going to knock on the door of every house in town."

A third man added his word: "You have seen all her friends. Now I should not like to offend you, Mr. Castle, or you, Mr. Wyatt. But we must be practical about this. Was she fond of any other man?"

"If you suggest that again I'll be forced to knock you down," said the tired voice.

They moved on, their steps long echoing back from distant quarters. Light made a first thin pulse in the sky and the river mists began to show clearer. "One was the marshal," whispered Diana Castle. She had his hand again, leading him on through quarters she seemed to know well. "One was my father. I am sorry for my father."

"There was a third man," suggested Pierce.

"I'm not sorry for him," she answered. They came presently to another street along which low-burning night lights showed out of glassed shop windows. The square edge of the Pioneer Hotel stood directly to their right, and a man lay on the boardwalk wrapped in a tarp, and the line of wagons waiting for the boat made a black curve around the hotel's corner.

The girl moved over the mud to the farther walk. They passed along a building's side, thus coming to the dock at which the Carrie Ladd lay and softly groaned against the piling. A light burned in the purser's cabin.

"What do we do now?" asked the girl.

THE foot of the runway was near them and the teamster who had been in the Third Ohio slept soundly on the seat of his wagon. Deep in the hull of the Carrie Ladd iron fire doors slammed and wood smoke drifted in the heavy river air. Light appeared from a window of the Pioneer and steam curled from dew-damp housetops and, back of town, the Oregon fir forest began to break through, silvered by mist. There was nobody at this moment visible on Washington except the sleeping teamster. Taking the girl's arm, he moved toward the Ohio man's wagon, pulled the canvas open at the rear and gave Diana Castle a hand up. Following, he found himself sprawled on a load of sacked potatoes, with scarcely more than breathing room between the potatoes and the canvas top.

The teamster, wakened by the motion of their entrance, put his head through the front apron and withdrew it. Pierce heard the girl say, "You are resourceful," and saw her face dimly near. This situation would be uncomfortable and in some degree risky, for although the canvas lay tight-lashed against the bows, all down to the wagon box, there was an opening at the rear into which anyone might look. He thought about this, and settled himself half on his knees, shifting the potato sacks to block off that view and also to create a space in which they might better lie. He spread down Madame Bessie's gray blanket. "Yours," he said, and watched her slide into it.

It was light enough so that he now saw her face. She wasn't smiling but the effect of excitement was in her eyes, as though she had far pleasanter thoughts than she wanted to show. "Thank you," she whispered, "for being thoughtful."

"It is the third man I'm wondering about," he said.

The teamster left the wagon. Daylight came and the odor of coffee drifted out of some near-by door and people began to stir around the corner of the Pioneer Hotel toward the Carrie Ladd; and presently the boat's whistle sent a great warning blast bounding back through Portland. People tramped steadily along the gangplank, and a woman said, half in tears, "Write, won't you?" And over and above the growing confusion he caught a voice that belonged to Sitgreaves: "You've gone through the boat, cabin by cabin?"

"He's not on board."

"We will watch."

THE girl touched Pierce's arm. She looked up and her lips moved and he saw the steady brightness of her eyes; and once more he got the idea that this was all something which pleased her in a way that no other thing could. The Ohio man stirred on the wagon seat and kicked off the brake; the wagon moved downgrade and struck the Carrie Ladd's deck. A boat's officer shouted his constant orders and all around there was the rising clash of voices on dock and on board, and other wagons groaned across the deck.

"Plank's in, sir!"

"Cast off bow and spring!"

The whistle flung out a second warning and bells jingled in the Carrie Ladd's engine room. "Cast off stern!"

"All clear astern!"

The deck trembled to the thrust of the Carrie Ladd's big Pittmans. The paddles slowly threshed and the nose of the ship swayed as it turned into the channel. . . .

Five hours from Portland the boat nosed ashore and the wagon moved off to a rutty, piecemeal road. Jeff Pierce had been sleeping He stirred and said, "Where are we now?"

"We've left the Carrie. We're driving around the Cascade Portage to the middle river boat—the Oneonta. We'll be in The Dalles tonight."

He fell asleep again. The wagon turned down an incline and struck the middle river boat's deck; and in a little while they were underway, steaming through the great Cascade Gorge. . . .

Dusk came and with it the smell of food; and darkness fell. Pierce was awake and now lay silent beside the girl, and somewhere in the early night the Oneonta whistled and turned into The Dalles landing. The wagon moved up a long grade and town lights streaked the side of the canvas and there was music from a saloon and rough voices cheerfully calling. Then the wagon stopped and the Ohio man rapped on the canvas. Pierce crawled out, assisting the girl to the ground. They were, she discovered, on a quiet back street.

The Ohio man said, "Both you folks seemed a little shy, so I thought I'd unload you privately."

"I am grateful," said the girl.

The teamster nodded, and gave his attention to Pierce. "I could make a good guess as to your bein' on my wagon," he said. "But Army men stick together, don't they?" He got back on the wagon, lifted a hand to them and rolled away.

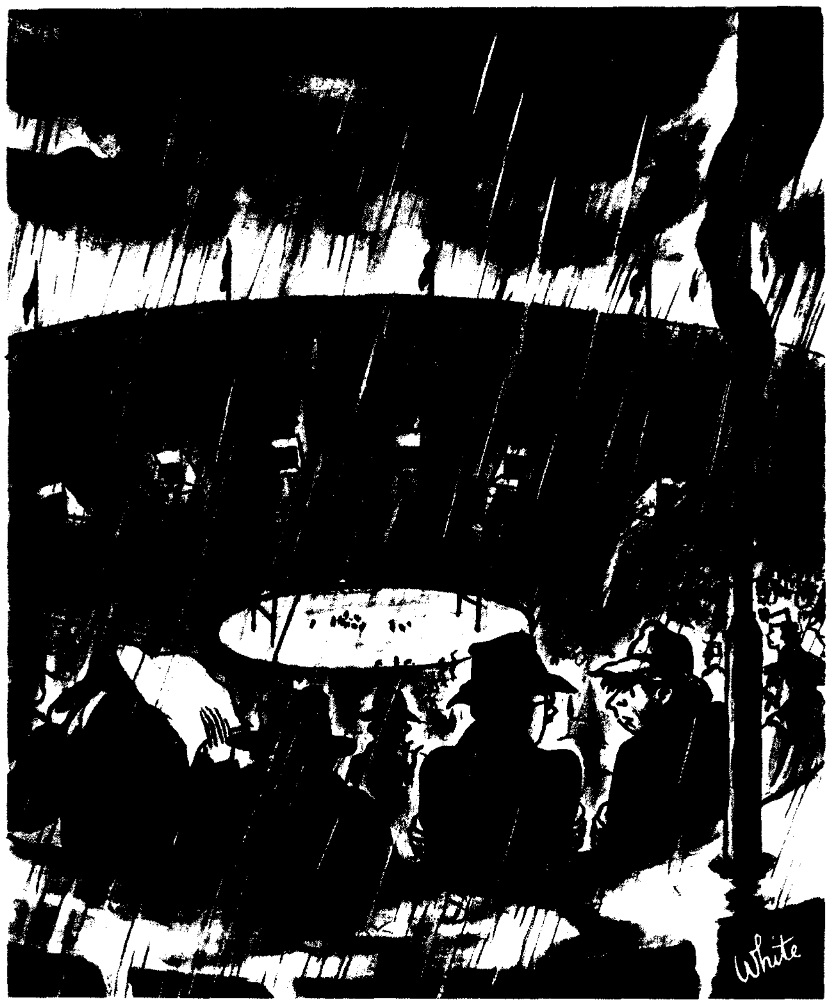
Pierce moved to the street's corner and looked toward the heart of this river town. He said, "What's next?"

"The Umatilla House is on that corner. We are halfway to Lewiston. The upper river boat leaves in the morning."

He gave her a long, straight look. "I'll have to see about space on that boat. Meanwhile, we'll need a room and something to eat. I expect we register as man and wife?"

"Yes," she said. "If you don't mind."

"It is too late to mind now, isn't it?" There was no particular inflection to his

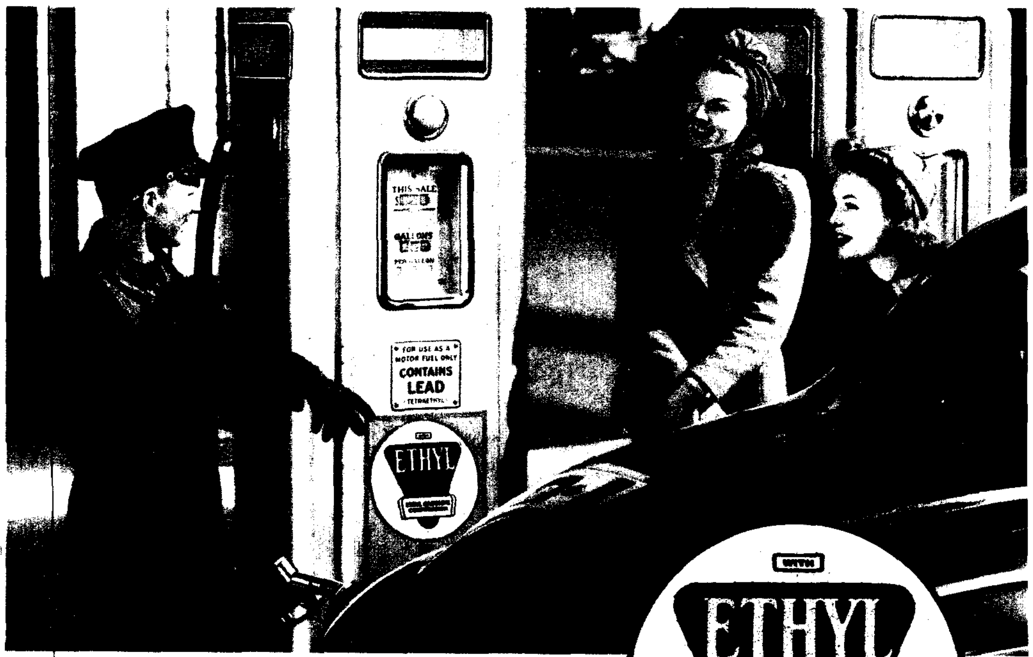


"You mean you'd rather be home having a turkey dinner?"

HUGH WHITE

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

AMERICAN SKI TROPHY. It takes more than a champion to win the American Ski Trophy, shown at the right. It is presented annually to the country's outstanding amateur skier, selected by a committee of experts as having done more for the sport of skiing during the year than any other man. Whether it's for exceptional performance in competition or for making some other important contribution to the sport, you've got to be tops in skiing to merit this award—you've got to be better than good!



ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl name. Gasoline in a pump which bears the Ethyl trade mark has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer; a quicker-starting engine in cold weather; extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, "Ethyl" tells you which pump contains the best.

ETHYL
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
REG. TRADE MARK

THE BETTER THE GAS, THE BETTER YOUR CAR

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

You invite good talk when you serve folks Wine

When there's wine with food on the table, folks can ease up the moderate way, and enjoy themselves

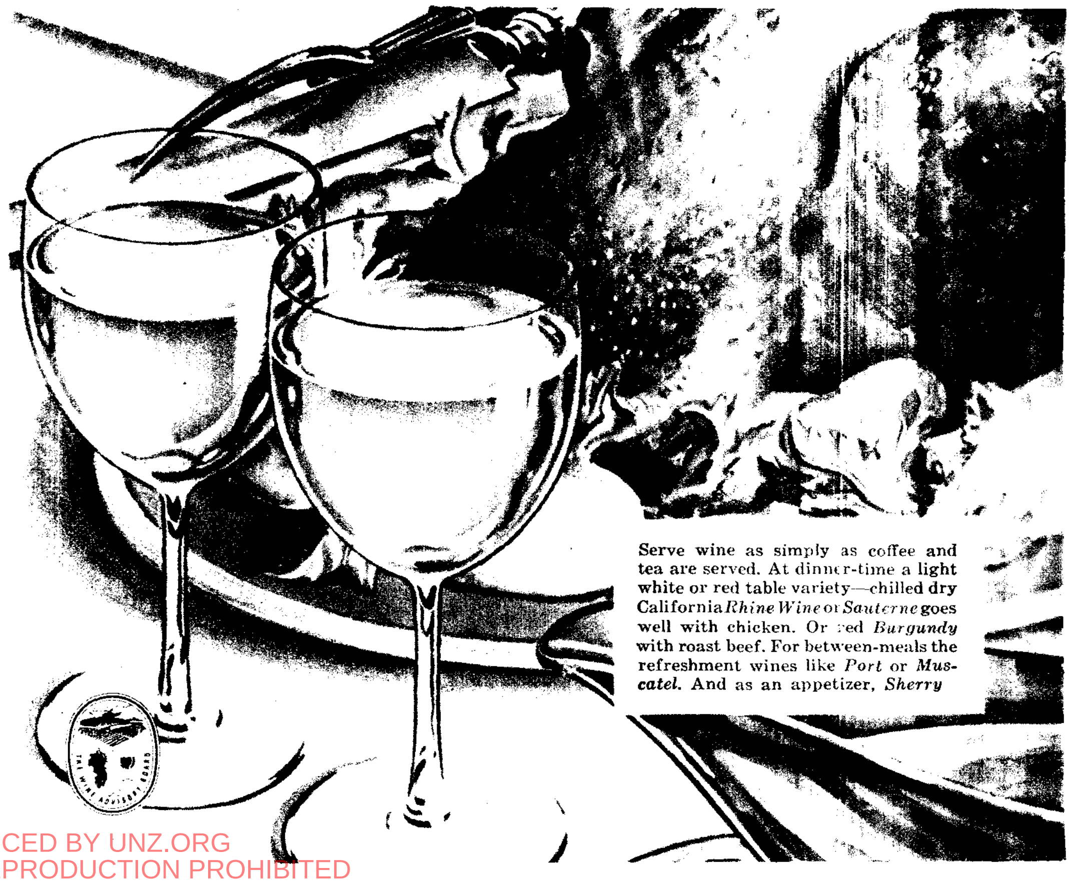
Set out another plate or two on the table. Ask some friends over. Folks are doing that more and more. Because evenings spent in quiet friendship help us to let up—to rest and relax.

Perhaps that's one reason wine has grown so popular lately. People find that when you share wine with a friend you share good talk and fellowship. You draw closer together, over good food and wine.

An interesting new booklet on wine serving is available now. Your copy will be mailed free if you will write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The Board represents every wine grower in California.

You can serve California wines with confidence—they are sound, well-developed and reasonable in price. Connoisseurs will tell you these wines of our own country are good by any standard in the world.

They're worth trying . . . be considerate, serve wine.



Serve wine as simply as coffee and tea are served. At dinner-time a light white or red table variety—chilled dry California *Rhine Wine* or *Sauterne* goes well with chicken. Or red *Burgundy* with roast beef. For between-meals the refreshment wines like *Port* or *Muscatel*. And as an appetizer, *Sherry* words but as she took his arm and moved with him toward the Umatilla House she had an unexpectedly painful thought: His judgment of her character was unsure. She wished it were not.

THE DALLES' principal street paralleled a river whose lava-rock margins lay jagged and black in the quarter moonlight; and a soft wind brought in the balsam scent of a thousand miles of pine hills and sagebrush desert, giving the air a thin and vigorous pungency. Coming up to the Umatilla House with Diana, Pierce observed the freight outfits loading for their long, slow run into the back country, and the shaggy shapes of men who prospected the hills, and the sharp-eyed and half-wild cow hands in from distant ranches. Indians—these of the proud and intractable plains tribe, so different from the slovenly fish eaters of the coast—stood by the hotel wall, and Army men roamed by in their dusty blues. Pierce and Diana Castle made way to the desk through a crowd of citizens and boat passengers. Pierce said: "A room for myself and wife." A neat, grave man dressed in black broadcloth and white shirt turned from the desk and slightly collided with Diana, and was quick to lift his hat in apology.

"There's been some confusion," Pierce said as he signed the register. "We have lost our luggage and my wife is considerably fatigued. Could you bring up a meal?"

"Yes," said the clerk, and handed Pierce a key. "Four. Up the stairs."

Pierce walked as far as the stairway, there handing the key to Diana. "I'll see about passage," he said, and turned back through the crowd to the street. Rain had dropped here recently but there was no mud underfoot; the fine, powdered soil of the street glittered by lamplight and would make, in another dry day, a steady pall of dust. An auctioneer stood on a box beside a tar flare calling up customers in a tireless voice, and a woman came against him and looked at him with a laughing face. He stepped into the office of the navigation company, near the hotel, took place in line and eventually found himself at the counter. Beside him was the grave and neat man who had lifted his hat to Diana.

"Passage to Lewiston for two," said Pierce to the clerk.

"Thirty dollars," said the clerk.

"My wife is in poor health," added Pierce. "This includes a decent stateroom?"

"All gone," said the clerk. "You are buying deck space, and not much of that. It will be a full list inside of half an hour."

The neat man had been listening. Now he said, "If your wife does not mind sharing a stateroom with my daughter, I should be happy to accommodate you."

"That is handsome," said Pierce. "We will see you in the morning. Pierce is my name."

"Temperton," offered the man. "Will Temperton." He was courteous but he did not extend his hand. Pierce paid for two passages upriver and moved aside, hearing a woman's voice attack the clerk with a good-natured malice: "One upriver. I wouldn't consider it much of a treat to sit in one of your ratty little staterooms. Your bosses are making too much money for their own good. They're greedy, Neall."

"Hello, Lil Shannon," said the clerk. "But what other way could you get to Lewiston?"

"I can walk or I can ride," retorted the woman. "I can do both better than your stuffed Portland capitalists, my friend."

SHE was a woman with a rose-complexioned face, smiling and a little bold, and dressed on the high side of taste. She was his own age, Pierce judged, and knew as much of the world as he did. She turned her head with a rather swift gesture and met his attention. Her eyes were hazel and ready to be amused, and he saw that she was accustomed to meeting the glances of men. She looked at him with a moment's steady interest; he bent his head slightly and left the office. The ticket line had lengthened and now stretched halfway back to the corner of the Umatilla House and a man in the line said, "That Lil Shannon in there?"

Pierce returned to the barroom of the Umatilla House and pressed through the thick crowd. All the talk around him concerned the mining camps of Burnt River, the Blue Mountains and the Owyhee, and Elk City and Florence; the smell of gold was in the smoke and whisky reek of the room. He got to the bar and bought a drink. He stood idle and solitary with the crowd moving around him and had hot beef and beans and bread off the steam table and he bought a cigar and got it properly burning, meanwhile, watching the gold scales on the bar tip to the dust poured out of miners' pokes.

"Nothing down Powder River. Elk City's playin' out. There's a new strike on over beyond the Grasshopper diggin's, in Alder Gulch."

"Where's that, Joe?"

"Up the Clearwater, beyond the Bitterroots, other side of Bannack."

He heard this talk but paid little attention to it, for his mind went back to Portland to review the scene aboard the Panama Chief. The captain had meant to kill him, and the captain's voice had betrayed a tone of pleasure. He remembered the sound of the belaying pin on the captain's skull and the way the captain's mouth sprung wide open, and all during that time the smell of land had rolled over the water, rich and thick and racy with the freedom he had to have. There had been a black streak in the captain.

Somebody said, "You're in my way," and drove a shoulder point hard against his arm. The cigar, lightly held between his teeth, flew from his mouth and hot ashes sifted back to his face. He made a complete turn and came about and saw a man's square, sun-black face stare up from beneath the flat brim of a hat. He looked straight into a pair of mud-gray eyes and noticed temper move in spongelike contractions across this man's full-centered lips.

He waited a moment. Then he said, almost gentle with his words, "An accident?"

"You can do your sleeping somewhere else, can't you?" said the man.

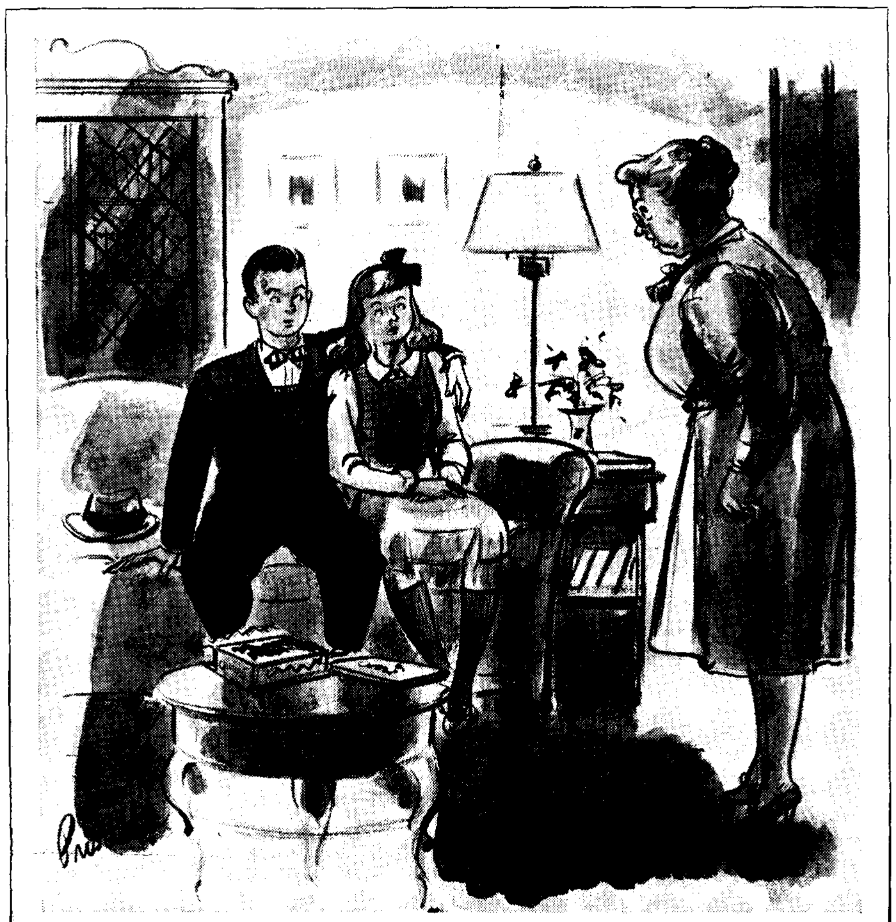
Men crowded behind Pierce. He pushed his shoulders backward to relieve that pressure and he pulled up both arms and batted the man with his open left palm and hit him on the chest with his right fist. The man went backward into the crowd, into the arms of a tall fellow wearing a mustache and goatee. The tall one clenched and showed his big white teeth in a smile as he caught the falling man. He said, wickedly easy with his words, "There's your meat, Rube, go after him."

RUBE struggled out of the arms of the tall one. He was short and broad, and sweat rushed a thin, glistening film over his sun-blackened cheeks. He was speaking to himself as he moved forward; and he lifted the point of one shoulder, as though to cock his fist. Pierce shoved himself clear of the bar. He hit this muscular, slow Rube in the belly and drove the wind out of him. He waited until Rube's head dropped and thereafter caught him fully on the temple. Rube went down to the floor.

Pierce said, "I don't like to be crowded. Keep your hands out of your pocket." Then he looked up to the tall fellow with the goatee who still smiled. He said nothing but he watched that smile as wickedness honed it thin. The tall one had a fresh, light skin and a set of agate eyes in which brightness danced; and small wrinkles deepened at the corners of his temples, and he seemed to be laughing deep in his chest.

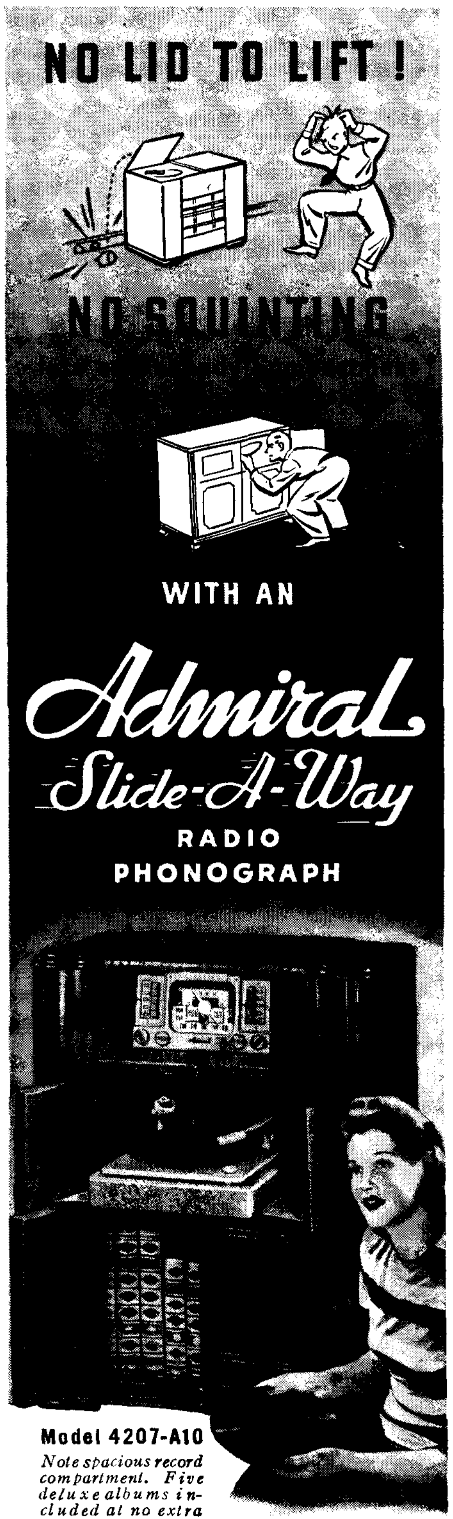
Rube rolled and stood up. He shook his head and he looked at the tall fellow with the goatee. "What'll I do, George?"

(To be continued next week)



"Mabel, if you don't let Henry go home his mother won't allow him to call again!"

LOUIS PRISCILLA



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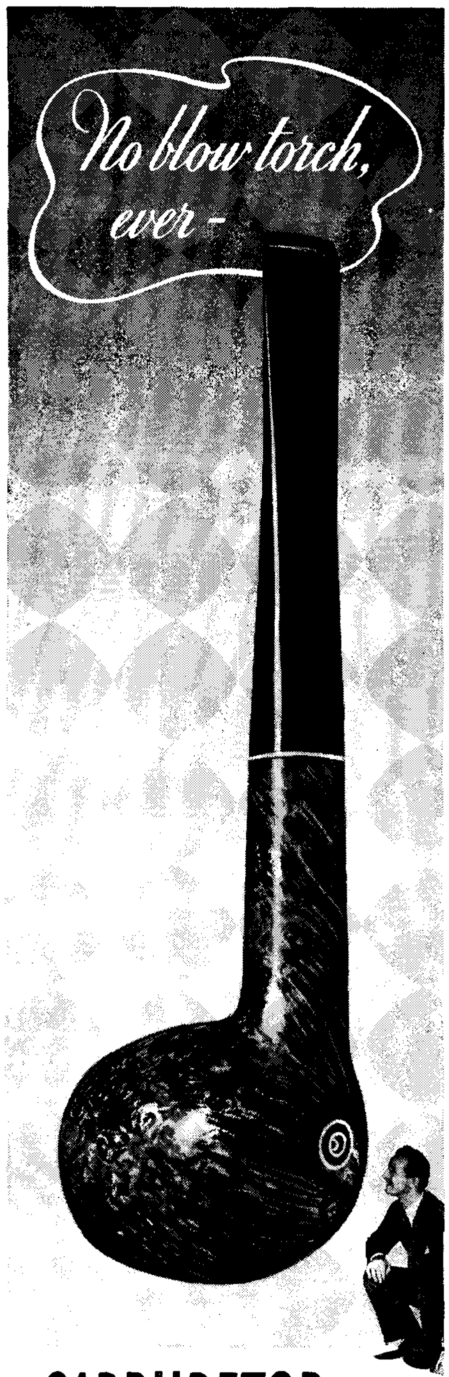

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KAYWOODIE $4

Offhand, you might think magic has something to do with it. How else can this Kaywoodie pipe stay cool and serene even when you puff hard and furiously at it? Well, it's not magic, it's science. That tiny carburetor, that air-intake at the bottom of the bowl, lets in air. The harder you draw, the more air you draw in through the Carburetor. So, while other bowls get too hot, when you draw hard on them, this Carburetor Kaywoodie, is no blow-torch, *ever.* Your smoke is always enjoyable, even-tempered, unruffled. The price, four dollars, is even-tempered too.

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The Pied Piper

Continued from page 22

toward the car. "We want petrol," said Howard. "There is, without doubt, a depot for military transport in Angerville?"

The man stared at him. "There are Germans in Angerville."

There was a momentary silence. The old Englishman stared across the farmyard, at the lean pig rooting on the midden, at the scraggy fowls scratching in the dust. So it was closing in on him.

"How long have they been there?" he asked quietly.

"Since early morning. They have come from the north."

There was no more to be said about that. "Have you petrol? I will buy any that you have, at your own price."

The peasant's eyes glowed. "A hundred francs a liter."

"How much have you got?"

The man looked at the gauge upon the battered dashboard of his car. "Seven liters. Seven hundred francs."

Less than a gallon and a half of petrol would not take the ten-ton truck very far. Howard went back to the corporal.

"Not very good news, I'm afraid," he said. "The Germans are in Angerville."

There was a pause. "Bloody 'ell," the corporal said at last. He said it very quietly, as if he were suddenly tired. "How many are there there?"

Howard called back the inquiry to the peasant. "A regiment," he said. "I suppose he means about a thousand men."

"Come down from the north, like," said the driver.

There was nothing much more to be said. The old man told them about the petrol. "That's not much good," the corporal said. "With what we'd got, that wouldn't take us more'n ten miles." He turned to the driver. "Let's 'ave the muckin' map."

TOGETHER they pored over the sheet; the old man got up into the cab and studied it with them. There was no side road between them and the town; behind them there was no road leading to the south for nearly seven miles. "That's right," the driver said. "I didn't see no road on that side when we came along."

The corporal said quietly, "An' if we did go back, we'd meet the Jerries coming along after us, from that other muckin' place. Where he picked up the nipper what they told him was a spy."

"That's right," the driver said.

The corporal said, "Got a fag?"

The driver produced a cigarette; the corporal lit it and blew a long cloud. "Well," he said presently, "this puts the lid on it."

The other two were silent.

"I wanted to get home with that big lathe," the corporal said. "I wanted to get that through okay, as much as I ever wanted anything in all my life." He turned to Howard. "Straight, I did. But I ain't going to."

The old man said gently, "I am very sorry."

The other shook himself. "You can't always do them things you want to most." He stirred. "Well, this won't buy baby a new frock."

He got down from the cab onto the ground. "What are you going to do?" asked Howard.

"I'll show you what I'm going to do." He led the old man to the side of the great lorry, about half way down its length. There was a little handle sticking out through the side chassis member, painted bright red. "I'm going to pull that, and run like bloody 'ell."

"Demolition," said the driver at his elbow. "Pull that out, an' up she goes."

The corporal said, "Come on, now. Get them muckin' kids out of the back. I'm sorry we can't take you any farther, mate, but that's the way it is."

Howard said, "What will you do, yourselves?"

The corporal said, "Mugger off cross country to the south, an' hope to keep in front of the Jerries." He hesitated. "You'll be all right," he said, a little awkwardly. "They won't do nothin' to you, with all them kids."

The old man said, "We'll be all right. Don't worry about us. You've got to get back home, to fight again."

"We got to dodge the muckin' Jerries, first."

Together they got the children down onto the road; then they lifted down the pram from the top of the van. Howard collected his few possessions and stowed them in the pram, took the corporal's address in England, and gave his own.

There was nothing then to wait for.

"So long, mate," said the corporal. "See you one day."

The old man said, "So long."

He gathered the children around him, and set off with them down the road in the direction of Angerville.

They went slowly, as they always did. From time to time Howard glanced back over his shoulder; the men by the lorry seemed to be sorting out their personal belongings. Then one of them, the driver, started off across the field toward the south, carrying a small bundle. The other bent to some task at the lorry.

Then he was up, and running from the road toward the driver. He ran clumsily, stumbling; when he had gone about two hundred yards there was a sharp, crackling explosion.

A sheet of flame shot outward from the lorry. Parts of it sailed up into the air and fell upon the road and into the fields; then it sunk lower on the road. A little tongue of fire appeared, and it was in flames.

Ronnie said, "Coo, Mr. Howard. Did it blow up?"

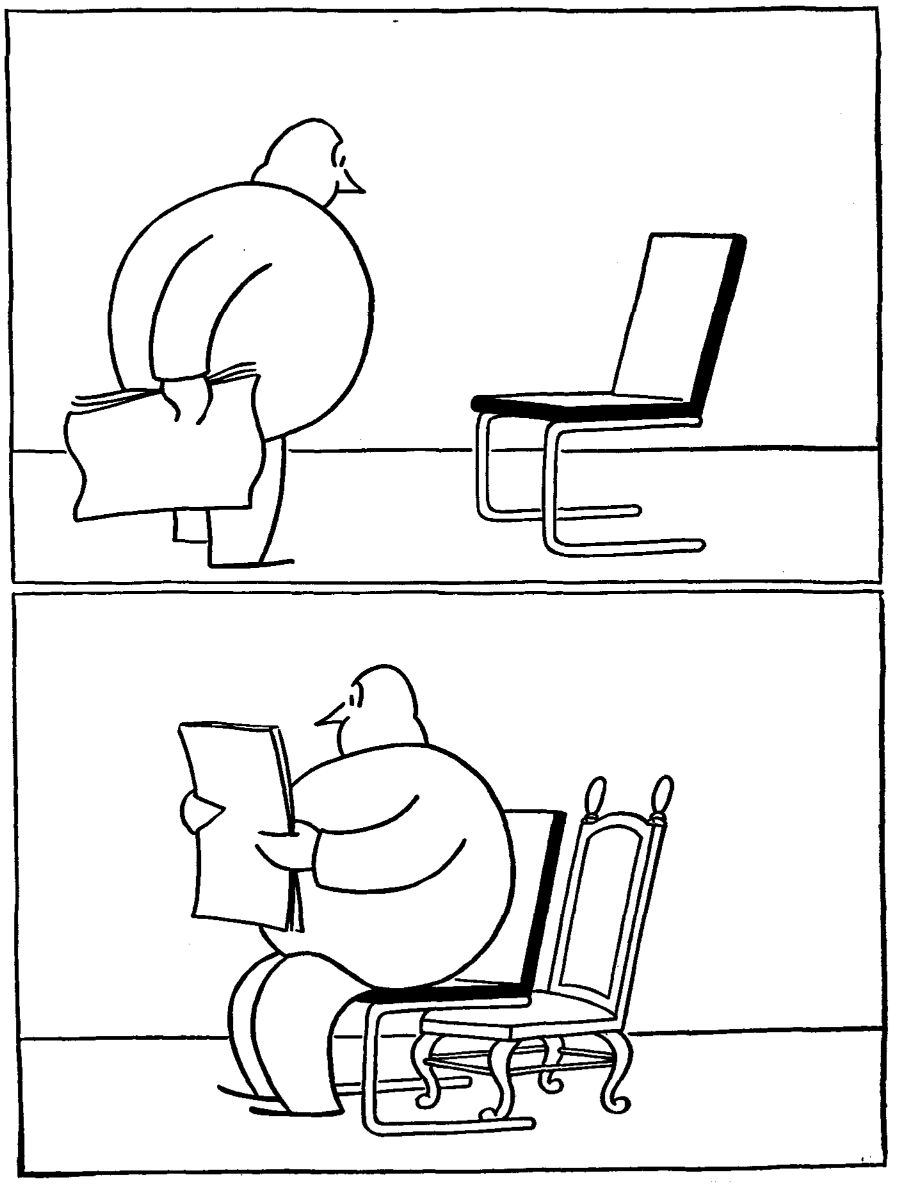
Sheila echoed, "Did it blow up itself, Mr. Howard?"

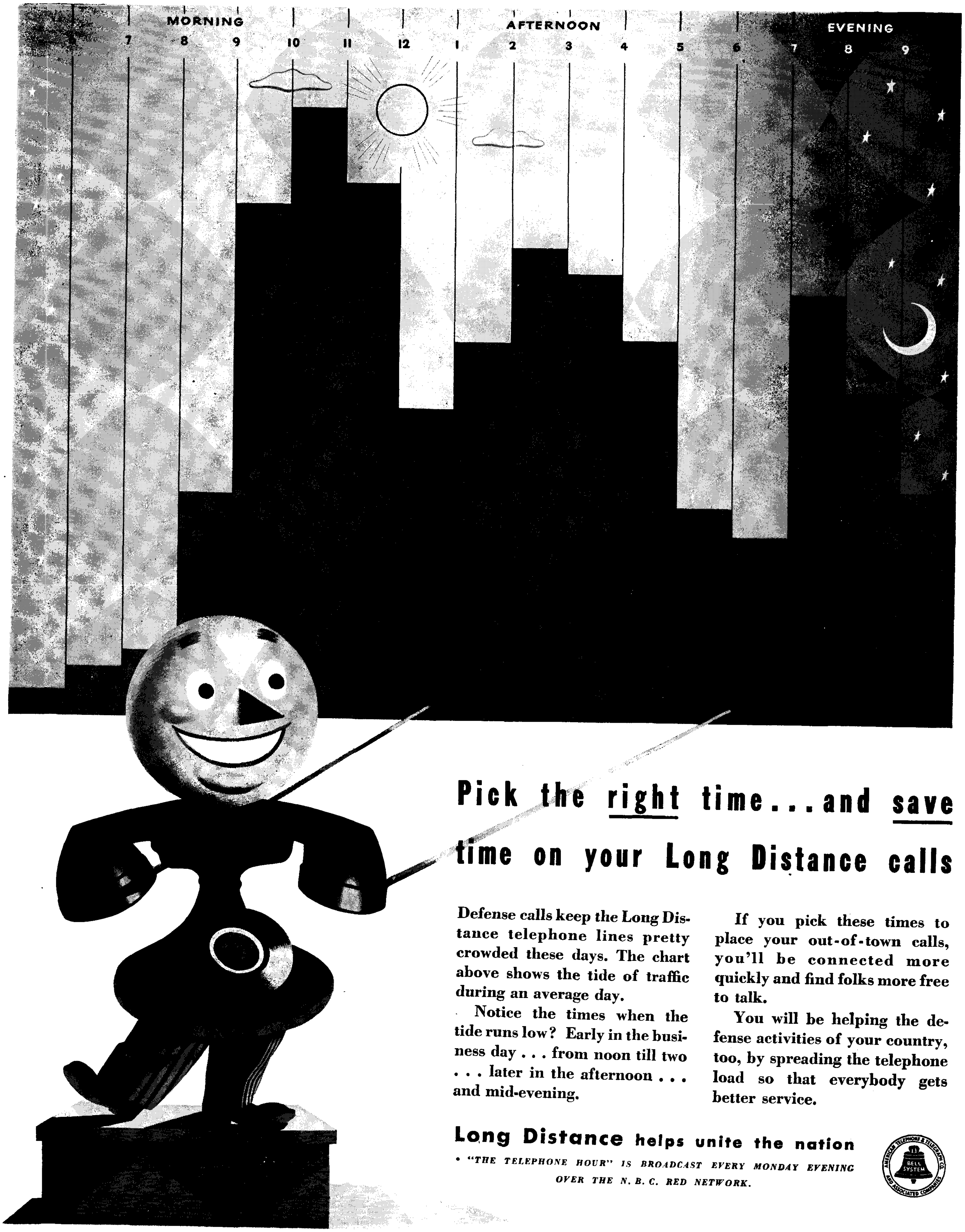
"Yes," he said heavily, "that's what happened." A column of thick black smoke rose from it on the road. He turned away. "Don't bother about it any more."

Two miles ahead of him he saw the roofs of Angerville. The net was practically closed upon him now. With a heavy heart he led the children down the road toward the town.

ANGERVILLE is a little town upon the Paris-Orleans road. It was about five o'clock when Howard started to walk toward it with the children, a hot, dusty afternoon.

On the way into the town they passed a train of very dirty lorries halted by the road, drawing in turn up to a garage and filling their tanks at the pump. The soldiers moving round them appeared strange at first; with a shock the old man realized that he was seeing what he had expected for the last hour to see; the men were German soldiers. They wore field-gray uniforms with open collars and patch pockets, with a winged





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You will be helping the defense activities of your country, too, by spreading the telephone load so that everybody gets better service.

Long Distance helps unite the nation

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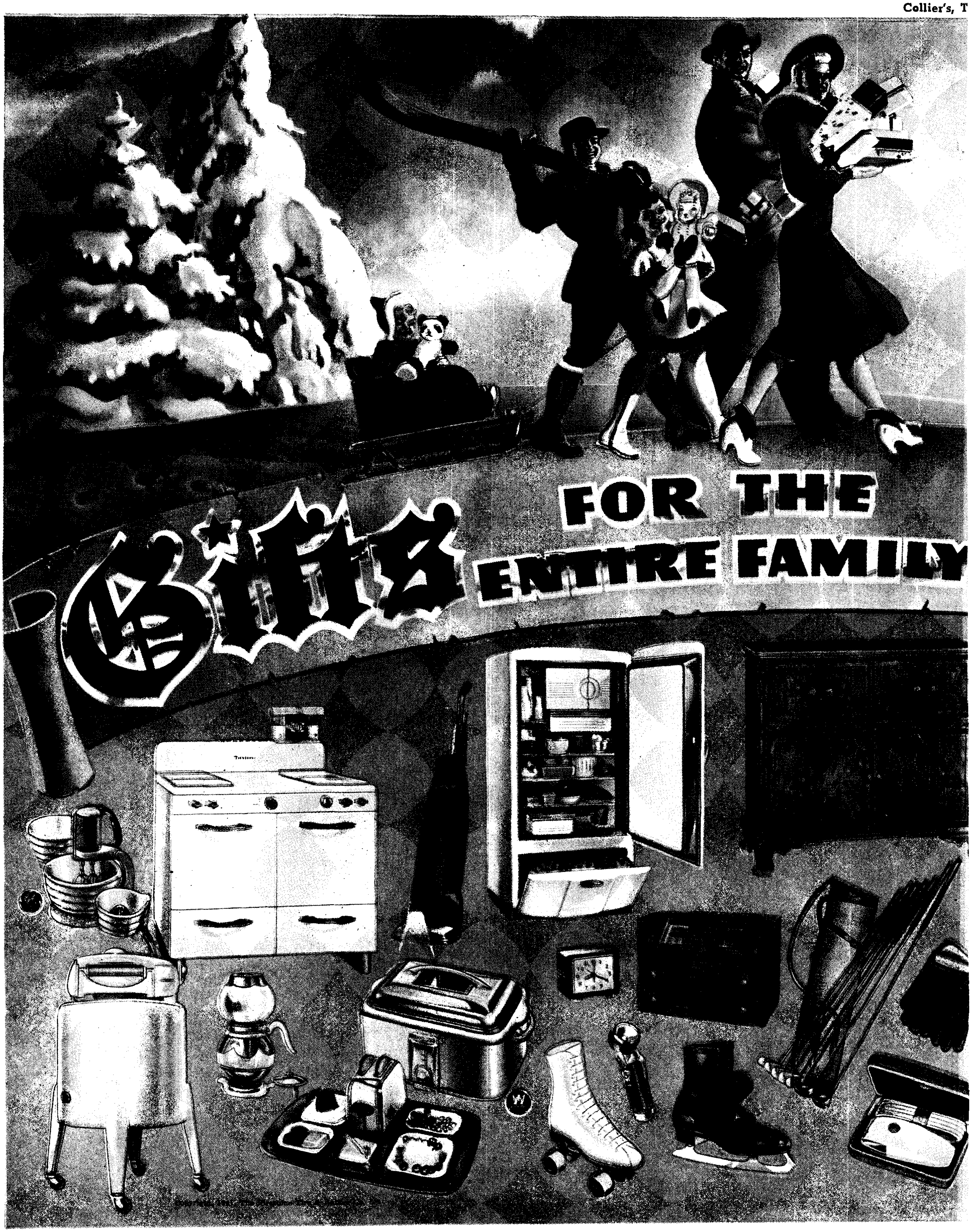
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FOR THE
ENTIRE FAMILY

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At the right is a list of suggestions that will be helpful in making up your Christmas list. See these attractive displays today and select your gifts for the entire family quickly, comfortably and inexpensively. Convenient budget terms can be arranged if you desire.

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FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

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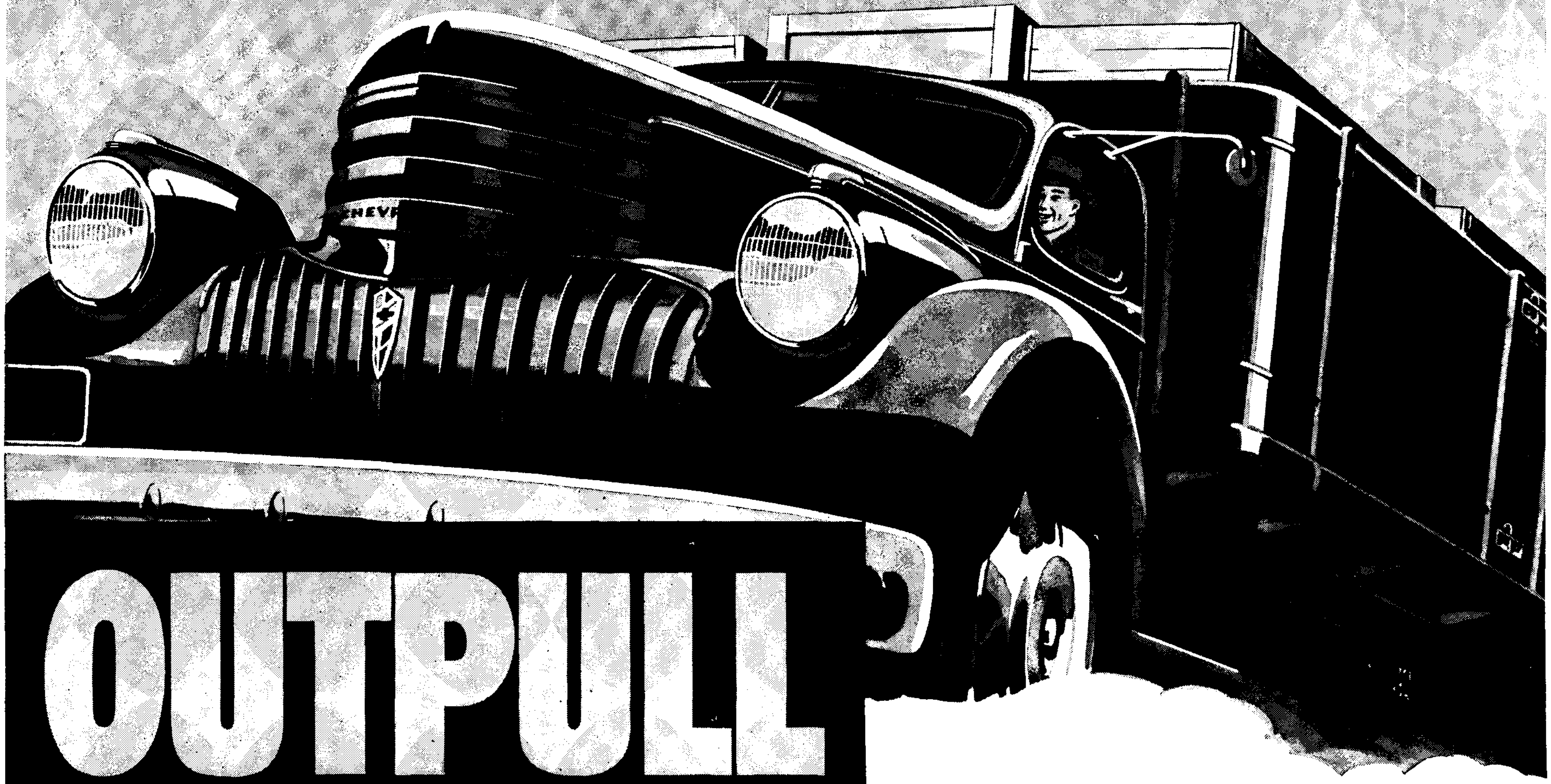

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN

eagle embroidered on the right breast.

Sheila said, "Are those Swiss soldiers, Mr. Howard?"

"No," he said, "they're not Swiss."

Ronnie said, "They wear the same kind of hat."

Rose said, "What are they?"

He gathered them around him. "Look," he said in French, "you mustn't be afraid. They are German, but they won't hurt you."

They were passing a little group of them. From the crowd an *Unterfeldwebel* came up to them; he wore long black boots and breeches stained with oil. "That is the proper spirit," he said in harsh, guttural French. "We Germans are your friends. We bring you peace. Very soon you will be able to go home again."

THE children stared at him, as if they did not understand what he had said. Very likely this was so, because his French was very bad.

Howard said in French, "It will be good when we have peace again." There was no point in giving up before he was found out.

The man smiled, a set, expressionless grin. "How far have you come?"

"From Pithiviers."

"Have you walked so far?"

"No. We got a lift in a lorry which broke down a few miles back."

The German said, "So. Then you will want supper. In the *Place* there is a soup kitchen which you may go to."

Howard said, *"Je vous remercie."* There was nothing else to say.

The man was pleased. He ran his eye over them, and frowned at the little boy in the smock. He stepped up and took him by the head, not ungently, and examined the wound upon his neck. Then he looked at his own hands, and wiped them with disgust, having handled the child's head.

"So!" he said. "By the church there is a field hospital. Take him to the *Sanitätsunteroffizier*." He dismissed them curtly, and turned back to his men.

One or two of the men looked at them woodenly, listlessly, but no one else spoke to them. They went on to the center of the town. At the crossroads in the middle, where the road to Orleans turned off to the left and the road to Paris to the right, there was a market square before a large gray church.

The field hospital was on the far side of the church. It consisted of a large marquee extending from a lorry. At the entrance a lance corporal of the medical service, a *Sanitätsgefreiter*, stood idle and bored, picking his teeth.

Howard said to Rose, "Stay here, and keep the children with you." He led the little boy up to the tent. He said to the man in French, "The little boy is wounded. A little piece of plaster or a bandage, perhaps?"

The man examined the child deftly. *"So!"* he said. *"Kommen Sie—entrez."*

The old man followed with the child into the tent. A dresser was tending a German soldier with a burned hand; apart from them the only other occupant was a doctor wearing a white overall. His rank was not apparent. The orderly led the child to him, and showed him the wound.

The doctor nodded briefly. Then he turned the child's head to the light, and looked at it, expressionless. Then he opened the child's soiled clothes and looked at his chest. Then, rather ostentatiously, he rinsed his hands.

He crossed the tent to Howard. "You will come again," he said in thick French, "in one hour." He held up one finger. "One hour." Fearing that he had not made himself understood he pulled out his watch and pointed to the hands. "Six hours."

"Bien compris," said the old man. *"A six heures."* He left the tent, wondering what dark trouble lay in store for him. It could not take an hour to put a dressing on a little cut.

Still there was nothing he could do. He did not dare even to enter into any long conversation with the German; sooner or later his British accent must betray him. He went back to the children, and led them away from the tent.

Earlier in the day—how long it seemed!—Sheila had suffered a sartorial disaster, in that she had lost her knickers. It had not worried her or any of the children, but it had weighed on Howard's mind. Now was the time to rectify that omission. To ease Ronnie's longings they went and had a look at the German tanks in the *Place;* then, ten minutes later, he led them to a draper's shop not far from the hospital.

He pushed open the door of the shop, and a German soldier was at the counter. It was too late to draw back and to do so would have raised suspicion; he stood aside and waited till the German had finished his purchases. Then, as he stood there in the background, he saw that the German was the orderly from the hospital.

A little bundle of clothes lay upon the counter before him, a yellow jersey, a pair of brown children's shorts, socks, and a vest. *"Cinquante quatre, quatre vingt dix,"* said the stout old woman at the counter.

The German did not understand her rapid way of speech. She repeated it several times; then he pushed a little pad of paper toward her, and she wrote the sum upon the pad for him. He took it and studied it. Then he wrote his own name and the unit carefully beneath. He tore off the sheet and gave it to her.

"You will be paid later," he said, in difficult French. He gathered up the garments.

She protested. "I cannot let you take away the clothes unless I have the money. My husband—he would be much annoyed. He would be furious. Truly, monsieur—that is not possible at all."

The German said stolidly, "It is good. You will be paid. That is a good requisition."

She said angrily, "It is not good at all, that. It is necessary that you should pay with money."

The man said, "That is money, good German money. If you do not believe it, I will call the military police. As for your husband, he had better take our German money and be thankful. Perhaps he is a Jew? We have a way with Jews."

THE woman stared at him, dumb. There was a momentary silence in the shop; then the hospital orderly gathered up his purchases and swaggered out. The woman remained staring after him, uncertainly fingering the piece of paper.

Howard went forward and distracted her. She roused herself and showed him children's pants. With much advice from Rose upon the color and design, he chose a pair for Sheila, paid three francs fifty for them, and put them on her in the shop.

The woman stood fingering the money. "You are not German, monsieur?" she said heavily. She glanced down at the money in her hand.

He shook his head.

"I thought perhaps you were. Flemish?"

It would never do to admit his nationality, but at any moment one of the children might betray him. He moved toward the door. "Norwegian," he said at random. "My country has also suffered."

"I thought you were not French," she said. "I do not know what will become of us."

He left the shop and went a little way

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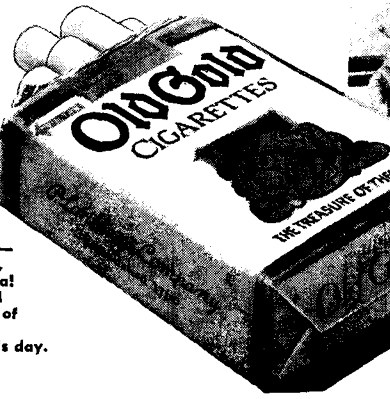
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up the Paris road, hoping to avoid the people. German soldiers were still pouring into the town. He walked about for a time in the increasing crowd, tense and fearful of betrayal every moment. At last it was six o'clock; he went back to the hospital.

He left the children by the church. "Keep them beside you," he said to Rose. "I shall only be at the hospital a little while. Stay here until I come back."

He went into the tent, tired and worn with apprehension. The orderly saw him coming. "Wait here," he said. "I will tell the *Herr Oberstabsarzt*."

The man vanished into the tent. The old man stood waiting at the entrance patiently. The warm sun was pleasant now, in the cool of the evening. It would have been pleasant to stay free, to get back to England. But he was tired now, very, very tired. If only he could see the children right, then he could rest.

There was a movement in the tent, and the doctor was there, leading a child by the hand. It was a strange, new child, sucking a sweet. It was spotlessly clean, with short-cropped hair trimmed close to its head with clippers. It was a little boy. He wore a yellow jersey and a pair of brown shorts, socks, and new shoes. The clothes were all brand-new, and all seemed vaguely familiar to the old man. The little boy smelled very strong of yellow soap and disinfectant. He wore a clean white dressing on his neck. He smiled at the old man.

Howard stared at him, dumfounded. The doctor said genially, "So! My orderly has given him a bath. That is better?"

The old man said, "It is wonderful, *Herr Doktor*. And the clothes, too. And the dressing on his neck. I do not know how to thank you."

The doctor swelled visibly. "It is not me that you must thank, my friend," he said with heavy geniality. "It is Germany! We Germans have come to bring you peace, and cleanliness, and the ordered life that is true happiness. There will be no more war, no more wandering for you now. We Germans are your friends."

"Indeed," the old man said faintly, "we realize that, *Herr Doktor*."

"So," said the man, "what Germany has done for this boy, she will do for France, for all Europe. A new order has begun."

There was rather an awkward silence. Howard was about to say something suitable, but the yellow jersey caught his eye, and the image of the woman in the shop came into his mind and drove the words from his head. He stood hesitant for a minute.

THE doctor gave the child a little push toward him. "What Germany has done for this one litle Dutchman she will do for all the children of the world," he said. "Take him away."

He went back into the tent.

The old man took the little boy by the hand and led him around the church, passing on the other side of the shop that had sold children's clothes. He found Rose standing more or less where he had left her, with Sheila and Pierre. There was no sign of Ronnie.

He said anxiously to her, "Rose, what has become of Ronnie? Where is he?"

She said, "M'sieur, he has been so naughty. He wanted to see the tanks, but I told him it was wrong that he should go. I told him, m'sieur, that he was a very, very naughty little boy and that you would be very cross with him, m'sieur. But he ran off, all alone."

Sheila piped up, loud and clear, in English, "May I go and see the tanks, too, Mr. Howard?"

Mechanically he said in French, "Not this evening. I told you that you were all to stay here."

He looked around, irresolute. He did not know whether to leave the children where they were and go and look for Ronnie, or to take them with him. Either course might bring the other children into danger. If he left them they might get into further trouble. He took hold of the pram, and pushed it ahead of him. "Come this way," he said.

Pierre edged up to him, and whispered, "May I push?"

It was the first time that the old man had heard the little boy volunteer a remark. He surrendered the handle of the pram. "Of course," he said. "Rose, help him push."

HE WALKED beside them toward the parked tanks and lorries, anxiously scanning the crowd. There were German soldiers all about the transport, gray, weary men consciously endeavoring to fraternize with a suspicious population. Some of them were cleaning up their clothes, some tending their machines. Others had little phrase books in their hands, and these were trying to make conversation with the crowd. The French peasants seemed sullen and uncommunicative. The French children, however, impelled by curiosity, clustered about the tanks.

Sheila said suddenly, "There's Ronnie, over there!"

The old man turned, but could not see him. "Where is he?"

Rose said, "I see him—oh, m'sieur, what a naughty little boy. There, m'sieur, right inside the tank, there—with the German soldiers!"

A cold fear entered Howard's heart. His eyesight for long distances was not too good; he screwed his eyes up and peered in the direction Rose was pointing.

True enough, there he was. Howard could see his little head just sticking out of a steel hatch at the top of the gun turret as he chattered eagerly to the German soldier with him. The man seemed to be holding Ronnie in his arms, lifting him up to show him how the captain conned his tank. It was a pretty little picture of fraternization.

The old man thought very quickly. He knew that Ronnie would most probably be talking French; there would be nothing to impel him to break into English. But he knew also that he himself must not go near the little boy, nor must his sister; in his excited state he would at once break out in English to tell them all about the tank. Yet, he must be got away immediately, while he was still thinking of nothing but the tank. Once he began to think of other things, of their journey, or of Howard himself, he would inevitably betray them all in boyish chatter. Within five minutes of his losing interest in the tank the Germans would be told that he was English, that an old Englishman was strolling around the town.

Sheila plucked his sleeve. "I want my supper," she said. "May I have my supper now? Please, Mr. Howard, may I have my supper now?"

"In a minute," he said absently. "We'll all go and have our supper in a minute." But that was an idea. If Sheila was hungry, Ronnie would be hungry, too—unless the Germans had given him sweets. He must risk that. There was that soup kitchen that the German at the entrance to the town had spoken of. Howard could see the field cookers a hundred yards down the *Place*.

He showed them to Rose. "I am taking the little children down there, where the smoke is, for our supper," he said casually. "Go and fetch Ronnie, and bring him to us there. Are you hungry?"

"*Oui*, m'sieur." She said that she was very hungry, indeed.

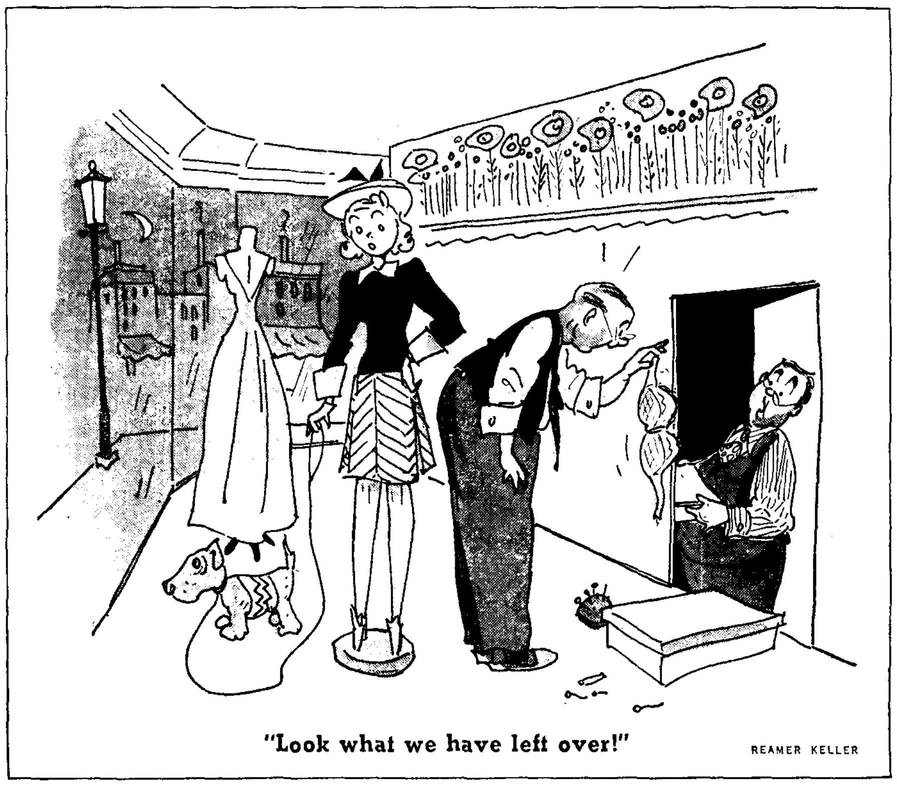
"We shall have a fine hot supper, with hot soup and bread," the old man said, drawing on his imagination. "Go and tell Ronnie, and bring him along with you. I will walk on with the little ones."

HE SENT her off, and watched her running through the crowd, her bare legs twinkling. He steered the other children rather away from the tank; it would not do for Ronnie to be able to hail him. He saw the little girl come to the tank and speak urgently to Ronnie and the Germans; then she was lost to sight.

The old man sent up an urgent, personal prayer for the success of her unwitting errand, as he helped Pierre push the pram toward the field cookers. There was nothing now that he could do. Their future lay in the small hands of two children, and in the hands of God.

There was a trestle table, with benches. He parked the pram and sat Pierre and Sheila and the nameless little Dutch boy at the table. Soup was dispensed in thick bowls, with a hunk of bread; he went and drew four bowls for the lot of them and brought them to the table.

He turned, and Rose was at his elbow with Ronnie. The little boy was still



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flushed and ecstatic. "They took me right inside!" he said in English.

The old man said gently in French, "If you tell us in French, then Pierre can understand, too." He did not think that anyone had noticed. But the town was terribly dangerous for them; at any moment the children might break into English and betray them.

Ronnie said in French, "There was a great big gun, and two little guns, m'sieur, and you steer with two handles and it goes seventy kilos an hour!"

Howard said, "Come on and eat your supper." He gave him a bowl of soup and a piece of bread.

Sheila said enviously, "Did you go for a ride, Ronnie?" The adventurer hesitated. "Not exactly," he said. "But they said I might go with them for a ride tomorrow or one day. They did speak funnily. I could hardly understand what they wanted to say. May I go for a ride with them tomorrow, m'sieur? They say I might."

The old man said, "We'll have to see about that. We may not be here tomorrow."

Sheila said, "Why did they talk funny, Ronnie?"

Rose said, "They are dirty Germans, who come here to murder people."

The old man coughed loudly. "Go on and eat your supper," he said, "all of you. That's enough talking for the present." More than enough, he thought; if the German dishing out the soup had overheard they would all have been in trouble.

Angerville was no place for them; at all costs he must get the children out. It was only a matter of an hour or two before exposure came. He meditated for a moment; there was still some hours of daylight. The children were tired, he knew, yet it would be better to move on, out of the town.

Chartres was the next town on his list, Chartres where he was to have taken train for St. Malo. He could not get to Chartres that night; it was the best part of thirty miles farther to the west. There was little hope now that he would escape the territory occupied by Germans, yet for want of an alternative he would carry on to Chartres. Indeed, it never really occurred to him to do otherwise.

THE children were very slow eaters. It was nearly an hour before Pierre and Sheila, the two smallest, had finished their meal. The old man waited, with the patience of old age. It would do no good to hurry them. When they had finished he wiped their mouths, thanked the German cook politely, collected the pram, and led them out onto the road to Chartres.

The children walked very slowly, languidly. It was after eight o'clock, long past their ordinary bedtime; moreover, they had eaten a full meal. The sun was still warm, though it was dropping toward the horizon; manifestly they could not go very far. Yet he kept them at it, anxious to get as far as possible from the town.

The problem of the little Dutch boy engaged his attention. He had not left him with the Sisters, as he had been minded to; it had not seemed practical when he was in the town to search out a convent. Nor had he yet got rid of Pierre, as he had promised himself that he would do. Pierre was no trouble, but this new little boy was quite a serious responsibility. He could not speak one word of any language that they spoke. Howard did not even know his name. Perhaps it would be marked upon his clothes.

Then with a shock of dismay, the old man realized that the clothes were gone forever. They had been taken by the Germans when the little chap had been deloused; by this time they were probably burned. It might well be that his identity was lost now till the war was over, and inquiries could be made. It might be lost forever.

The thought distressed old Howard very much. It was one thing to hand over to the Sisters a child who could be traced; it seemed to him to be a different matter altogether when the little boy was practically untraceable. As he walked along, the old man revolved this new trouble in his mind. The only link now with his past lay in the fact that he had been found abandoned in Pithiviers upon a certain day in June—lay in the evidence which Howard alone could give. With that evidence, it might one day be possible to find his parents or his relatives. If now he were abandoned to a convent, that evidence might well be lost.

They walked on down the dusty road. Sheila said, "My feet do hurt."

She was obviously tired out. He picked her up and put her in the pram, and put Pierre in with her.

He stopped at the next farm, left the pram with the children in the road, and went into the courtyard to see if it was possible for them to find a bed. There was a strange stillness in the place. No dog sprang out to bark at him. He called out, and stood expectant in the evening light, but no one answered him. He tried the door to the farmhouse, and it was locked. He went into the cow house, but no animals were there. Two hens scratched upon the midden; otherwise there was no sign of life.

The place was deserted.

As on the previous night, they slept in the hayloft.

Howard woke several times in the night, gasping and breathless with a very tired heart. Each time he sat upright for half an hour and drank a little brandy, presently slipping down again to an uneasy doze. The children also slept uneasily, but did not wake. At five o'clock the old man woke for good, and sitting up against a heap of hay resigned himself to wait till it was time to wake the children.

He would go to Chartres and look up Rougeron. The bad night that he had suffered was a warning; it might well be that his strength was giving out. If that should happen, he must get the children safe with someone else. With Rougeron, if he were there, the children would be safe. Howard could leave money for their keep, English money it was true, but probably negotiable. Rougeron might give him a bed, and let him rest a little till this deathly feeling of fatigue went away.

Pierre woke at about half past six, and lay awake with him. "You must stay quiet," the old man said. "It's not time to get up yet. Go to sleep again."

At seven o'clock Sheila woke up, wriggled about, and climbed out of her bed. Her movements woke the other children. Howard got up stiffly and got them all up. He herded them before him down the ladder to the farmyard, and one by one made them sluice their faces beneath the pump. Then he fed them on biscuits with a little of the chocolate.

There was a step behind him, and he turned to meet a formidable woman, who was the farmer's wife. She demanded crossly what he was doing there.

He said mildly, "I have slept in your hay, madame, with these children. A thousand pardons, but there was no other place where we could go."

She eyed him keenly, "Where are you going to?"

"To Chartres," he said.

She said, "By the tram?"

He repeated uncertainly, "The tram?"

"It passes at ten minutes past eight. There is still half an hour."

He thanked her and went out onto the road.

Three hours later they left the tram and walked out into the streets of Chartres, still pushing the pram. It was as easy as that—a completely uneventful journey.

Chartres, like Angerville, was full of Germans.

IN a telephone booth the old man found the name of Rougeron in the directory; they lived in an apartment in the Rue Vaugiraud. He did not ring up, feeling the matter to be a little difficult for the telephone. Instead, he asked the way, and walked round to the place, still pushing the pram, the children trailing after him.

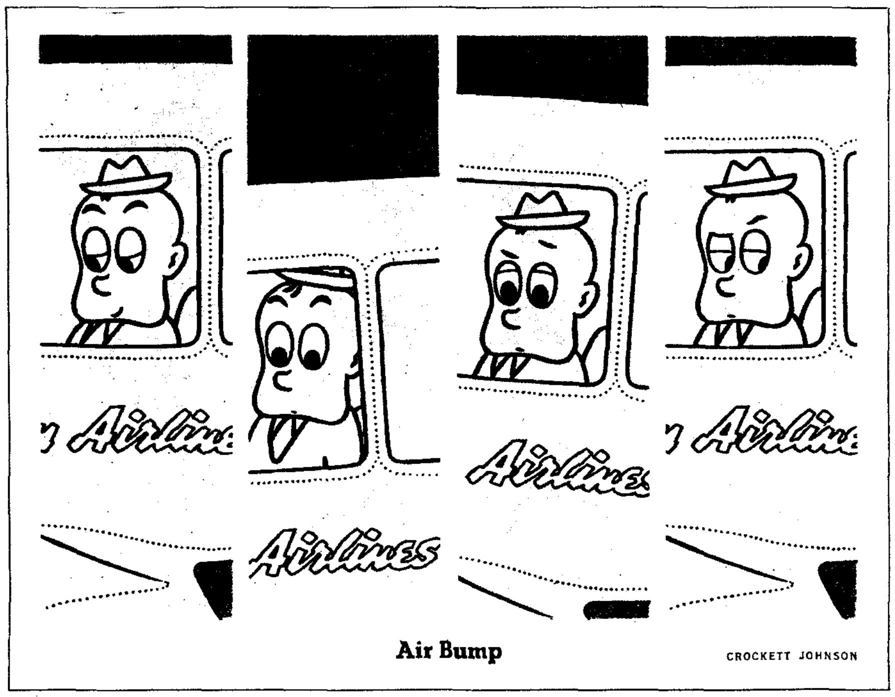
Rue Vaugiraud was a narrow street of tall gray-shuttered houses. He rang the bell of the house, and the door opened silently before him, disclosing the common staircase. Rougeron lived on the second floor. He went upstairs slowly, for he was rather short of breath, the children following him. He rang the bell of the apartment.

There was the sound of women's voices from behind the door. There was a step, and the door opened before him. It was the daughter, the one that he remembered eighteen months before at Cidoton.

She said, "What is it?"

In the passage it was a little dark. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I have come to see your father, Monsieur le Colonel. I do not know if you will remember me; we have met before. At Cidoton."

(*To be continued next week*)



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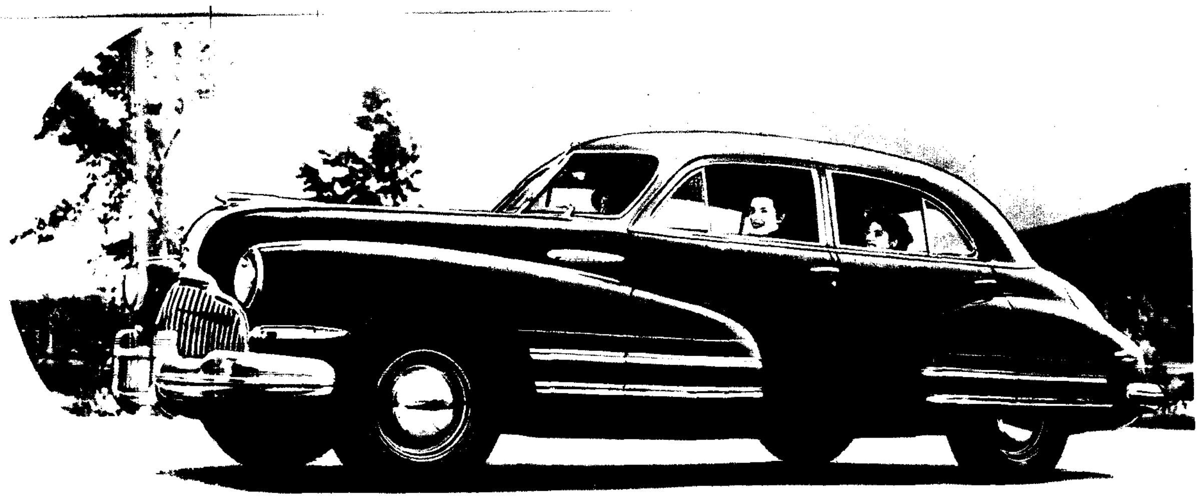

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Alaska Gets Hot

Continued from page 23

would have a strongly deterring effect likewise on any tendency to trespass on the Philippines, the East Indies, Singapore or Australia. Furthermore, in this thousand-mile Aleutian chain there are at least three harbors—Dutch Harbor, Adak and Kiska—which are larger than any harbors in the South Pacific east of the Philippines. The capacities of Pearl Harbor, Pago Pago and Guam are, respectively, four, seven and eleven first-class ships; the capacity of Adak Harbor alone is 23 ships, Kiska could accommodate 40, and Dutch Harbor could furnish accommodations for the entire fleet.

In other words, when Secretary Seward laid his $7,200,000 on the line in 1867, he got more for his money than a land fabulously rich in minerals and fish and timber and furs. He got a location which, properly developed and fortified, could serve in peacetime as well as war as a powerful offensive position to hold aggressive Oriental powers in check, a sort of midocean police booth, a Bering Sea Gibraltar. The late Mr. Seward—and no one would be more surprised than Mr. Seward himself, save possibly our military experts who have only recently come to realize how right General Billy Mitchell was when he called Alaska the most important strategic spot in the world—bought the key to the whole northern Pacific.

Ready for Anything

Alaska's role is to keep the peace; but, if war comes to the Pacific, Dutch Harbor is the spot they all figure would be the most logical target for an enemy attack. Not invasion; but a token bombing. "There are three reasons," a Navy official explained, "why this place would be Number One on the list: First is its offensive position; an enemy would naturally wish to remove it, for his own security, before it could strike at him. Second, such a bombing of an Alaskan base would have an immensely stimulating effect on enemy morale at home; and Dutch Harbor is the nearest. Third, and most important, any attack on Alaska would bring our ships rushing from all directions, thereby immobilizing a large portion of our fleet in the North Pacific and leaving the southern waters less adequately protected."

"Could they really knock it off?"

He shrugged. "Figure it out. If a long-range bomber hit the power plant, say, and the radio center and the water supply, this place wouldn't be worth much for another six months, at least."

"And what would we do then?"

"Fall back. You see, our Alaskan naval district—I'm speaking of defense now—is actually like a long, jointed pipe line, feeding out from the main base at Bremerton. If the outermost section of the pipe line at Dutch Harbor is shut off, we fall back on the next section of Kodiak. If that section is shut off, we fall back on Sitka. Meantime, as our pipe line gets shorter, a pursuing enemy would be forced to extend his own pipe line farther and farther from his home base. The longer a pipe line, the more the friction. When it gets too long, the water can't go through it at all. . . . That's why we don't take much stock in an enemy invasion of Alaska. An enemy couldn't stretch out that far. The main danger lies probably in token raids and nuisance attacks. But we're not taking any chances, of course. We're getting ready for anything."

They're getting ready fast. The Navy, working without publicity and against staggering handicaps of distance and tough terrain, has turned in a major miracle in Alaska, one they can well be proud of. A year ago, for example, Unalaska was a small, disreputable, ill-smelling collection of native hovels and liquor stores—still is, for that matter—and Dutch Harbor, across the bay, was literally a ghost town, with an old pier and a rusty tin warehouse and several sagging and deserted buildings, relics of the gold stampede of the late '90's. Today that ghost town has come to life; the startled streets echo to rivets and steam shovels; the famed Baranof Hotel—you can still see the stone fireplace where Jack London and Robert Service once warmed their boots—has been converted into a carpenters' storehouse; the old Dutch Harbor saloon—center of activity during that riotous winter of '99 when several thousand men waited impatiently for the ice to go out and the ships to start north toward Nome's gold-studded beach—now serves demurely as a paint shed. Today, on the very site of a historic past, a modern $13,000,000 Naval base is rising over a mile-and-a-half area, rising so far ahead of schedule that on September first of this year, twelve months after the first workmen arrived, it was commissioned by the Secretary of the Navy.

It was no easy task getting started. "First, we had to provide shelter for the men who had come here to provide shelter for the men who were coming here," the contractor said. "What we did was to haul the old steamer Northwestern all the way from Puget Sound, and refit her as a floating camp. That was all right till a hundred-mile-an-hour gale tore her loose from her moorings one night and piled her on the beach. So we ballasted her with gravel and poured concrete around the hull, and they're living in her still. Maybe this winter she'll stay put."

Nor were the wild winter winds from the Bering Sea the only problem they had to solve. Amaknak Island is covered to a depth of six feet with loose volcanic ash—they say you can see nine active volcanoes from Dutch Harbor on a clear day, if they ever have a clear day—and all this ash had to be removed clear down to bedrock before construction could start. Too, there was the difficulty of shipping materials all the way from Seattle, as well as the ever-present problem of securing labor. Due to the absence of trees—there isn't a tree in the Aleutians for a thousand miles—all guns had to be concealed in deep holes in the mossy hillsides, camouflaged from the air. Occasionally a whole prehistoric Aleut village site or a forgotten burial ground would be unearthed. The contractor was somewhat startled one morning to discover twenty-seven skeletons seated around the rim of a fresh excavation, gazing down grimly at a powder magazine. Said at first it gave him quite a turn.

The Aleutians' Best Harbor

But they are coming along. Already the temporary Marine quarters and some defense houses have been completed. At the adjoining Army cantonment, the standard mobilization barracks are occupied. Permanent concrete naval barracks, a recreation hall, a hospital are all under way.

This site is well chosen; the harbor itself is the best in the Aleutians, and with a little dredging it can be turned into a full-section base, capable of accommodating the large vessels which now must go all the way to Prince Rupert or Bremerton for repair.

In fact, the only visible sign of the base as you approach is the brand-new water tower, a massive structure which rears high on a hill above the whole establishment and which can be seen from the Bering Sea for fifty miles. The men were painting it when we were there. With grim irony, they were putting a black-and-white bull's-eye in the center.

And Dutch Harbor has only begun. It is only a question of time before Unalaska Village will be absorbed. Work has started on the new destroyer and submarine base to be located on Expedition Island, between Unalaska and Dutch Harbor; and a pile-driver was driving test pilings in the harbor.

Kodiak—the second section of the Navy's pipe line, some seven hundred miles to the eastward in the Gulf of Alaska—was started just a year earlier than Dutch Harbor; and it is that much nearer completion. It is located about five miles from the village of Kodiak, on a harbor called, somewhat incongruously, Women's Bay. We couldn't find out why it is called that, unless it is because of Old Woman Mountain, which dominates the base. Even the three small lakes around which the base is built are named Margaret, Genevieve and Louise, reportedly after three young missionaries whom a party of surveyors discovered swimming in the lakes, nude. They say the three girls are still living in Kodiak, and quite proud of their distinction, too.

The Navy Gets Its Money's Worth

The total reservation covers some sixty-five square miles. There are 2,500 workmen at the base, all but 55 living on the base itself. The whole project will cost at least thirty-seven million dollars—in Alaska they always say "at least"—and it will be the Navy's main base in the Territory, the Pearl Harbor of the North.

And they are getting an impressive job for their money. Already three permanent naval barracks are completed, convenient, well-lighted and well-planned. There is an attractive mess hall seating seven hundred men at a shift, capable of handling 2,000 without confusion, equipped with the most modern conveniences including soundproofing in the main hall. The commander ran his hand affectionately over the gleaming copper and aluminum when he showed us the efficient kitchen. The handsome new recreation hall across the way has bowling alleys, gym, movie hall, a swimming pool.

One airplane hangar is already in use, a second is due to be completed this year; when they will finish the others depends on how soon they can get the steel. There are docking facilities to accommodate 600-foot vessels with 30-foot draught—small carriers and destroyers and aircraft tenders, anything short of the big cruisers or battleships. Work on the submarine base is expected to start this year, with an eventual capacity of 18 subs.

They were just finishing paving the two runways when we were there. It wasn't taking long—a paver lays a strip 21 feet by 1,400 feet in a single ten-hour day. Like squeezing toothpaste out of a tube. Next spring, when funds are available, they hope to finish an additional runway.

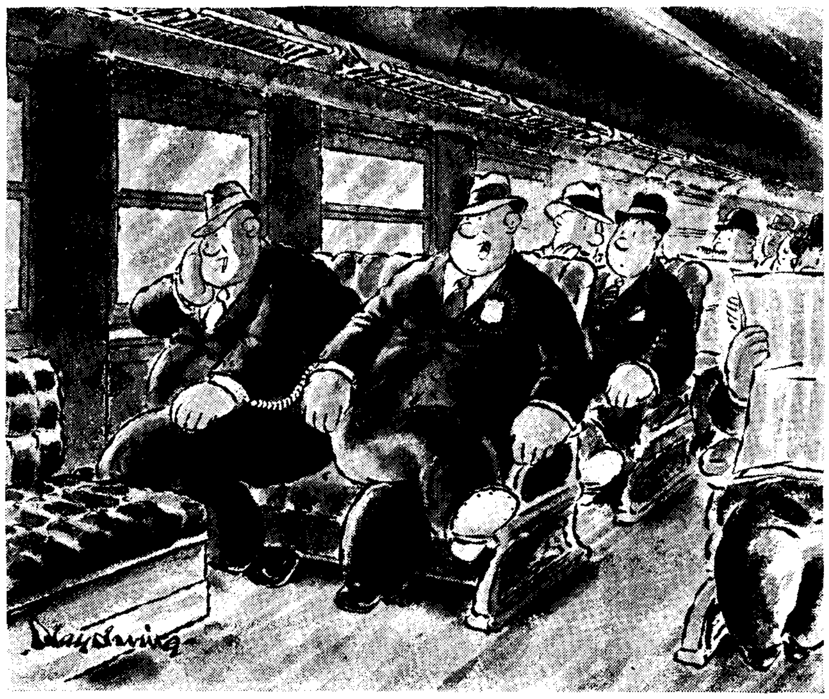
We asked him a question that had been puzzling us, both at Dutch Harbor and here: "There are soldiers and sailors and marines all mixed together. How do you split the authority up?"

"The Navy's in command of the base, of course," he said. "That is, matters that affect the whole base are under naval jurisdiction. The Naval Air Station also provides facilities for anti-aircraft and sub units, and for any Marine or Army pursuit groups using the field. The Army garrison composes our outer defenses; they're responsible for the protection of the base from attack from without. The Marines are responsible for inner security and police protection. Actually there is no complete detachment here, but a number of small units, each with its special task. That way we have a modern and flexible garrison, working in unison, working swiftly. We've taken a leaf out of Europe's book, you see."

One final question: "And when will you be ready?"

"We can go to war on a limited basis right this minute," he said very deliberately. "Kodiak's ready now."

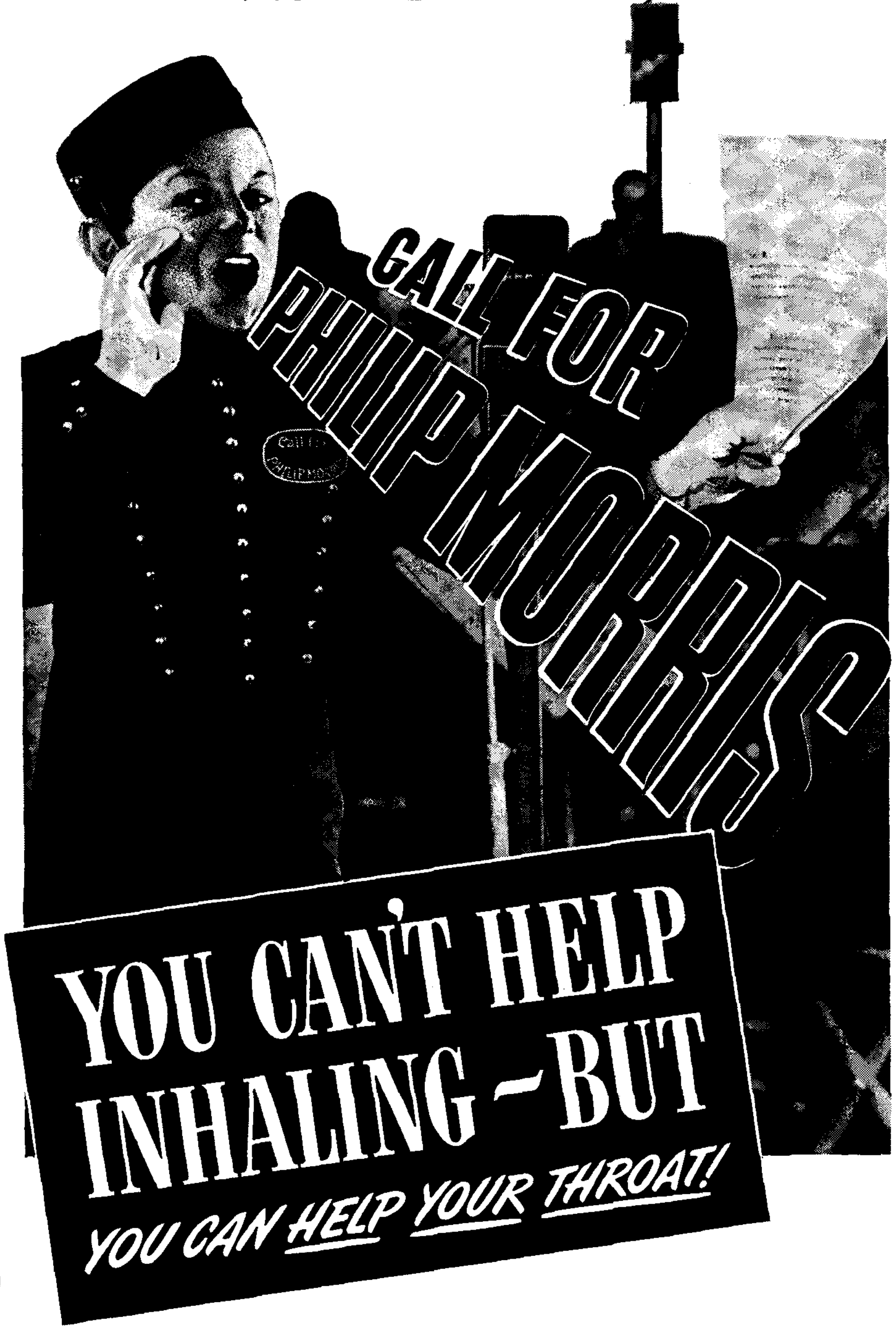
Sitka—third and last section of the Navy pipe line, located about midway in Alaska's famed panhandle—is ready, too; ready in spite of difficulties. They still recall the objections Washington raised to the cost of removing the spruce stumps from the site of the base, for example. The first bill was steep enough—big spruce stumps yank out



"He always wears his badge conspicuously now—ever since one time about a year ago . . ."

JAY IRVING

ON THE AIR AND EVERYWHERE, IT'S—



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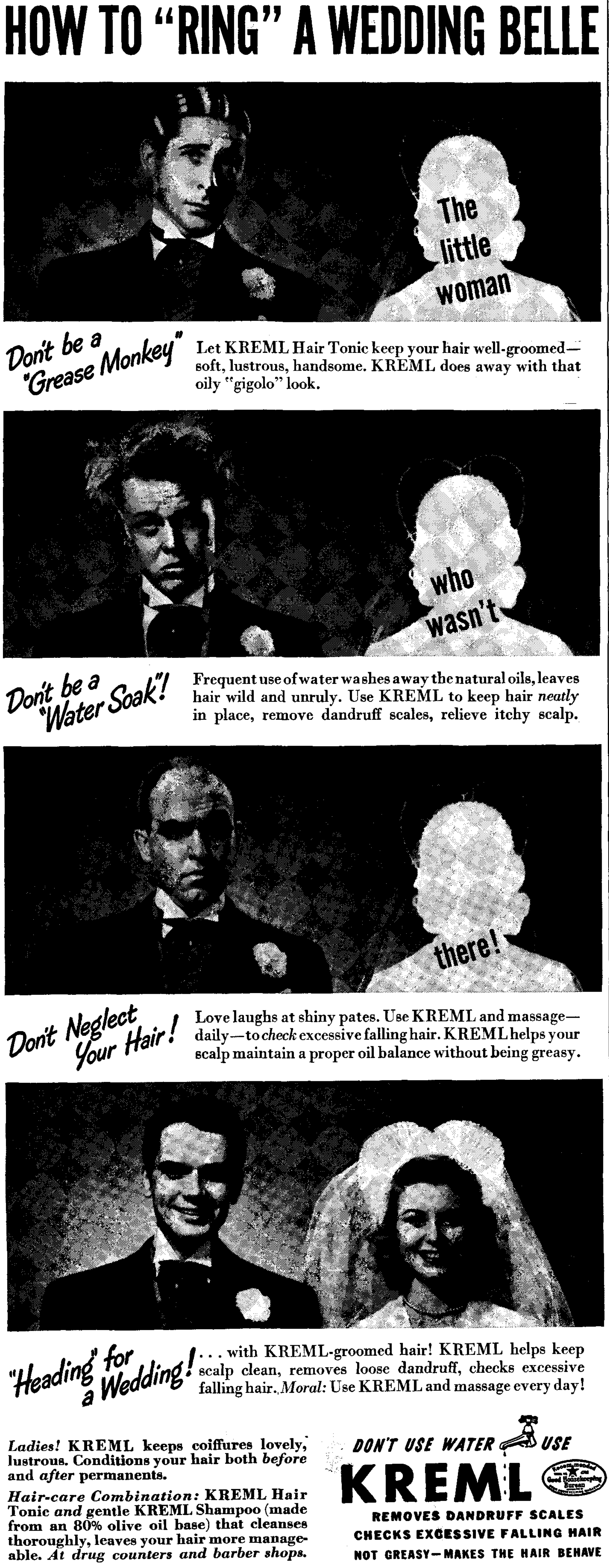
HOW TO "RING" A WEDDING BELLE

The little woman

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Don't be a "Water Soak"! Frequent use of water washes away the natural oils, leaves hair wild and unruly. Use KREML to keep hair *neatly* in place, remove dandruff scales, relieve itchy scalp.

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CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

hard—but when they submitted a second bill a month later for clearing the same land all over again, Washington hit the ceiling. Washington was reasonably sure you couldn't grow a whole new crop of spruce stumps in a month. It required considerable effort to persuade Washington that when they removed the spruce forest that covered Japonski Island, and dug down a couple of feet they found the remains of an earlier forest, cleared a century ago during the Russian occupation. Even below that, they said, they found an old Russian corduroy road, several skulls with bullet holes, some bits of chain, a rusted cannon.

It was the early Russians who gave Japonski Island its name. In 1804, when Sitka was the colorful capital of Russian Alaska and Baranof was its fabulous ruler, it was decided to import as slave labor some odd little yellow men that the fur traders had observed on the islands of Nippon, south of Siberia. An expedition set out from Alaska to capture a boatload of these slaves, and Baranof hastened to prepare a spot near Sitka where they could be kept. But the project fell through, and the Japanese never got to Japonski Island.

And, from the looks of it, they never will, for the base the Navy is building there today appears to be a really impregnable proposition. About a hundred buildings are completed to date; permanent concrete structures for the Navy, temporary wooden structures for the Army. Two concrete hangars are already in use, with full ramps and parking areas, and a third hangar is going up as this is written. Coastal guns bristle from strategic points around the island, protected by the natural rock barriers, screened from air view by heavy camouflage netting. A causeway is being strung around the small islands on the ocean side of the base, in order to improve Whiting Harbor and give it adequate protection as well.

Moving half a million cubic yards of fill is nothing unusual at Sitka. They don't fool. Last year they cleared and leveled seventy acres of the rocky island; a total of a million tons of rock. At least half of that was moved in clearing the site for the Army base alone over on Charcoal Island, now actually part of the main island of Japonski. They shot off the entire top of a mountain in three blasts—eleven and seventeen and twenty-nine tons of dynamite, respectively. Ninety-five days later, a complete Army base stood on the spot.

Full Speed Ahead

They move fast. "When I came to Alaska," the general superintendent said, "they told me to throw away my wrist watch, and get a calendar. I threw away my wrist watch," he added, "but I got an alarm clock instead." There are between 700 and 1,000 workmen at Sitka today, doing regular ten-hour shifts. To solve the living problem, the Navy purchased the creaky old honeymoon special City of Baltimore, pride of the Chesapeake Bay run, and towed it from Maryland all the way north over the long Pacific rollers to Sitka Harbor. Today she sags alongside the Navy pier, her dowdy gilt paint and gingerbread trim as incongruous amid the snow-capped peaks and glaciers as a colored mammy in an igloo.

Nor are solid rock and soft muskeg their only problems. Here, as elsewhere in Alaska, labor unions tried to prevent the soldiers from aiding in the work of clearing the land. In Sitka, they were equal to the occasion. They explained to the union leaders that the soldiers were getting logs for their own work. "We can't help it," they added naïvely, "if the land happens to get cleared in the process." Not only did the union leaders acquiesce; relations between the Navy and the union have been magical ever since.

There is another problem the commanding officer has had to solve: the problem of morale. The town of Sitka gets pretty much out of hand on a Saturday night; so the commander has instituted a series of weekly boxing bouts in the first hangar, with free refreshments afterward. On Sundays he allows the men small boats in which to go fishing; guarding meantime against wanton destruction of the game-fish supply by imposing rigid restrictions on weight and number far below the Territorial limits. This same sense of sportsmanship has been instrumental in keeping game right around the base, despite the large personnel. Recently a Navy crew, practicing on the rifle range on Japonski Island, were startled to see a red flag waving from the pit. "Cease firing," came the order, "and chase five deer off the range."

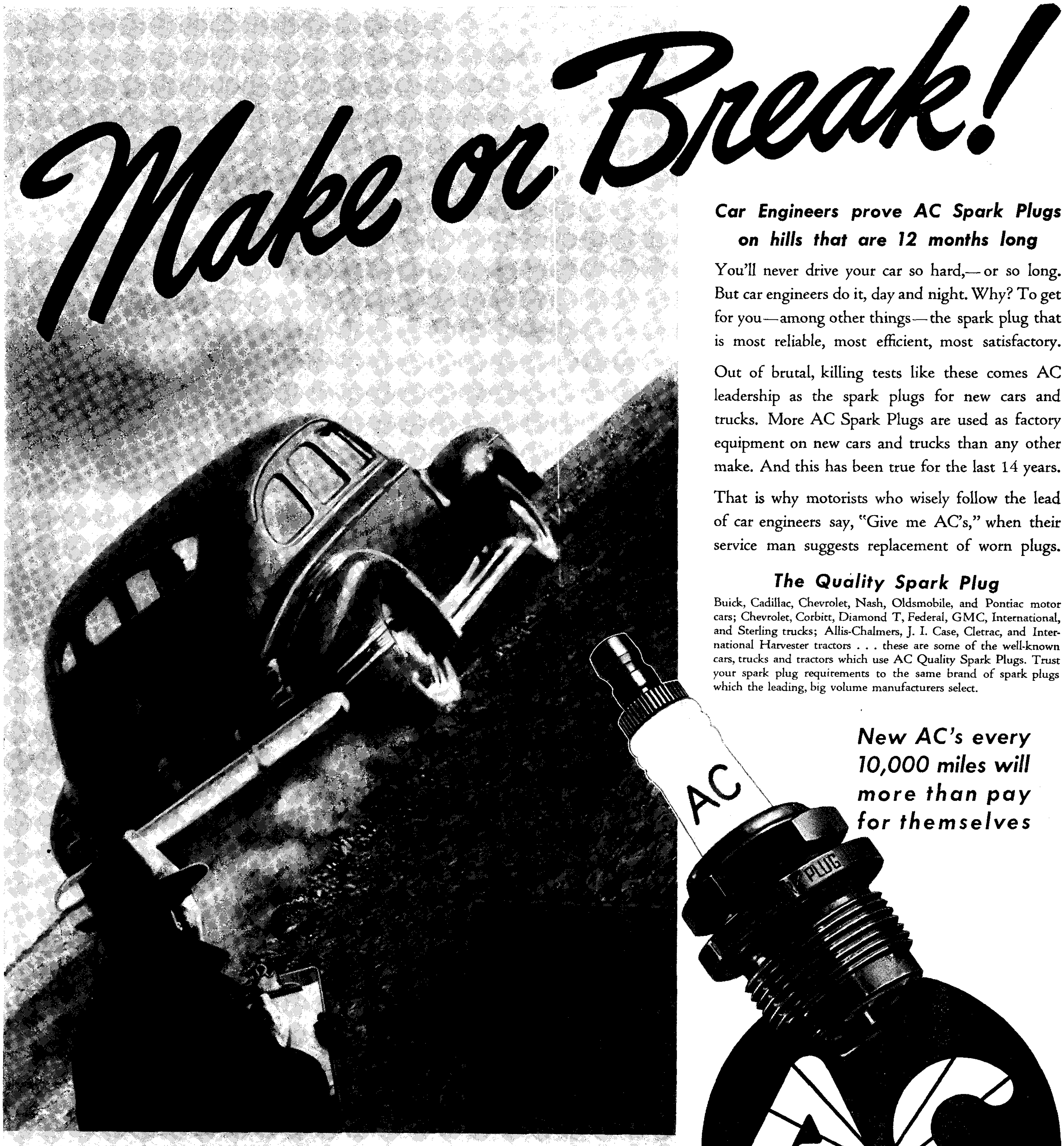
Look at the Map Again

These three Navy bases, then—Sitka and Kodiak and Dutch Harbor—constitute Alaska's first line of defense. They are nearly ready. When they will be called on to serve, of course, no one can tell; the Pacific situation shifts too fast. But one thing at least is clear. They will serve in other ways than merely for defense. For example—if you haven't put that globe away yet—the distance between Panama and Singapore is 12,000 miles, halfway around the world. The distance between the two continents at Nome, on the Bering Sea, is sixty miles. In the event of any extensive operations in alliance with Russia, therefore, Alaska would furnish a continent-to-continent line of communications passing well north of Japan and protected—if we fortify the rest of the Aleutians—all the way.

Already Alaska offers an all-important method of sending vital supplies. Ninety per cent of the bombers we are shipping to Russia are made on our West Coast. From Seattle to Nikolaievsk, head of the trans-Siberian railroad, the distance via the Aleutians is only 3,800 miles; approximately the distance from New York to Bordeaux. Moreover, even the smaller pursuit planes, if flown inland over the new Canadian landing fields between Prince George and Whitehorse and thence across Alaska, would have to hop less than fifty miles of open water. Last but not least, an all-water route between the States and Russia by way of Alaska—from Seattle to Dutch Harbor, thence north through the Bering Straits to the Arctic Ocean, and across the top of the world to Archangel and Murmansk—is being developed for the first time in history by means of steel-prowed icebreakers forcing and dynamiting a path through the great Arctic ice pack—the long-sought Northwest passage realized at last.

We've secured our position in the Atlantic and our job now is to finish safeguarding our North Pacific position as well. We should hasten to select, equip and fortify fleet, submarine and air bases all the way out the Aleutian Islands—to and including Attu. That way only can we anchor securely our Pacific triangle of defense. That way only can we offset any possible Nazi thrust at the Western Hemisphere via Alaska and Canada, and send adequate ships and planes from our island bases to slash at the invader's flanks. That way, and that way alone, can we discourage permanently any Oriental attempts to trespass on our West Coast, on Hawaii, on the Philippines, even on Singapore and the East Indies.

Only with the whole Aleutian chain fully fortified and ready can we really dictate peace in the Pacific.



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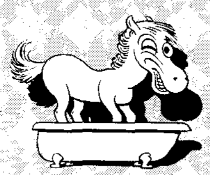

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Lady Makes Good

Continued from page 14

most brilliant in the world but it was a chance to learn stage business and she took advantage of that. The week-end performances were likely to be on the hilarious side because the cast was paid on Friday and the male members invariably carried a load when they hit the boards that night. That got her the only part she was allowed to play on tour.

"Played a corpse, lying in the box and everything. They were afraid the man who ordinarily did it would sit up in the middle of the scene and yell for a brandy."

When she came back to London she got a small acting part in another provincial company but her stage career was halted for a year while she went on a world cruise as companion to an elderly woman. She felt she might as well get that out of her system while she was young.

"We intended to be gone a month, but every time we came to a stopping place we decided to see another continent."

When she got back from the cruise she found it harder to break into the London theater. The few contacts she had picked up seemed to have disappeared and she spent the usual sad months going into little offices where a hard-faced stenographer pulled back a sliding window, looked at her wonderingly and then told her there was nothing today. She managed to get work as a model and liked that all right because it paid a guinea ($5) a sitting, and on good days she worked in as many as four of the things.

American Little Honeys

But the modeling game began to fall off and she was glad to get work at the studios. She started as an extra with Estelle O'Brien, who later turned out to be Merle Oberon, and worked from that into 'quota' pictures, those monstrosities confected by American film companies in London to surmount legal difficulties. In an effort to stimulate British pictures, the government required that for a certain number of American pictures imported, the American companies were required to make a certain quantity of British films. The way the Americans smacked those out was a thing to behold.

"I think you have a name for them over here," says Miss Lee. "Little honeys?"

She could see that she was never going to get anywhere appearing in such. So she went up to Gaumont-British to get a real job. She had an appointment to see Stevenson, then assistant producer, and arrived swathed in furs.

"Will you be a good fellow and go down and tell my man to be back in an hour?" she asked Stevenson, regally.

He went down and saw a Rolls-Royce, red, and a liveried chauffeur He came back slightly impressed.

"It was years later, when we were married, that she confessed to me she had hired the outfit, furs and all," reports Stevenson.

"I still haven't got a real fur coat," puts in Miss Lee.

"What's that thing you wear?" demands Stevenson.

"That little cut-off rag," retorts Lee promptly. "They'll throw me out of the Screen Actors Guild when they find that's all I have."

Anyhow, she was signed by Gaumont-British and shipped off to Africa immediately to make a desert picture, one of those triumphs where four white men stand off an army of dervishes and save the poor anemic white wench. With Miss Lee on the trip was one other girl, the script girl, who was taken sick the third day on location and had to be lugged off home.

"Forty-two wild men and me," says Lee. "But I was safe enough. Everybody was sick and about to die."

After fourteen weeks the boss in London called Stevenson in and said vaguely:

"Oh-ah . . . that African company. Deuced funny thing about that group; haven't heard a word in five weeks. Perhaps you'd better pop down there and see."

When Stevenson arrived on camel back, he was a sight and they were a sight. The company looked like the Lost Battalion of the Last Foreign Legion. They were scurvy, they were starving, they were bearded and dying.

"Stevenson?" says Miss Lee. "Stevenson at a hundred paces looked like an angel masquerading as a Boy Scout. He wore white shorts, a white shirt, a white helmet . . . and the duckiest little pair of white socks you ever saw. I knew I was going to marry that man even before I knew who he was. What I wanted to see most in the world was a man with a clean neck. That was Stevenson."

Miss Lee's career really started with that adventure, and her personal life as half of the Stevenson-Lee team has been satisfactory. After they had worked together for several years, they both laid off for a year. Miss Lee had a baby and Mr. Stevenson wrote a book, something called Darkness in the Land. This year there is to be another addition to the family.

"And *I'm* writing the book," says Miss Lee pointedly. "Started it four years ago, thought it was wonderful, thought I was a pretty smart girl . . . I might as well finish it now; I'll be out of work anyhow."

When Miss Lee worked under Stevenson's direction in England, they had a plan of operation. He was absolute boss of the production. They never talked about the progress of the film at home; she never complained and never made suggestions; she did her work and kept her face shut.

"And after it was over there was no use discussing the mistakes because by that time everybody in town would be telling us how bad it was," says Stevenson sourly.

Miss Lee picked her stage name because it was the shortest thing she could think of; the Anna comes from Joanna, her real first name. She is a blond lady, with the typically marvelous English complexion, and she has never in her life been known to "yes" anybody. She likes cold showers, never chews gum and doesn't believe in matrimonial vacations. She hates wedge shoes for women.

"Obviously invented by a man with a warped sense of humor," she says flatly. "Probably by some old bachelor, to make women look dumb."

Texans, Take Notice

She never wears jewelry off screen; she is still hopeful of getting a full-length fur coat; she is a good cook, specializing in veal cooked in brandy; she would like to appear on the New York stage but will compromise on the Selznick company at Santa Barbara if they'll have her; she hates large parties; she is disgustingly systematic and orderly. She is an expert horsewoman and has an insane theory that all men from Texas are romantic and attractive. She has never been to Texas.

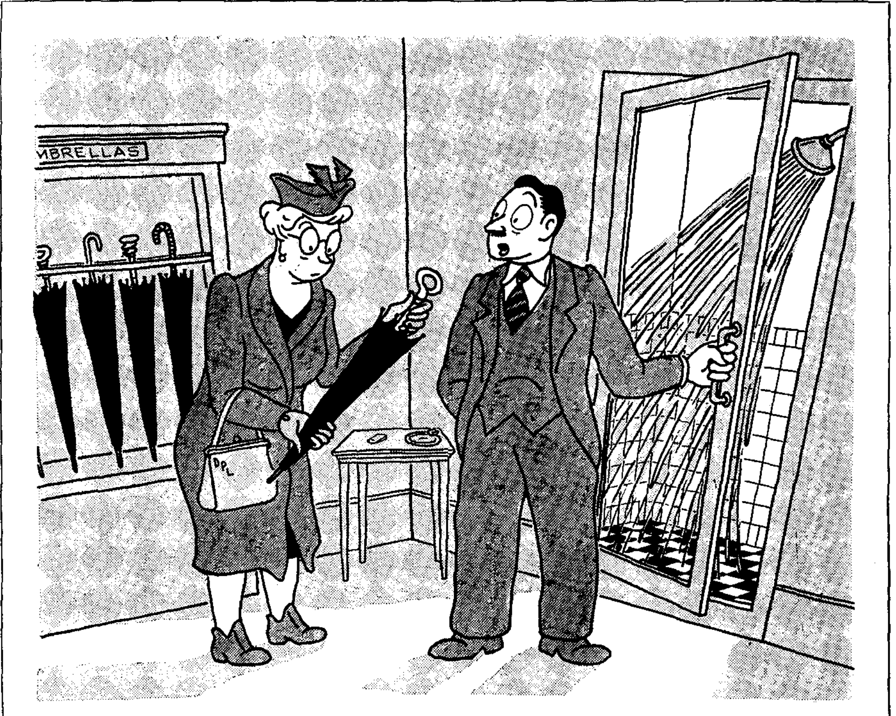
"What I really want to do in films," she explains, "is work up to Westerns. I'd like to be a female Gene Autrey."

There is other astounding data on Miss Lee, including the fact that she is superstitious and believes in ghosts, but history will probably continue on its course without thought of such phenomena.

The world can also live without knowledge of the circumstance that Miss Lee used to collect pets in England, having Irish setters, Cairn terriers, goldfish—and a formicary full of small meadow ants, which fascinated her by their industry. But that fact must have made an impression on her daughter, Invicta, aged three, who came back from a walk with her Nanny to report that she had seen a major conflict of nature.

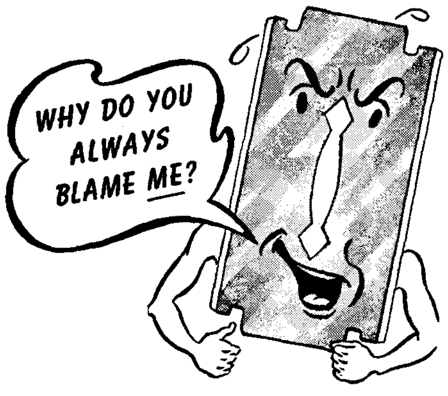
"A little bug down in a deep hole and it was being eaten up by a great big heddahopper," she cried excitedly.

This shows what happens to little English girls who come to Hollywood, equipped with Nanny, and read the movie columns. There may even be a sermon in it somewhere.



"Would Madam care to try it out?"

PVT. DAVID BREGER



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Of This New And Different
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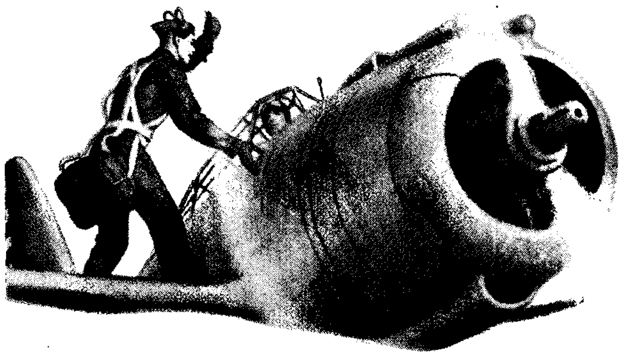
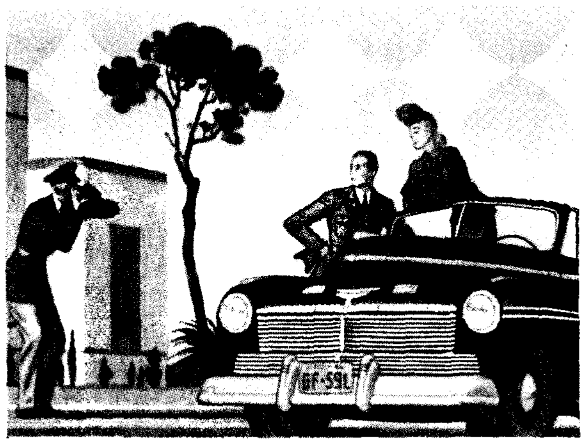
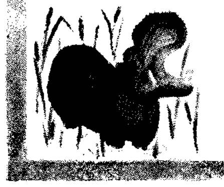


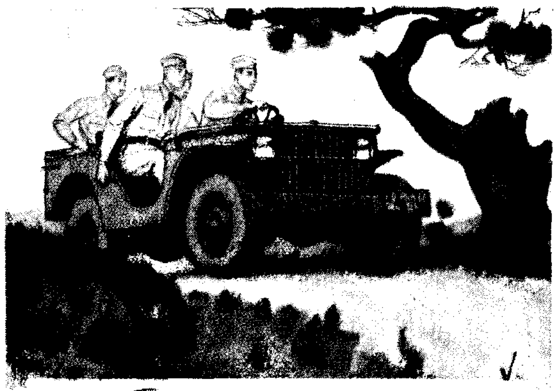
1. Mercury Is Airplane-Engineered—Like the new Army planes it is streamlined from core to outward line, free from excess weight, and has *more power per pound* than most other cars. You instantly notice the difference in flashing pick-up—greater responsiveness at all speeds!



2. A Truly Beautiful Car—Mercury's imposing front grille—longer, lower lines, smart colors, distinctive appointments and luxurious fittings—all blend into beauty and grace that will thrill your pride for a long, long time.



3. Plenty Of Room—There's no elbow bumping—no leg hunching—no crushing of hats, in today's *big* Mercury. You sink back on deep, wide seats—stretch out and r-e-l-a-x in perfect comfort!



4. Built To Serve U. S.—Reconnaissance cars . . . airplane engines . . . complete bombers and tanks . . . constitute only a part of the Ford Motor Company's tremendous contribution to national defense.

TO SEE IT and drive it, you'd never guess the luxurious new Mercury is a stand-out *economy* car. But Mercury is airplane-engineered . . . *streamlined from the inside out* . . . and built of highest-quality materials for long life and unusual "big car" performance at low cost. You get the smooth, brilliant "drive" of a 100-horsepower V-type 8-cylinder engine. You get an all new kind of gentle "sky-ride" made possible by longer, slow-motion springs and improved shock absorbers. And Mercury combines a lower center of gravity with wider tread, for better traction on curves and wet roads. Step up to *Mercury* for 1942 . . . drive a car you'll be proud of in the years to come.

Mercury 8

THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

YOUR PLANES

YOUR SHIPS

YOUR TANKS

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is again using "Prestone" anti-freeze to provide one-shot protection for Army and Navy equipment.

Your planes, your ships, your tanks, squad cars, trucks and torpedo patrol boats will be protected by the anti-freeze that does not boil away. They will be protected by the *guaranteed* anti-freeze that outlaws freeze-up, rust and corrosion . . . the one-shot anti-freeze that protects all winter long.

If you can't get "PRESTONE" anti-freeze *REMEMBER THIS*—

In addition to Government demands made on the finished product, "Prestone" anti-freeze, thousands of tons of raw materials necessary for its manufacture are now being used in making vital defense equipment of many different kinds.

Some of the uses to which these raw materials are being put were born in the laboratory but a short time ago.

Despite these heavy defense requirements, quantities of "Prestone" anti-freeze were made available to American motorists, but the supply probably will not be sufficient to meet all civilian needs.

"PRESTONE" ANTI-FREEZE

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

The word "Prestone" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

SHORT WARMS

By Henry L. Jackson

FEW of us realize how many of the clothes we wear today originated in the Army or Navy. From the Army come blucher-style shoes, balmacaan coats, trench-model raincoats. From the Navy, straw kellys (once known as boaters), reefer coats, even the knot in your tie.

If you're looking for a new overcoat this winter, big news is the Army officer's "Short Warm." You will find it on campuses and in stadiums. You'll see it in the country on week ends and in town with semisports clothing.

The Short Warm first was worn by British cavalrymen in Peshawar near the Khyber Pass in the '90's. Prior to that time a dark blue ankle-length cloak was worn by Indian cavalrymen and partly covered the horse, too. That was nice for the horse but tough on the soldier when he wasn't mounted. The commanding officer recommended a short tan coat with vent in back. After the coat proved acceptable a quartermaster's slip read: "Coat—British—Warm—Officers'." Originally the coat was called "British Army Officer's Short Warm"—cut finally to "Short Warm."

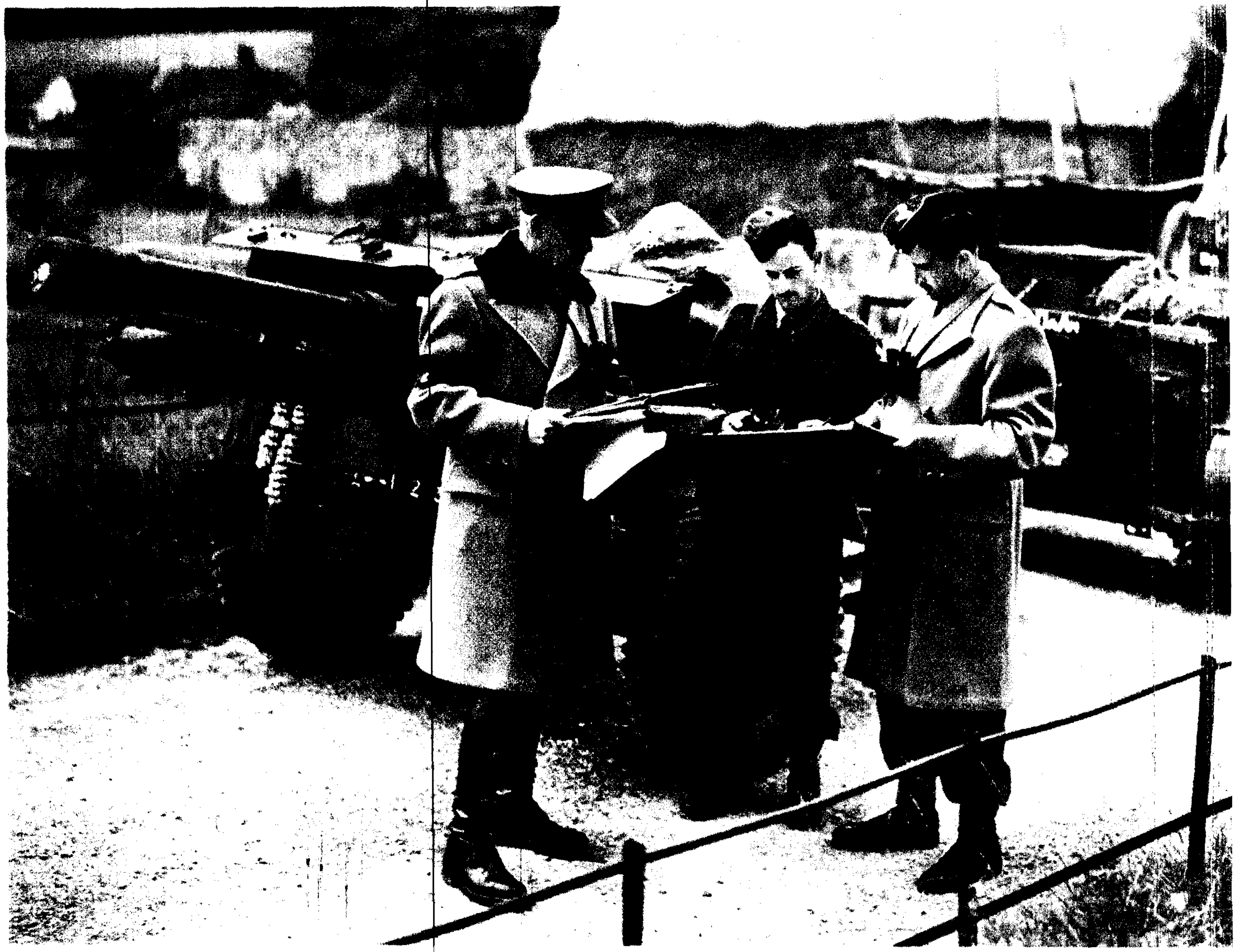
During the World War the Short Warm was used as an extra coat for trench warfare, in place of the greatcoat. It was not worn for parade. After the war British officers used their coats for general country and spectator sports wear.

Double-breasted, short, and in the camel shades and natural tans similar to the original khaki and olive drab, here's a coat that may become classic, like the polo coat. It has the swagger look of a well-cut uniform, with broad shoulders, definite waistline, short length and center vent in the back. The original Army coat carries shoulder straps, like the trench-model raincoat. Wear the coat with or without the straps—it's correct both ways and it's just a matter of taste. It's also made in tweeds with regular buttons, although cut in the exact military model. All Short Warms are interlined.

The Short Warm is perfect for driving—there's no material to flap around your legs or get in the way. It's a good coat for country walking, won't interfere with your stride. It's an ideal coat for travel—short, warm and good-looking.

However, we don't recommend it if you're a one-coat man. In that case you should play safe with the navy blue overcoat. They aren't wearing the Short Warm with the tux and tails—yet. If you already have a coat, this is just the coat for you—particularly for sports wear and travel. In case any short guys are reading this, here's a coat that will give you a lift. Tall guys will like the way they look in it too. Try one on and see for yourself—we'll be glad to tell you where. ★★★

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. Officers of an infantry regiment on maneuvers, both wearing Short Warms. At the left, fur-collared Short Warm; at the right, over battle dress, the regulation type of Short Warm that carries shoulder straps



COATS, COURTESY OF SIMPSONS OF PICCADILLY

FOR TRAVEL & INFORMAL TOWN WEAR: The double-breasted Short Warm with leather buttons and flap on breast pocket—made in military-shade fleece-type fabric

FOR CAMPUS & COUNTRY WEAR: Double-breasted Short Warm with shoulder straps and leather buttons, in camel color—favorite of university and sportsmen

ANGUTI

LARROUSSE

Naval Engagement

Continued from page 16

When the Marines played Michigan that year the field judge got mixed up in his time and the teams played about two hours. The Detroit papers fixed that up by headlines:

"Marines Win First Game, 6-0; Michigan Takes Second."

With all this Larson was discovering that all the good men were not in the colleges. Even today he says flatly that the best football man he ever played with was Frank Goettege, great plunger, passer and kicker, who had been a frosh at Ohio State before joining the Marines. Later he was to see a sailor named Ray Fitch run rings around the celebrated Buzz Borries of Navy in a game between the U.S.S. Pennsylvania and the U.S.S. Arizona on the West Coast.

He also learned that anything can happen in football and has operated his system on that principle ever since. In the Vanderbilt game in 1924, the Marines were leading 13-0 and had the ball on Vanderbilt's nine-yard line when Groves the quarterback fumbled and then kicked the ball when he tried to recover. It went straight into the arms of Bomar, the great Vanderbilt end, who ran for a touchdown, one hundred yards. It finally ended in a 13-13 tie.

Football Round the World

In 1925 when he was playing and coaching at Parris Island, South Carolina, his team and Newberry played a game without time out on either side, the game ending in one hour and seventeen minutes, fastest on record. In 1927 he was in Honolulu, playing in the barefoot league. It was so hot that the teams took off their shoes.

He was moving all the time. From Honolulu he came back to Bremerton, Washington; then to San Diego; and then, in 1937, the Chinese-Japanese war broke out and he was sent to Shanghai with the Sixth Marines, landing there in the middle of the battle of Shanghai. Fighting was raging on Suchow Creek but the Marines had to have their football and were practicing vigorously in City Park when the Japanese started to shell Nantao Wall, the bullets going over City Park in a salvo. Larson wanted to stick it out but one of his players, a sensible fellow said to him:

"Coach . . . just one little announcement from you now: No more workout today." The players were on their way to cover before he could open his mouth.

After that he was recalled and stationed on the Reina Mercedes, the old Spanish ship captured by Dewey at Manila, anchored off Annapolis. This was the headquarters of the Marines who were in charge of the yard at the Academy, and Larson was in charge of it.

"Head traffic cop, to be exact," says Larson.

Going back and forth to his duties, he used to pass a lot where young sons of Navy officers were playing football. He took over that aggregation and was shunting the midgets around in lively fashion, glad enough to keep his hand in at the sport, when Capt. W. C. McKee, director of athletics at Annapolis, came around and asked him if he would like to coach Navy. It was really quite an advancement.

"You're not joking, surely, Captain," said Swede, and it was arranged, he seeing the squad for the first time at spring practice in 1939.

In 1939 his team won three, lost five and tied one—but beat Army, 10-0. In 1940 they won six, tied one and lost two—but beat Army, 14-0, which is all that counts. The record this year is well known and writers have spoken of it as the greatest Navy squad since the days of the World War. With Bill Busik, Howie Clark and half a dozen other whiz-backs scampering all over the landscape and such powerhouses as Gene Flathmann and Bill Chewning messing up the opposition from their tackle spots, it has been a happy season for Swede and his boys.

In appearance Major Larson is tall, straight, still spare and lean. He is six feet and weighs 190 pounds, which is something for him because in his best playing days he never could come up to more than 172 pounds, being a string bean. He has a bronzed look, high cheekbones and nobody takes him for a Swede.

"He looks like old Tecumseh," they say affectionately at the Academy, referring to the old bowsprit figure of the Indian that is a landmark down there at which the young men throw pennies with their left hand, for luck, when they are going to take examinations.

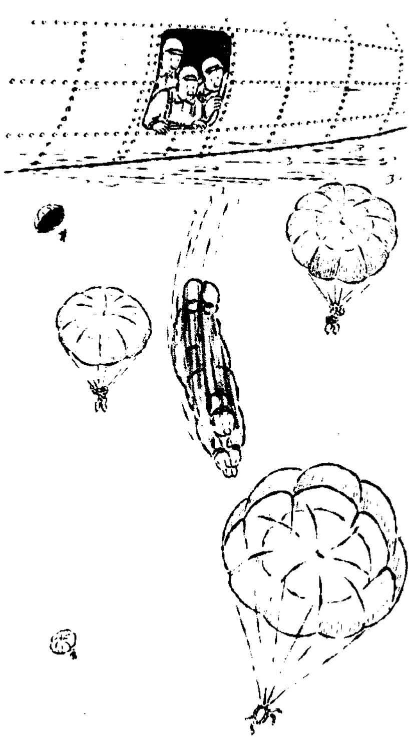
But the solemn, saturnine appearance is merely a front. Swede is a garrulous and humorous gent when he is with his pals, and in the service he was something of a heller. On one maneuver when they were about to take the long thirty-one-day jaunt back from Lisbon to Guantanamo, the crew sent Swede and Battler Cruise into Lisbon to buy extra provisions.

"They got confused and only remembered their errand at the last minute," recalls Mal Hogan, a classmate. "All we got was twelve cans of peanuts, a stinking diet after the first ten days."

Larson was a member of the first landing party at Nicaragua, when we took over that state for a few years, and became the poker champion of the Nicaraguan president and his cabinet.

"He's been trying to get sent back there since," say his pals. "He won a fortune and picked up some splendid Spanish phrases."

Mrs. Larson is a California girl who took over Swede's three children upon the death of the first Mrs. Larson and has been needling her husband into activity ever since, he being inclined to take things easy. She is known as "Grandma" at the Academy because everybody comes running to her with their troubles. She is pretty, alive and extremely popular. They have a three-year-old daughter, Mercedes, who is called "Murmur" by the family friends, much to Mrs. Larson's disgust. The oldest boy, Emery, Jr., is a star footballer at Lawrenceville, and is headed for Harvard next fall.



"He wanted to be sure it opened first"

JAY IRVING

Simplicity that Pays

Larson is a psychologist and has worked out a pattern for his Navy team.

"Football is hard work," he explains, "and there is enough tension at Annapolis in studies alone without pouring it on. I try to make the game as simple as possible for them."

He avoids being the Great Panjandrum, as are some coaches, and is called "Swede" by most of the squad. They talk the plays over with him and aren't afraid to offer suggestions. They make fun of practice, putting passers against defenders and keeping tally of the results. The course at the Academy has been reduced to three years because of the war crisis and that means added pressure on the students.

The 1939 season was plain misery for everybody because they lost five successive games and were so plagued by injuries that they were never sure of getting a team on the field. Swede asked Harvey Harmon, the Rutgers coach, to check up on his pass defense during the Princeton game and see what could be done about it. Harmon wrote him later.

"I have a simple solution," he scribbled. "Shoot the whole squad."

But in the Army game of that year they had progressed so rapidly that they intercepted five passes and went on to win. The break in that game came when Dick Schafer, a 145-pound back, ran twenty-two yards for a touchdown. He had been so light that Larson had run him off the field during spring training. On the Tuesday before the Princeton game, he came to Larson and said:

"Coach, you have to let me play. I have a hunch we're going to beat Army and I want to be part of it."

"Get your varsity jersey," answered Larson. "We haven't much of anything else; a hunch won't hurt us."

The outcome of this year's game is decidedly unpredictable. Navy is strong but Army is hungry. The thing that pains Larson most is the thought that under normal conditions he could have counted on his greatest team in 1942. Instead of that, by reason of the three-year graduation, he loses Busik, Clark, Cameron, Harrell, Chip, Zechella, Zoeller, Maxson and Donaldson.

As a coach Major Larson gets his regular Marine Corps salary and nothing more. A shift in his assignment might even mean a break for him financially but he certainly isn't angling for it.

He gives a guileless, "honest Abe" first impression and for a long time people feared that he would be no match for the more foxy coaches, but that notion quickly disappeared.

"That Swede Larson?" they cry. "He's like an old mule in a pasture. . . . He sees everything that goes on."

That's the Major—Major Emery Ellsworth Larson, the Minnesota Landlubber who finally found the sea and the Navy thereof.

Give the Gift that's most often remembered

Give a good clock—it's looked at many times a day . . . a constant reminder of you! Choose from this smart array of Westclox electrics—

BIG BEN *Electric Chime Alarm* is a Christmas gift anyone would love to get! It's self-starting. Has a pleasing alarm. In black with nickel trim or ivory finish, gold color trim . . . $4.95

BABY BEN *Electric* is a marvelous gift in a small package. Self-starting. Lovely ivory finish with gold color trim $3.95

Above clocks with luminous dials, a dollar more

COUNTRY CLUB *Electric Alarm* is so good looking that you'll want to use it in your living room. Maroon finish with plain dial . . $2.50
Ivory finish with luminous dial $3.45

Got a bachelor or married couple on your list? Either would appreciate Bachelor electric alarm. Self-starting. Ivory finish, plain dial $3.95
Also comes with luminous dial $4.95

Either of these smart electric wall clocks will make a marvelous gift for mother. Both are self-starting. Both give you a choice of four colors. Dunbar (*left*) has tilted case for easier reading . . . $3.95. Manor (*right*) is . . . $3.50

• • •

Westclox electrics make lovely Christmas gifts at moderate prices . . . $2.50 to $6.95. Only a few shown here. See them all today—time clocks, wall clocks, alarm models.

WESTCLOX, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois
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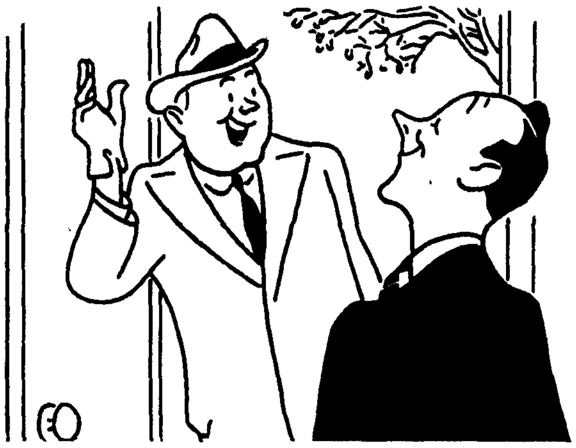
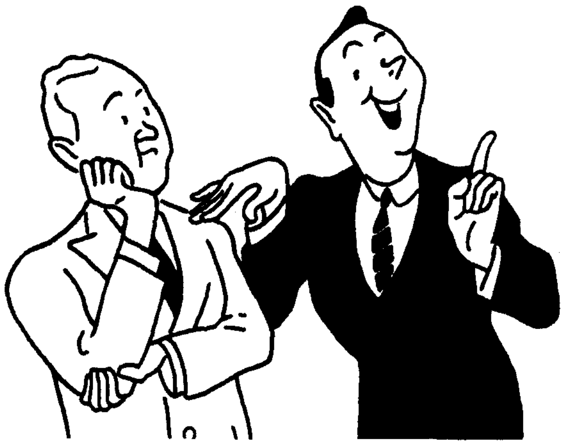
Man deflates brother-in-law

by Al Piané

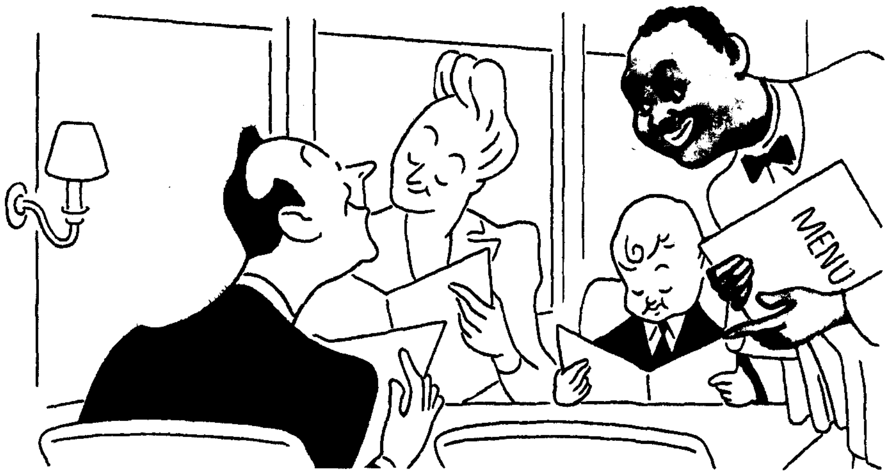
COPR. 1941, THE PULLMAN CO.



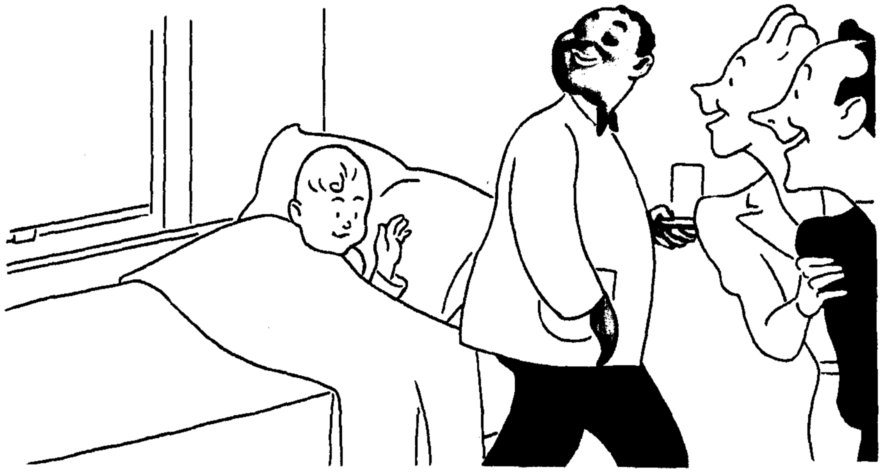
1. Arriving home for family reunion at Thanksgiving, he notes particularly smug look on brother-in-law's face.



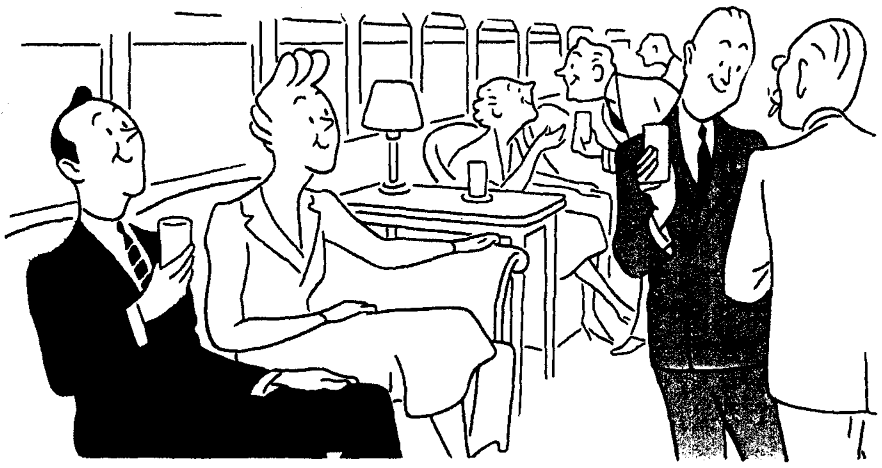
2. Brother-in-law immediately launches into bragfest on how he and family made trip home by *Pullman.*



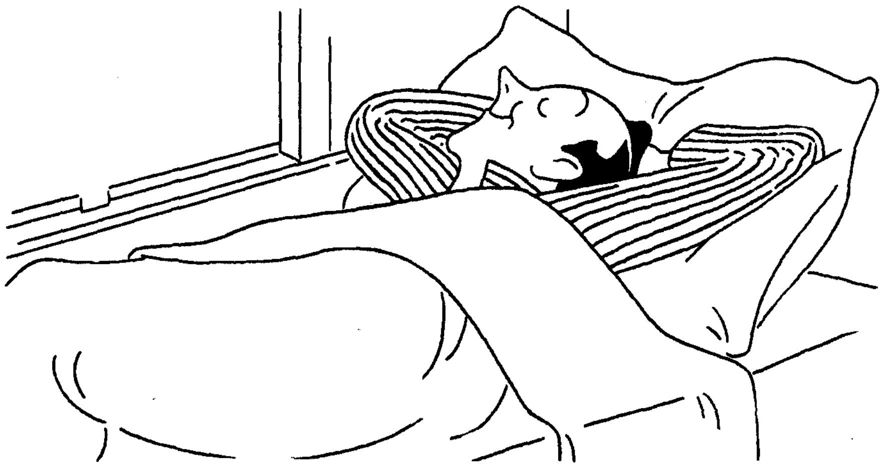
3. Expounds at length on delicious steak dinner which he, wife, and Junior had immediately on boarding train.



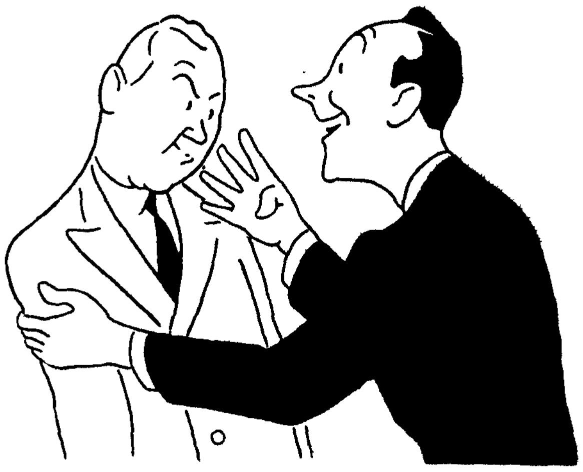
4. Tells next how they left Junior tucked in bed and in care of porter as they went back for evening in club car.



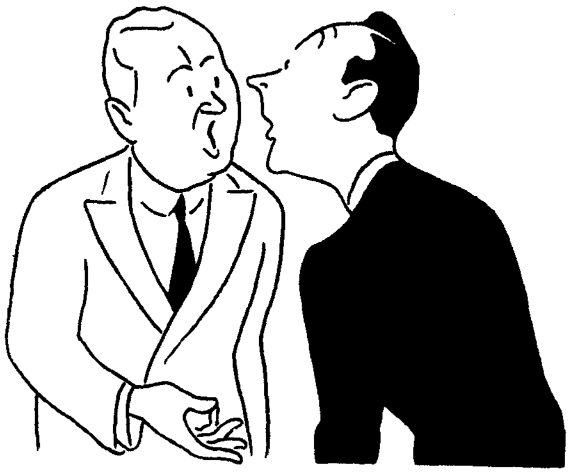
5. Paints glowing picture of refreshments in club car, and general refined air of all people there.



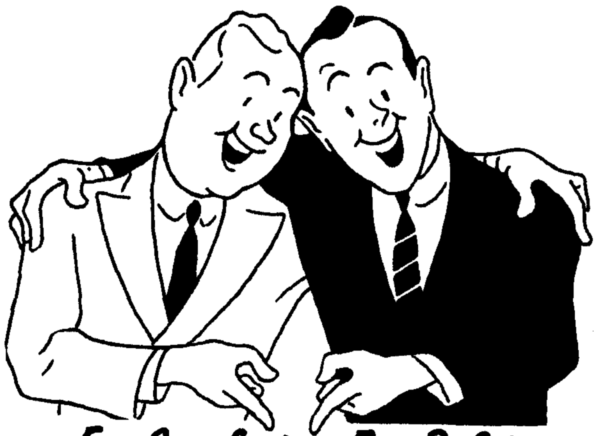
6. Gets practically poetical telling how wonderful a sleep he had, claiming Pullman beds are best beds in entire world.



7. Winds up oration by explaining how rail and Pullman fare is less than 4c a mile—whereas it costs 5c a mile to run your own car.



8. After hearing out b-in-law to end, our hero says quietly, "I know; I came Pullman myself like I always do. Nice, isn't it?"



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You get there refreshed, readier for a good time. Try it for your next trip.

Amazing New

90-SECOND CAR HEATER

Guarantees

more heat FAST

Now America's Fastest-Selling Quality Heater

Heats Hot While the Motor's Still Cold —Burns Fuel from Carburetor in Patented Sealed Chamber

Here's winter driving comfort no other car heater—*at any price*—can give you! Hot heat *in 90 seconds by the stop watch!* Heat *all the way*—not just on the last leg of a trip! Comfort that millions praise!

This amazing South Wind Car Heater gives more heat faster, *guaranteed*, because it doesn't depend on a cooling system for heat. *It makes its own heat by burning fuel from the carburetor inside a patented sealed chamber, from which all fumes pass out the engine exhaust.* It carries the official seal of Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

The South Wind is America's fastest-selling quality heater because it does what even higher-priced ordinary heaters can't do! *It floods your car with quick heat while the engine is still cold*—warms you from the feet up even on short hops—gives an hour of fireside comfort for the cost of a single cigarette!

The South Wind is small, quiet, *fully automatic*, always ready for use—and is easily installed or transferred to a new car *with no hose cutting, no extra thermostats to buy.* New-type defroster attachment provides quick, effective windshield defrosting *under all riding conditions.* You'll find South Wind sales and service coast-to-coast!

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, CHICAGO

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CAR HEATER
HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS!

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PLYMOUTH · PONTIAC · STUDEBAKER

Another Product of
STEWART WARNER

One of We's Own

Continued from page 18

"Naw!"

"Yeah. And at ain't all. Quick as dem socks got hyar, I'd th'ow you down and put 'em on you, you good-lookin' heifer. Right hyar in front er ev'ybody!"

A young girl in the springtime can stand only so much ardent love-making. Lou-netty squirmed shyly and giggled. "Lake," she said warmly, "you's a dog! You's jest a natchel dog! Th'owin' me down right hyar in front er ev'ybody and puttin' dem candy-stripe socks on me! You ain't got a shame in dis world!"

"I ain't got no shame about lovin' you like I'm lovin' you now, gal," he declared.

"And efn you keeps on wid dat kind er love tawk," Lou-netty warned him, "I bet I'd *he'p* you put dem candy-stripe socks on me. Cause dat kind er tawk makes me ain't got no shame, too. I can't do nothin' but jest stand hyar and grin at you, you big ole monkey-face dog!"

Lake did not have to buy the stockings, for he and Lou-netty stood before B'r Charlie that evening and gave the answers that made Lou-netty a spring bride, and Lake a sharecropper on Little Bee Bend plantation.

The Cockle Burr cut was tough, but Lake and Lou-netty went at it cheerfully. "You keep de grass chopped out," he told her "and I'll keep dis ole cultivator turnin' and us'll make a crop for de books, next fall, efn hit don't rain too much and nothin' else happen."

Lou-netty was proud of her husband. He was the first one she ever had, and from where she stood he was the best anybody had ever had.

In a way, Lake was happy, too. Lou-netty was not the most entertaining wife he'd ever had, but he decided she'd "do in a rush." The thing that pleased him most was the fact he was making a crop on Little Bee Bend plantation. He had heard tales of the place, and of the hard-driving foreman, during his ramblings. There was a legend that stretched from the St. Francis River in the North to the sugar country in the South about how hard it was to get on the place and how easy to get off. It had ever been a challenge to his ability to get along anywhere. And here he was, not only making a crop on Little Bee Bend, but getting an occasional nod of approval from Giles! It was something to brag about.

"Dey tells me," Lake confided to Lou-netty, "dat efn a late-come worker kin git along wid Giles, he kin git along in McGee-hee."

"McGee-hee who?" asked Lou-netty.

"McGee-hee ain't nobody, gal. Hit's a place. Hit's a place dat's so hard dat can't nobody, black or white, git along in hit."

Lou-netty was fascinated by her husband's knowledge of far-off places, and she always wanted to know more. Frequently, in her simple, practical way, she asked the wrong questions:

"Efn hit's all dat bad, den what do anybody want to stay dar for?"

Lake had to figure out an answer to that one, it having never before occurred to him. Since he had no personal knowledge about the town and had heard only gossip about it, he did not have to confine his answer to statistics. "Dey don't nobody stay dar," he told Lou-netty. "Ev'ybody jest moved off and left hit flat." He saw another question coming and answered it before it was asked: "But dat didn't do no good. Hit's still jest as bad as hit would be efn hit was a hund'ed people dar, fightin' and quar'lin' and goin' on. McGee-hee's jest too hard to git along in."

Lou-netty thought about it. While her husband's fantastic tales of travel fired her with admiration, they never seemed real. She had been born on Little Bee Bend as had her parents and grandparents. It was the only place she knew about. She naturally took it for granted that Little Bee Bend was the best place in the world and all other places were neither good nor bad.

"Giles ain't hard to git along wid," Lou-netty said. "Anybody dat work kin git along wid him. Efn you works good, you git along good wid him. Efn you works bad, you git along bad wid him. But you git along, one way or de yuther."

The first sign of disaffection Lake experienced as a sharecropper on Little Bee Bend, came late one Friday afternoon. He and Lou-netty had finished working through their crop the third time in as many weeks. It was the custom for a man to be allotted enough land for him and his family to work through in five days during the growing season so they might have Saturdays and Sundays for holidays. Lake plowed through in two days and helped Lou-netty with the hoeing for three days.

"Hit looks middlin' fair," Giles said, that Friday afternoon. "But I kin still see some Johnson grass sproutin'. And grass in the Cucker Burr cut jest ain't no good. You ketch yo' team agin, in de mawnin', Lake, and start plowin' over."

"Yassuh," said Lake.

"And efn you wears out yo' hoe, Lou-netty," the foreman added, "I'll git you a bran'-new hoe."

Walking across the field to their cabin, Lake's mind was far away, right in the middle of a bad town that people talked about. Maybe if a man stood in the middle of that bad town and shot his pistol—"I wonder is McGee-hee *raley* as bad as folks claim hit is?" he mumbled to himself.

As soon as it was light enough to see, next morning, Lake had his team in the field. Lou-netty joined him with her hoe when the breakfast things were cleared and the noon meal prepared for quick cooking.

Later in the morning, Giles rode through the field several times, and galloped away without saying anything to Lake.

"He keep ridin' in my field like I ain't nothin' but a good end-row plower," Lake growled. "And ev'ybody knows I plows in de middle er my field as good as I plows de end whar you kin see." He was feeling downhearted.

An hour later, four cultivator teams and a dozen women, their hoes glistening in the sun, followed Giles down the turnrow.

"Widow Duck, you take de ladies over yonder wid Lou-netty," the foreman said. "And y'all boys wid de cultivators cut down de fiel' wid Lake. Mens, plow deep. And ladies, chop hard. And us'll git dis grass licked befo' de sun go down."

Lake stopped his team. "Mist' Giles, I ain't axed for no he'p," he said.

"You gittin' he'p, jest de same. Hit's gonna rain soon."

"I works my own crop."

Giles, usually short-patienced with people who tried to argue with him, held his temper. "Lake, you's a come-late hand," Giles said, "and ain't nobody tuck de patience to learn you how us acks on Little Bee. But I'm gonter tell you. Us acks on Little Bee jest like I say. And dat's how hit is wid yo' crop. I say you gittin' he'p and you's gittin'."

The rain started after the crop was worked through, clean and deep, and the teams were back in the barn. It looked at first like a shower, but soon streaks of forked lightning were flashing in all directions and a steady June pour set in.

Lake was impressed. "Mist' Giles," he asked, "how come you knowed hit was fixin' to rain?"

THE foreman removed the bridle from his saddle horse and hung it up before replying.

"I'm smart," he said modestly. "I knows ev'thing." He looked at Lake through squinted eyes. "I kin read in yo' mind dat you figgers I'm jest lucky about guessin' dat rain. Ain't dat right?"

Lake's mind had not actually come to that conclusion, but the suggestion seemed so reasonable that he adopted it as his own and marveled at the foreman's ability. "Lawd, Lawd," he said admiringly, "you's de best. I hyared all up and down de line dat you was de best, but I wouldn't believe hit to I seed wid my own eyes."

"You ain't so bad," Giles said. "You ain't de best I ever seed but you'll do, long as you keeps tryin'."

Walking home through mud and rain, Lake felt elated, almost happy. He was impressed by Giles and pleased with himself. "And me jest a-*gittin'* along wid ole Mist' Giles, good as de next one! —I wonder what is dis McGee-hee got to hits mustache?"

It rained intermittently all night. Sunday was a dripping overcast day, too wet and muddy to dress up and get about, and too hot to sit in the cabin and look at Lou-netty. It would have been a good day to lie on a pallet on the porch and rest up from labor done, and sleep against the work to come.

Rest and sleep were not for Lake. Insistently, imaginary pictures of McGehee kept forcing themselves into his mind. Somewhere, sometime, in his ramblings he had heard somebody say McGehee was a hard town to get along in. The odd-sounding name had hung in his memory until that day, by accident, it had been dragged forth in support of his plea to Giles for a crop on Little Bee Bend.

McGehee was not just a name, any longer. It was a reality that challenged every drop of run-around blood in his body. He wondered how a man would set out for McGehee. Was it close to Angleton over in Texas, or was it near Pine Bluff up in Arkansas? He had been to both of those places, but he disremembered in which town he had heard about McGehee. He remembered other places he had been to; recalling their charms made him no happier.

"Hot damn!" he exclaimed. "Hit's so many places whar I'm ain't, I don't see how come I'm whar I'm is!"

"Say which, darlin'?" Lou-netty called from the kitchen.

"Say git me somethin' to eat and quit argyin' wid me!"

Lou-netty almost choked. It was the first short-talk she had heard from Lake. "Darlin', I ain't argyin'," she objected.

"Den don't start," Lake growled.

Monday morning came and, with it, the sunshine. Though the field was far too wet for plowing, Lou-netty got her hoe and began to drain the water trapped in the middles by hurried plowing. She knew that Lake should have been in the field with his team hitched to a middle splitter, making longer ditches to drain the low places. Unless the water was drained, the field wouldn't be dry enough for working in less than a week. A whole week with no work in a cotton field was unthinkable.

"Lake kin git de down-yonders and quar'l and hit ain't no skin off'n nobody's back," Lou-netty told herself. "But he ain't got no call to take hit out on dis crop er cotton."

LAKE had no thought for the cotton. He was at the commissary, sitting around, aimless and thoughtless. After two nights and a day with the uninspiring Lou-netty in his present restlessness, it was a relief to get away. It was a mile or more from his cabin to the commissary, and that was a help. It would be better, he decided, if he were even farther away. Maybe off in some other community altogether, where he didn't know anybody at all.

A place like McGehee, for instance.

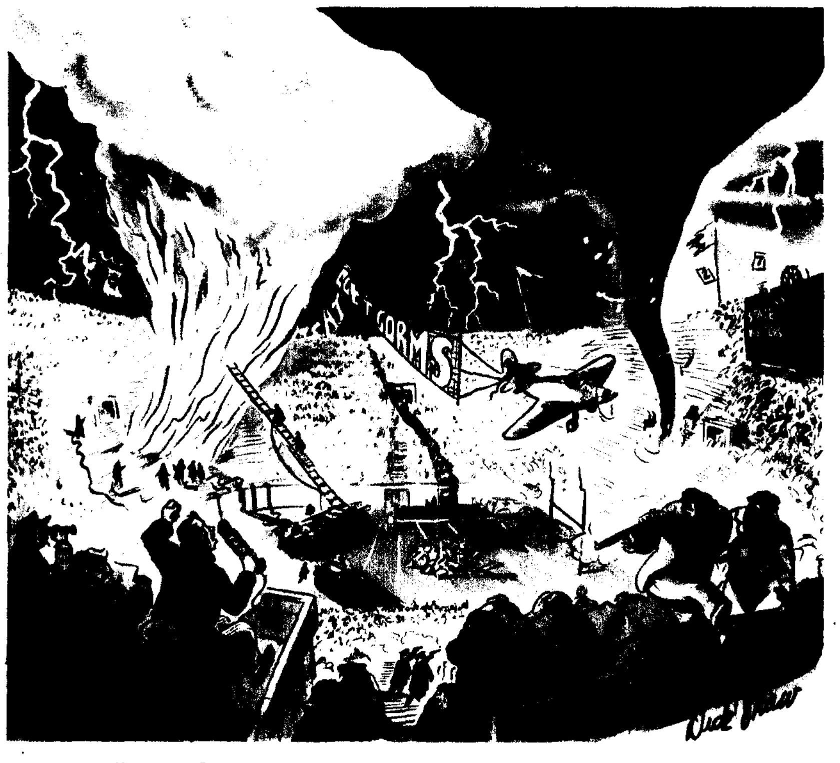
An idea came to him. He grinned, and sauntered inside.

"Mist' Giles," he said forlornly, "I needs me a pair shoes."

"What size?" asked the foreman.

"Tens."

Giles wrote in the book and instructed



". . . and now a few words about today's game" DICK SHAW

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Dock, of the commissary, to wait on Lake.

"I better git me a pair er over-halls, and a jumper, too," Lake said, as an afterthought.

Giles scratched the shoes entry from the book. "How 'bout a couple er shirts and some er dat long underwears, too, for next winter?" Giles' voice dripped sarcasm.

Lake thought. "Yassuh, hit'll come in handy," he said, "but I wa'n't figgerin' on hit."

"And maybe," the foreman suggested, "a croker sack to pack hit off in?"

"Which?"

"Look, fool," Giles said. "I ain't got to read in yo' mind to know dat you's fixin' to run off and leave. Ev'y rambler dat ever got set to ramble tried to come and push his credicks for a new pair er shoes and some over-halls. I ain' even got to be half as smart as I'm is to figger dat'n out."

Lake was crushed. It had seemed to be such a good idea. "Nawsuh," he denied halfheartedly. "I ain't fixin' to go nowhars. I jest figgered I be needin' some shoes and stuff."

"You didn't figger Lou-netty might need some shoes and a dress, did you? And dat's on account er you's fixin' to run off and leave her, same as yo' crop."

The foreman's words hurt. "Aw, Mist' Giles," Lake protested. "I ain't fixin' to leave Lou-netty, no mo'n I'm fixin' to leave my crop."

GILES was cold and impersonal. "A man kin come of his own free will," he said, "and he kin go de same way. But he can't leave his crop under water and a big commissary bill, too. Now efn you feels like travelin', yonder's de big road and hit runs bofe ways f'm hyar. Efn you wants to stay, git a middle-buster and dreen dat water offn de cut so's hit'll dry out befo' next Ju-vember."

"I ain't fixin' to run off nowhars," Lake said again.

"Efn you aims to stay today, you git de middle splitter," Giles said. "Tomorrow, efn you is still hyar, you'll git yo' team in Buldickie's fiel' whar hit's dry enough to plow. He worked half a day in yo' fiel' and you'll do as much for him. Den after dinner, you'll git in Nud's crop. Den de next day, hit'll be dry enough in Grant's fiel'. You owes him a whole day on account er Dallas and Rio Grande plowed for you, Sadday. Onderstand de motion?"

"Yassuh," Lake grunted.

"Lou-netty ain't got to weary 'bout payin' back de hoein'. She's one er we's own and she'll have enough to do, anyhow. Now, travel. Travel twarge de lot for dat middle-buster team, or travel twarge de big road. But one way er de yuther, you travel!"

Lake, crushed to the soul, caught his team and hooked to the middle buster. Mechanically, he snubbed the plowpoint with a board and drove to the field, but he could go no farther.

He could see the little lakes in his field; he could measure with his eye the straight furrow to the big ditch that would drain off the water from his fine young cotton; he could see Lou-netty dutifully digging at the ends of the rows; but none of this was he able to associate with himself. He couldn't move. He just stood and gazed at it stupidly.

Lou-netty came up. "I done opened up de middle ends," she said. "You ought to done had dem low places dreened. Dat sun gittin' hot and hit ain't good for water and sun to hit we's cotton at de same time."

"Hunh?"

"You hyared me," Lou-netty repeated. "I say you git to runnin' dem ditches. Now."

Lake bristled. "Ain't no woman kin rule me," he said. "Too many done tried hit and didn't none of 'em had no luck."

Lou-netty swung her hoe, its gooseneck heel landing close to Lake's left ear. Without looking to estimate the damage done to her husband's supine body, Lou-netty removed the snub from the plow and began to make deep furrows to the drainage ditch.

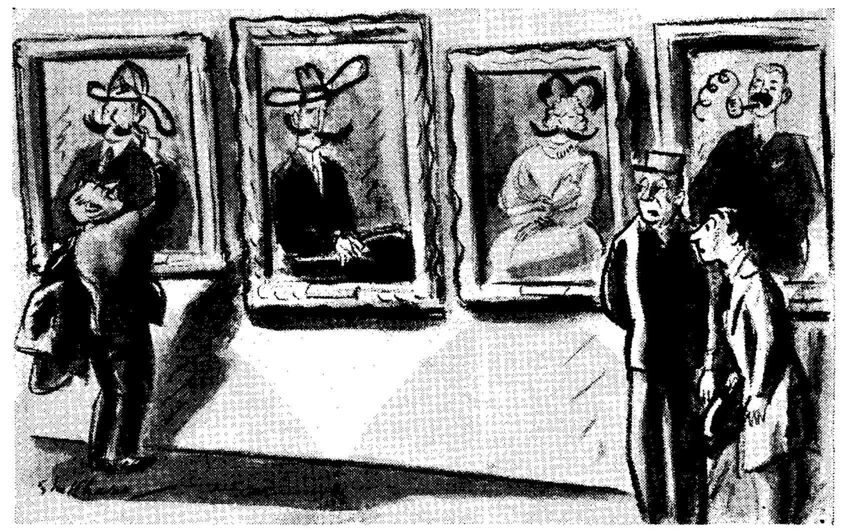
When she had finished, she went back to Lake, who was sitting in the mud, shaking his head as if trying to dispel a fog.

"I swear to my soul," he said wonderingly, "I didn't know a mule's hind laigs was so long. Dat mule was standin' betwixt his traces on de yuther side er his doubletree and I was standin' betwixt de plow handles."

"Have it yo' way," Lou-netty said, "but put de snub back on and drag de plow back to de barn. Only don't tell nobody I runned out dem ditches, cause Giles is agin ladies plowin' in de fiel'."

Lake took the team to the lot and returned to his house. Lou-netty was preparing dinner. She said nothing by way of greeting and Lake sat in silence, nursing an aching head. "I swear," he said finally, "dat de longest-laigged mule I ever seed."

"We's mules is de best," said Lou-netty proudly. "'Cause de best ain't too good for Little Bee."



"There's nothing much we can do about it. This is the Bosworth collection and that's Mr. Bosworth"

GEORGE SHELLHASE

Lake ate lightly, and spent the afternoon trying to sleep and complaining of his head.

"Efn hit hurt all dat bad," Lou-netty said unsympathetically, "I'll rub some lard on hit."

Lake felt lonesome and abused, "Gittin' treated like a stranger in a far-off land, wid my head hurtin' fit to bus' open."

"Lay quiet," said Lou-netty, rubbing lard on Lake's head. "Us owes fo' half days plowin' and twelve half days hoein'. Efn you lay quiet to sunup, you kin ketch two half days for Buldickie and Nud. And de next day hit'll be dry enough in Uncle Grant's fiel'. Den us bofe'll pitch in wid de hoes and git we's beholdens paid back by de time ole Cucker Burr git dry."

IT ALL sounded vague and distant to Lake. He thought some of explaining what Giles had already told him about the hoeing, but he remembered he had been arguing with Lou-netty when that mule kicked him. It was a solid mile from where he lay to the lot where the mules were. In his confused state it seemed possible, even probable, that if he started another argument with this Little Bee Bend woman, a Little Bee Bend mule would stretch a leg across that mile and kick him again. "Little Bee Bend," he decided, "sho do take keer er dey own."

Lake plowed the next day in the fields of Buldickie and Nud. The day following, in Grant's field, he paid back the labor of Grant's two boys. But that night it rained again. Lou-netty went to the door several times and observed that it fell straight from a completely black sky instead of a particular cloud.

"Dis is *raley* a June rain," she said. "Hit'll be a month er Sundays befo' Cucker Burr git dry enough to work in."

"Mo' rain, mo' rest," said Lake.

"YOU mean," asked Lou-netty, "you don't keer how much water git in we's cotton—me and you's cotton dat us worked so hard in?" There was a menacing note in her voice and Lake felt it.

"Dat ain't what I means, darlin'," he said. "Dat what us used to say in de public works, cause when hit rained in de public works us jest laid off." He was lying on the bed, fingers laced behind his head and eyes gazing dreamily on the ceiling. "Hit's a good wages in de public works," he continued reminiscently. "You gits paid ev'y Sadday. And you ain't got to work all de year fightin' Johnson grass, and den when fall come maybe you got some money and maybe you ain't."

Lou-netty refused to believe what she heard. "You mean, you'd druther be in de public works den raisin' cotton?"

Lake chuckled. "You knows what de song say, good as me:

"'Tell you somethin', let hit bear down on yo' mind:
A man gits tired er de same thing all de time,
Cause my home ain't hyar,
Hit's further down de road.'"

Stunned, Lou-netty crawled into bed, shut her mind to everything but the fall of rain on the roof, and went to sleep.

The next morning, as Lou-netty went about her domestic duties, Lake, as was his privilege, lazed about the house, grumbling because breakfast was late. He heated a kettle of water for a bath in the washtub and demanded his best clean clothes.

"You fixin' to git dressed up?" Lou-netty demanded.

"Sho," said Lake, standing in the washtub, rubbing soapy water out of his eyes.

"You ain't gittin' no good clothes f'm me in de middle er de week," Lou-netty assured him. "I'm got too much to do to wash for you ev'y time you wants to put on clean clothes."

"Hyar's clean clothes—a whole croker sack full of 'em. Shoes and all," Giles said, getting off his horse and pitching a bundle into the doorway.

"Mist' Giles, I wa'n't expectin' you!" Lou-netty exclaimed. To Lake, she said, "Git some clothes on, fool! Standin' befo' Mist' Giles, buck nekkid!"

Giles dumped the contents of the sack upon the floor. "Put 'em on, long underwears and all," the foreman ordered.

Lake did not appear too surprised, but Lou-netty was astounded. "You credicked all er dat stuff agin we's crop?" she gasped. "Wid all er dis rain?"

Giles laughed. "Hold hit, baby," he said. "I rid all over Cucker Burr befo' I brang dis stuff. You won't be able to git in dar, much befo' cotton-pickin' time, and hit'll be plenty cotton to take keer er dese clothes."

"But he don't need all er dem clothes," Lou-netty said.

"He fixin' to need 'em whar he's goin'," Giles explained. "Cause he fixin' to git along down de road, ain't you, Lake?"

Lake got into the long underwear. "You reads my mind, Mist' Giles," Lake said. "De work was all right but I jest got tired er Lou-netty's grumblin' and quar'lin', so I'm gettin' on down de road."

"You's a big ole rusty lie!" Lou-netty yelled indignantly. "You's de one quar'lin'! You quar'l agin me, and you quar'l agin we's crop!"

Lou-netty swung her fist. It landed accurately in the same spot the hoe had got him, three days before. Lake dropped.

Giles grabbed Lou-netty and pinioned her arms. "Take hit easy, chile," he soothed her. "He's leavin', but hit's good like dat. He ain't one er we's own and he never could make hit. He's a rambler and he'll be good ruddance."

"But we's crop?" Lou-netty cried.

"Even efn you don't work hit no mo'," Giles told her, "you'll make enough to pay off yo' credicks and have cash money, too, maybe. And a good-lookin' widow-gal like you, wid cash money—" Giles grinned. "Effn I wa'n't so ole and so married up to Betsy—"

"Aw, Mist Giles, how you goes on!" Lou-netty giggled.

GILES revived Lake by dashing water on him. Lake dressed in silence, collected his belongings and with a pleasant, "Good-by, all," walked out. When he was out of sight, Lou-netty turned to Giles.

"Whar at is McGee-hee?" she wanted to know.

"Never hyared of hit," Giles said. "What about hit?"

"Dat's whar he figgerin' on goin'," Lou-netty explained. "He claim hits a hard place to git along in."

"He won't make hit," Giles prophesied. "He all right, ontwell de goin' git tight, and den he got to ramble. I called his number de day he hit dis place. I wouldn't 'a' let him stay, only I wanted de Cucker Burr cut worked dis year and I didn't ha'dly had de cheeks to give dat stretch to one of we's own."

Lou-netty said proudly, "Us had dat cut whupped to a frazzle, ontwell de rain started."

Giles laughed. "Hit's whupped, rain or no rain," he told her. "I ain't never seed hit in such good shape. And dat's on account er you. You held him hyar to hit was whupped. Next year, you git yo'se'f a good husband and I'll gi' you some high ground for a weddin' present."

When Giles had gone, Lou-netty began to set her house in order again, adjusting things suitably for occupancy by a young widow woman.

"Nawp," Lou-netty decided, "he can't make hit in dat McGee-hee." She grinned. "But I bet dat ole scound'el is jest fool enough to try hit."

A Home for Love

Continued from page 17

"I know. I told him so. I told him that this was 1690—not the black days of 1610. But he was stubborn. My father came from Brittany, you know, and he was remarkably stubborn. He simply did not like the English. He would not, if he were alive, like your having rented the strip of Edouard Beladere's land so close to us—to me. I suspect he might even have made an attempt to have you removed—"

"He couldn't have."

"He might have."

"I think you have a better reason to fear the Spanish."

"I think so too. Yes. But do you see the point that I've been driving toward? You're an Englishman, and you'll remain a stranger until you really attach yourself to our land. Renting one grim, stony little patch of a farm isn't enough."

The girl paused and drew in her breath deeply. "If you had your own land, now, soon the people of the island would say, 'The Englishman is becoming one of us.' And you'd be less a stranger—"

"Of course," John Willis said, with the briefest touch of irritation in his voice. "Yes; I can see that. And I intend to own land in Tortuga one day. But for the present it's a very simple matter of money—"

His gaze returned to the sea. They fell silent. He doesn't understand, the girl thought; or perhaps he doesn't want to understand. She sat up straight in the grass, tensely, and lifted her hand unconsciously to touch her dark hair with her fingers. I've almost said the words to him, she told herself; and she felt the quick warmth rise to her cheeks. I've almost said: "See, my father is dead and I am alone and all this land you're looking at is mine; I have nine hundred hectares of black Tortugan earth; six slaves, horses, oxen, more pigs than I can tell—"

The animation died suddenly from her face; she stood up.

"You're going?" John Willis asked, lifting his head.

"Yes," she said; "yes, I'm going now. I'm going over the ridge to the house that was my father's and is now mine. John Willis, listen to me. I have six slaves and nine hundred hectares of land. I am alone and you are alone—"

But she did not continue. Her voice, drawn tight as a wire, broke as a wire breaks. John Willis stared at her in bewilderment. "What's the matter?" he said. "Is anything the matter? You're crying—have I said something to offend you?" He leaned toward her but did not touch her with his hands. On his face was a look of vast, troubled incomprehension.

She was on her feet, then, and running through the high grass along the ridge with small, quick steps. She did not once look back.

SHE was at breakfast on the tiled veranda when, next morning, John Willis came up the hill toward her house. He walked rapidly, as if unmindful of the brilliant early sun. The lane, hard-packed, was defined by coconut palms; to the right, toward the sea, lay sloping fields of young tobacco.

Suzanne Chauvet signed the mulatto serving-maid to leave the veranda. She sipped the milk in her glass, then dropped her napkin to the table and turned in her chair. She was aware that her hands were trembling. Be still, she said to herself, sternly.

She faced the lane, across the veranda railing. She tried to have orderly thoughts about John Willis, coming up the lane, coming early, in the breakfast hour, but a kind of numbness possessed her and she stood uncertainly and, after a minute, walked to the broad steps.

There, at the top step, her hand on the white column, she waited for John Willis.

His head was bent thoughtfully and his eyes were on the earth. He did not see her until he was close to the veranda steps. Then he looked up. He seemed a little startled, and the thread of his preoccupation was broken. "Good morning," he said. He smiled, but only fleetingly; and then his brown face was serious again.

"You're walking abroad at an early hour," Suzanne Chauvet said.

"Ah?" he said. "So. I hope I'm not intruding? I must talk with you."

He stood before her, strangely irresolute.

"Come upon the veranda," she said.

He mounted the steps and they placed chairs to look across the fields.

He seemed lost in somber reflection. But after a minute or two he said, "I wish I spoke French better—I'd be able to make myself a lot clearer—"

"You speak French excellently."

He waved this aside. "I mean all the fine shadings," he said, "that enable one to say precisely what one intends. As it is, I'm conscious of a toiling awkwardness."

He paused.

"Yes?" Suzanne Chauvet said.

THEN he launched boldly upon it. "It's this," he said, looking steadily at her. "And I shall ask you to think seriously about it. That is, I don't want you to answer immediately. In strict fairness to yourself—and, I suppose, to me—you must consider it carefully—"

"Come," she said. Her voice was perfectly in control. "Consider what?"

"I am asking if you will agree to marry me."

Nothing changed in the girl's expression. "I thought that was it."

John Willis rushed ahead. The words tumbled recklessly out of him; it was as if a dam had burst, as if a flood had been released. "You must believe," he said, "that I have the greatest admiration for you. You know that; you've seen it. I do not speak of love—not yet—because it's not in my nature to think lightly of love—we've known each other all too briefly—"

"So. But you think love will come in time."

He glanced quickly into the girl's eyes as if to surprise any meaning that might lie behind her words. "Please understand me," he said. "I'm not ashamed that I'm a simple man. I've been a seaman and a farmer since I left England in my twelfth year. I'm not clever and I don't speak cleverly. Love is a difficult word for me—I've observed that it can mean one thing in Paris and another in the colonies. I believe that love in Tortuga must be more than a froth of perfumes and frivolous whisperings—"

"Do you?"

"Yes. Don't you?"

Suzanne Chauvet shrugged. "I am a woman," she said. "Women are notoriously frivolous, even—perhaps especially—in the colonies."

He smiled then. "That isn't true," he said. "I mean, at least it isn't true about you. If it were I should not be here talking with you. We'd have no common ground."

"But you think that as it is we do have a common ground?"

"Of course. We live on the soil. The

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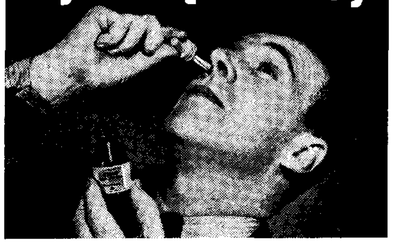

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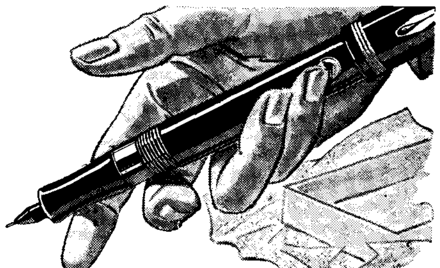

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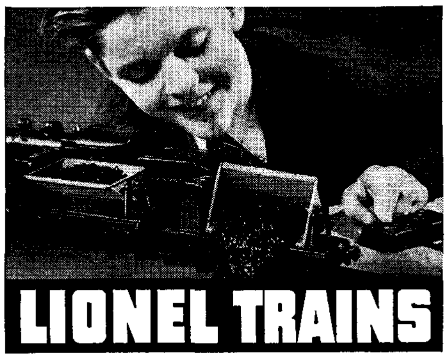

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soil and the sun are things we both know." He hesitated. "I realize all too clearly," he went on quickly, "that you have land and I have none. That's unfortunate. But it won't always be the case. I can earn money here. I can increase the production of your land, and we'll buy more together—"

She nodded; my house, my slaves, my land, she thought. These are the lure, she said under her breath—and I have neither shame nor pride.

She lifted her hands and pressed her temples with her fingers.

She thought: I cannot bear more loneliness; and the nearness of him makes a singing in me—

"Thank you, John Willis," she said. "We'll talk no more about it. Thank you for asking me to be your wife."

"You mean that you will?"

"Yes," she said, in a whisper.

THEY rode on horseback down the steep trail to Cayona in the late afternoon. They spoke to the civil registrar and to Father Le Pers, the Breton priest. They asked that the wedding ceremony be performed in the morning of the next day; meanwhile, they said, they would stay in town: Suzanne at the convent behind the church, John Willis at the Tavern of the Three Candlemakers.

Father Le Pers was helpful. "It can all be arranged," he said.

Then he took Suzanne's arm and walked with her to the convent; and John Willis, alone, crossed the bare *place* before the church and turned into the street of the Three Candlemakers. Dusk was in the air. The evening promised to be cool. John Willis was aware that he was hungry.

A horseman clattered by in the narrow street, riding hard in the half-darkness. John Willis jumped against the wall. He caught a glimpse of the horseman's uniform—a soldier from the fort on the headland east of the town. John Willis swore. They rode like madmen, those troops of France!

But the soldier was gone instantly, and the quick tropical darkness clamped down upon the town, and John Willis, walking carefully, made his way to the Tavern of the Three Candlemakers.

It was then that he heard the raised voices, the excitement of loud speech. He pushed open the door. The room was full of young men of the town, and a few older men—merchants, traders—and a soldier in uniform—the horseman.

John Willis touched the arm of a man beside the door. "What's the matter?"

The man gave him only a moment's glance. "Spaniards," he said. "It's the damned Spaniards from Santo Domingo. Two ships off the headland. One, maybe two more reported going around the north shore—they'll try to make a landing there and come over the mountain and drop from behind us onto the town—"

He breathed heavily, snorting. He turned and, in the lamplight, looked into John Willis' face. "Who are you?"

"John Willis. I live in the hills near—"

"You're a foreigner?"

"I'm an Englishman, yes. But I'm also a farmer of Tortuga. This is my home—"

The soldier seemed to be bellowing orders but his voice was drowned in the babel. "What are you planning to do?" John Willis asked the man beside him.

"Fight, of course! The garrison's small, but we have enough men to hold the town—"

"What of the people in the hill farms?"

The man jerked his shoulders in a shrug. "They'll have to run for it. The alarm's being spread in the hills; they'll have to come into town."

"Where can I get a gun?" John Willis asked. He felt the muscles tighten across his back.

"Stay beside me. You know me, don't you? Jules Marivaux—"

"The coffee merchant—"

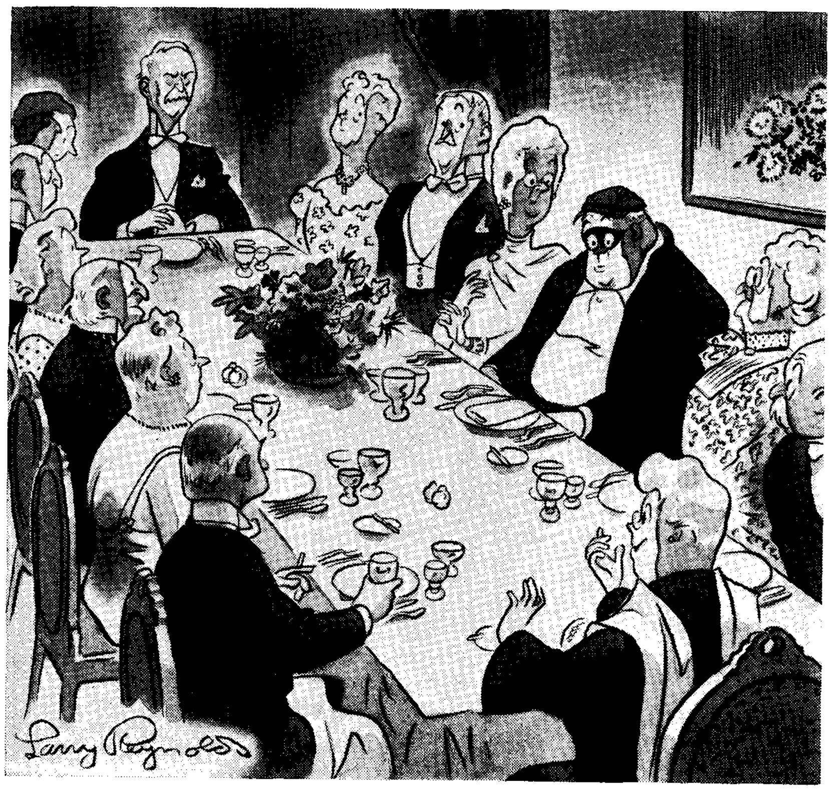
"None other. You stay with me, Englishman." He spoke breathlessly, disconnectedly. "A score or so of us here are detailed to get guns at the fort—hold the main road into town from the north—from the hills. Do you see? The cannon at the fort can engage the ships—"

"Will they attack now, in the dark, at night?"

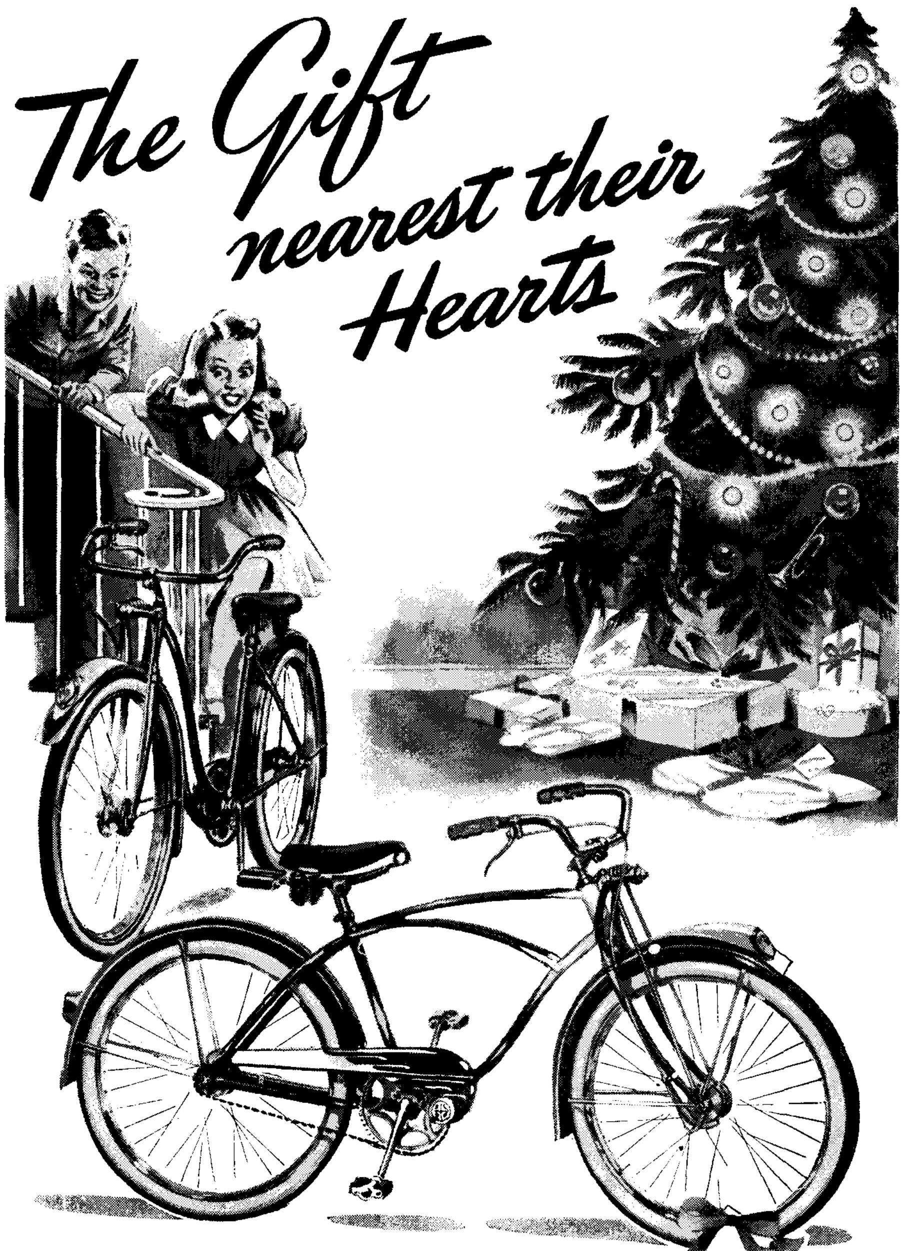
"Certain to," Marivaux said. "Spanish trick."

John Willis shouted to hold his at-

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"He saved the day. I didn't dare start dinner with only thirteen at the table"



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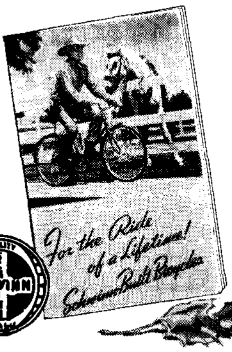

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tention. "Listen," John Willis said. "There's a woman—my fiancée—in the convent behind the church—what should I—"

"Don't worry, man. There'll be troops at the convent."

"All right," John Willis said. He rubbed the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. The crowd in the hot, smoky taproom of the Tavern of the Three Candlemakers broke, and the soldier from the fort passed through them. He was shouting names—Casimir, Mathon, Buffon, others. John Willis felt a hand on his shoulder; he turned his head. Marivaux, the burly coffee merchant, a tall, swarthy fellow with a shock of dirty white hair, said in his ear, "Come on. Stay with me, Englishman. Now is the time—we're getting guns."

His face was sharp and, at first, uneasily tense. They ran through the dark streets, past doorways where small lights showed, and people called to them; they passed other men, already armed, hurrying in other directions. He stayed close behind Marivaux, the coffee merchant; for though he knew the town he was not, in the dark, certain of all the short cuts, the side alleys.

They were silent as they ran; nobody spoke, and before they reached the fort they were all of them breathing in short, heavy gasps, like fish tossed out of the sea.

A lieutenant of the French garrison gave guns to them as they crowded into a chamber at the top of the fort's ramp. Then, "Who is this man?" he asked, pointing to John Willis.

Marivaux explained curtly. "Englishman," he said. "Willis. He's the Englishman who's rented some of Edouard Belladere's land in the hills."

"He wants to fight?"

"Lieutenant," John Willis said. "I've settled here. This is my home—"

"Give him a gun," the coffee merchant said.

THEY went out of the fort and across the town to the road that dropped from the hills. Marivaux said, "If the Spaniards land on the north shore they'll come down this road. There's no other way. To cut through the forest, through the undergrowth, would be too slow, too difficult—"

"I know these hills," John Willis said.

"They'll be counting strongly on surprise."

"We'll give them surprise," one of the men shouted.

They were beyond the limits of the town, past the last of the outlying houses of Cayona, and the road to the hills sloped sharply upward, a narrow gash, almost a tunnel, through the lofty barrier of black and silent forest.

"We will stop here," said Marivaux. Unconsciously he lowered his voice. The men gathered around him in a tight circle, waiting. "Get behind trees on the side of the road—string out a little—each of you take a position and hold it. I'll be in the lead. If the Spaniards come we'll hear them soon enough. And when I yell out to shoot, start shooting. And while you're shooting, yell."

He paused, as if listening.

"Noise disconcerts *them* more than bullets." He grinned in the darkness.

Abruptly the deep-throated roar of cannon, a biting, trenchant sound, quivering on the air, lifted out of the town behind them.

"They're firing from the fort," Marivaux said.

"What can they hit in the darkness?" John Willis asked.

"Probably nothing. No lights on the Spanish ships, of course. But it's a declaration that we're not asleep."

Another blast came, hollower, more distant. "The ships have opened up—" Marivaux said.

John Willis fought back an instant's panic. He caught Marivaux's arm. "The convent—" he said. "If the Spaniards hit *the convent*—"

"Take it easy, man," Marivaux said. "They are already in the cellars in the convent. They won't be sitting in the windows."

THEY stood for a minute, a huddled knot of men, listening to the guns across the town. Then Marivaux said, low, "All right. Take your positions."

It might so easily have been different.

If, as Marivaux said later, speaking to John Willis as the Englishman was carried into town—if the Spaniards had come down the road in a tight and unbroken column of men, if they'd pushed relentlessly ahead, they'd have got through. Beyond doubt. "Like a bayonet through a cheese," Marivaux said, grinning.

They'd had enough men, perhaps two hundred. But they had come slowly, with caution, and the advance guard was, in a manner of speaking, a disorganized trickle, flowing down the hill. When they encountered the gunfire of the men of Tortuga, they paused. They had no way of knowing what force of arms was concealed in the trees ahead of them along the steep road, in the black and forest-scented tunnel. "That's what lost it for them," Marivaux said reflectively. "Indecision. Blame their numskull officers."

"And they don't even have any white meat on them"

PERRY BARLOW

He spat, as if to get the taste of powder smoke from his mouth. He laid a hamlike hand on John Willis' shoulder.

"How's your leg now?" he asked.

"Not bad. Ball went through the calf. Clean through. I think the bleeding's stopped."

Marivaux spoke to the two men carrying John Willis. "Easy with him," he directed sharply. And to John Willis, "You put up a good fight, Englishman." He laughed, and the sound was rather like an empty cart rumbling over stones. "Damn me! The way you whooped and bellowed you sounded like half a regiment of wildcats—"

Did I? John Willis asked himself. Strange. His memory of it was blurred and formless; the Spaniards came and he fired and loaded, fired and loaded, his fingers maddeningly clumsy, his *hands moving feverishly, the consciousness* of a tight pain in his head, the acrid smoke burning in his eyes and nostrils. It seemed to him that he had been sustained by some tireless, driving demon of force that he had not known existed within him; and he remembered thinking that his voice was cracked and shrill, issuing from him as though he were pulling out the sound by main strength.

And then he was struck in the leg. Perhaps the shock of his wound had been more than he had thought; in any case, his consciousness had played him tricks. He did not remember the end of the firing— He was being carried, not too ungently, and the voice of Marivaux moved beside him like a disembodied sound.

Then they were in the town.

"Take me to the convent," John Willis said.

"Who is this *fiancée* of yours?" the coffee merchant asked.

"Suzanne Chauvet—"

"Ah, yes," said Marivaux. His voice was weary now; the tension had gone out of him. "I know her. I knew her father. She's a capable girl—and pretty as blue cloth. She had a damned fine farm—"

John Willis said, sharply, "Had a farm?"

"Had," Marivaux repeated. "The news came out of the hills not twenty minutes ago. It's what we all expected. The Spaniards destroyed what they could, retreating. The Chauvet place as well as most of the others. Burned the house, killed the livestock, dragged the slaves off with them."

HE MADE a violent sound in his throat, and, for a moment, swore softly under his breath. John Willis said nothing. He felt the weight of Marivaux's hand on his shoulder.

"I think," Marivaux said, "you might tell her about this yourself, eh? If she hasn't already heard. It might be a little easier, coming from you."

"I'll tell her," John Willis said.

She saw them coming across the rough-cobbled yard of the convent in the half-light before the dawn; a cry escaped her. She ran to meet them.

But John Willis was not dead. His face was strained and tired, bloodless; his leather breeches torn almost to shreds, his face incredibly dirty. But he was not dead. His eyes looked at her evenly, calmly.

"You're hurt!" she cried.

"Not much," he said. "Nothing that matters—"

He thought: She doesn't know, and it will be a shock to her. He said, "I must tell you. Your farm—"

"I know," she said. She looked at Marivaux and at the two men of the town who held John Willis. "Yes, John Willis," she said. "The word was brought to the convent. They burned the house and took the slaves—it was a lovely house."

"Yes."

"They marched their men through the tobacco, cutting across the fields. I'm afraid the crop—"

He watched her silently, seeing the pain in her face, waiting for her to finish. Her mind tumbled ahead of her words. She thought: I must not hold him now; I've pride enough for that. The house is gone and the slaves and the stock—I've nothing to offer him now. Nothing's the same now.

SHE saw his lips moving wearily. "The house was, as you say, lovely," she heard him saying. "But perhaps too large. Don't you think? Too large for you and me. We'll build a smaller house, a compact place with a good kitchen and deep ovens—"

He raised his hand. She took it. She said, speaking so low he barely caught her words, "It doesn't matter to you? The loss of the house, the slaves—our marriage plan—"

He stared at her intently, queerly, and his face was oddly pinched. "Tell me," he said. "What have you been thinking about me?"

"I don't know," she whispered. "I'm not sure." And her hands were covering her eyes and she was crying.

John Willis nodded slowly. "That was a foolish thing to think," he said softly. "That I'd marry you in order to live in your rambling, too-big house and drive your slaves to work. I might as well tell you—I didn't like that house. Not for us. Not for you and me—"

He turned his head. "Marivaux," he said crisply, "before these men put me under shelter, before you run off to find a doctor for me, there's a question I'd like to ask you. I'm going to be mar*ried this morning at eleven o'clock*, if I have to be carried to the church—and I think I will have to be. But the question: Can you see your way clear to stand up as my best man?"

"Why not?" said Marivaux.

"Good. Thank you."

Marivaux was grinning, a crooked crease across his dirty face. "Englishman," he said, "aren't you forgetting something?"

"Forgetting? What?"

"I haven't heard you tell the girl you love her—"

"I don't have to tell her. She knows it."

"Women like to hear it put in words, Englishman."

"Ah," said John Willis. "I suppose they do." He clung to the girl's hand. His eyes moved back to her face. "Suzanne," he said. "I shall tell it very simply: I love you."

She pressed his hand; she did not try to answer.

He smiled, then; he glanced at Marivaux. "Well, I've said it." And he coughed modestly, as if to celebrate the achievement. "Now, about the doctor—"

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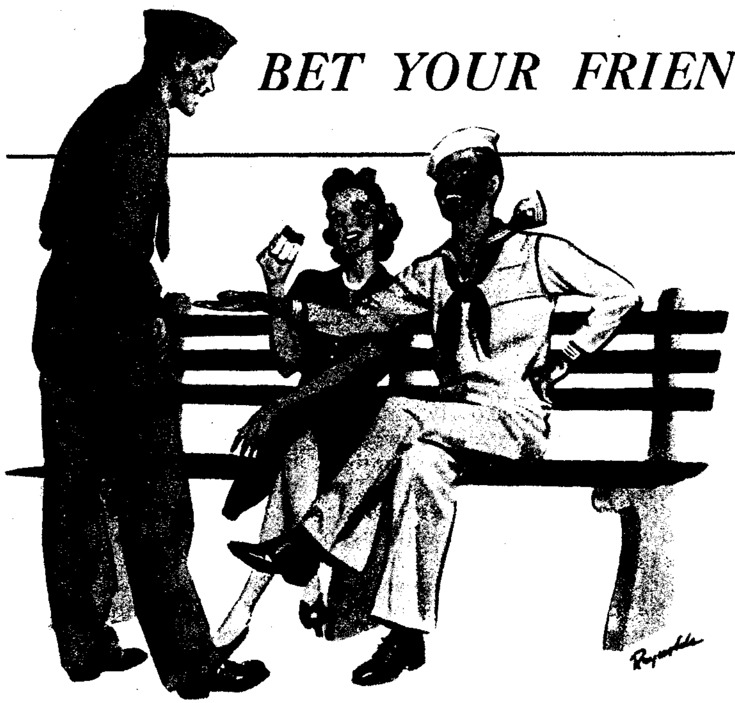

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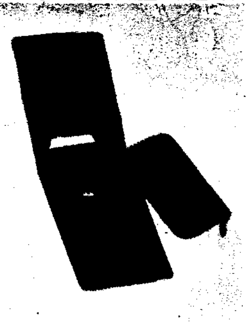

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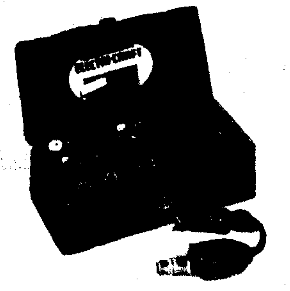

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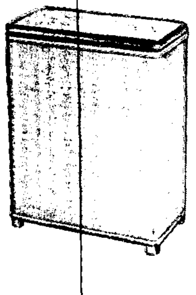

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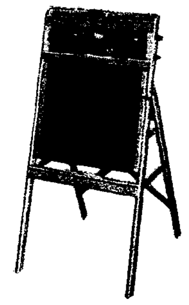

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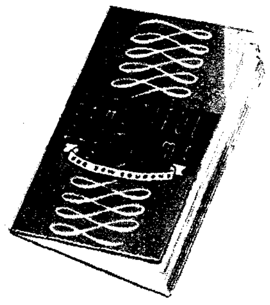

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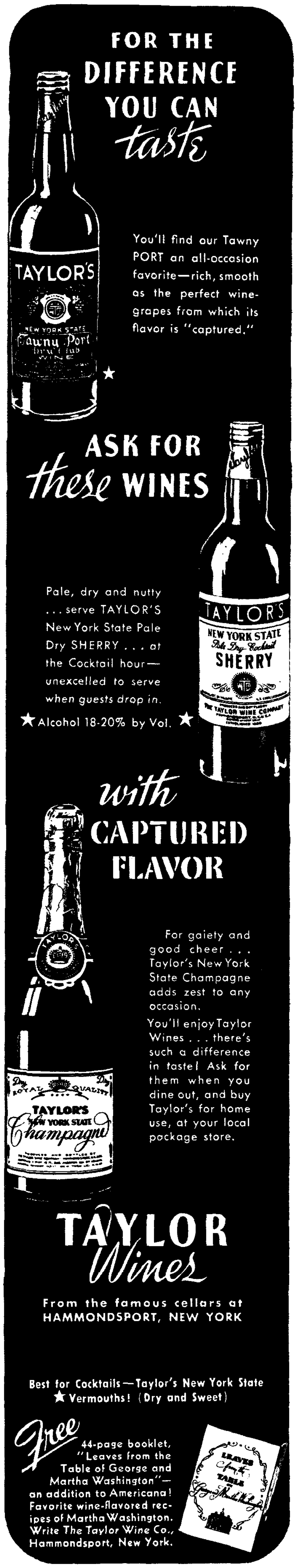
Books and Saddles

Continued from page 13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In 1915, when he was fourteen and a half years old, Erny drifted north again and joined the Third Infantry, Oregon National Guard, having such an honest face that the bemused recruiting officers believed him when Erny told them he was eighteen. Or so Erny says. He went to the Mexican border with the outfit in '16, returned, went to high school until April, '17, when war broke out and his regiment was called into service. He went to France with the 162d Infantry in the Sunset Division, got to be a sergeant and came back home in February, 1919.

He wrote a few stories, got some encouragement and next summer went to Alaska as a deck hand on a purse seiner out of Ketchikan. This gave him material for his first stories, in which all the men were large hairy fellows with honest blue eyes, and all the waves were forty feet high. Raging seas, in pulp-magazine circles, still are known as "Haycox waves."

Author Meets Heroine

Coming back to Portland, Haycox heard that the government was offering an education to war veterans, and promptly enrolled at the University of Oregon in journalism and short-story-writing classes. Graduating in 1923, he got a job reporting on the Oregonian and soon was holding down the night police beat. Coming in from the police station early in the morning, he used to climb eight floors to the editorial room and pound out fiction until the dawn. After a while he was making as much from fiction as from reporting.

This looked like a turning point. Haycox decided New York was where you made money, and took a train east in midwinter.

On the train across the aisle was a pretty, red-haired, brown-eyed girl from Baker, Oregon, going east to attend art school. She turned out to be Miss Jill Marie Chord—and the Only Girl for Erny. The courtship started on the train continued in Greenwich Village and ended in the Little Church Around the Corner. It also supplied a plot for a short story—Window Shopping—which was one of Erny's best. . . . Any faithful Haycox reader, incidentally, knows Jill "like a book." She is the prototype of almost all Erny's heroines.

As most good fictionists must, Haycox served a short $2,000-a-week term in Hollywood, pining for his timbered Pacific Northwest, and was finally released with the customary suit of clothes and $5 in cash.

"No matter what you make in Hollywood," he says, "it always costs you $5 a week more to live."

Haycox likes things big. He smokes the biggest cigars he can find, wears a tentlike overcoat in winter, drives a huge car. His dog, a 200-pound St. Bernard, is built along the lines of a lioness. This dog is rather a trial, because every guest asks Erny where the brandy cask is, and the whole thing is a bit repetitious. His friends used to say that the Haycox bedroom contained a badminton court and sleeping nook, but this is exaggerated. The net has never been put up.

The three million words Erny has sold are all stored away in manuscript and print behind the pine paneling of a two-story study and library in Firmont, his home atop the Green Hills, overlooking the Tualatin Valley, west of Portland. Firmont itself is a two-story Georgian Colonial house, one hundred fifty-two feet long—and the library-study includes the largest concealed stairway west of the Rockies. By it, Haycox climbs to the library on the upper level, where his hundreds of source books, volumes of Western history, lore, legend and fact are shelved. When a reader, as sometimes happens, questions some detail of Erny's descriptions, Haycox can always give chapter and verse to prove himself right. In one serial he referred to a cavalry company; many readers wrote in that it should have been a troop. Erny was right, however, and proved it by War Department records.

As most writers do, Haycox writes a bit of himself, unconsciously, into his heroes. They are nearly all lone wolves, with a touch of the rebel, and often they stop and wonder a little about life. This is the sort of hero you'd expect from a guy who was on his own at twelve, who scorned help and fought his way up, through disappointment and near starvation, to the top. Erny's heroes are always human beings—but you never find them sitting around waiting for a government handout. They always battle it through alone.

The paneled walls of the Haycox study are covered with maps of the Old West, with Western Army scenes of the 70's and 80's. There is an unworkmanlike desk, a typewriter with a shiny cover, a big fireplace. But Erny seldom writes amid all this luxury.

Most of his writing still is done in a modest downtown office he has shared with a lawyer friend for years. He writes all his own stuff on a battered typewriter.

"You can tell a dictated story a mile," he says. "It's too easy to dictate—the story always has too many words in it."

Haycox does it the hard way, smiling wanly at the geniuses who just sit down and dash off literary masterpieces in a couple of hours. His first draft he goes over carefully, pruning, altering, adding, rephrasing. A typist copies this and Erny goes to work on the copy. After a while, this version, interlined, scratched out, revised, gets another typing. It may even have a third. Then it goes out to New York—and may come back for still another revision. Erny has written as many as one hundred fifty manuscript pages before turning in an eighteen-page short story.

Rewriting, more than just writing, is so in Erny's blood that he even rewrites business notes. He'll write to the grocer, "Enclosed please find check"; tear it up; write, "Please find enclosed check"; dislike that phrasing and end up with, "Please find check enclosed." He has a hard time, he says, to keep from rewriting the checks themselves.

Haycox still wants to be a farmer. On his seven acres he does most of his own kitchen gardening and is bringing along a holly plantation in the hope of making the estate pay its way. When he needed water for irrigation he enlisted the services of Frank J. Taylor, another writer, who witches wells as a side line. Mr. Taylor showed up with a willow fork and marched about the Haycox place in a trancelike state for hours, finally uttering a deep, esoteric sigh as the fork turned down.

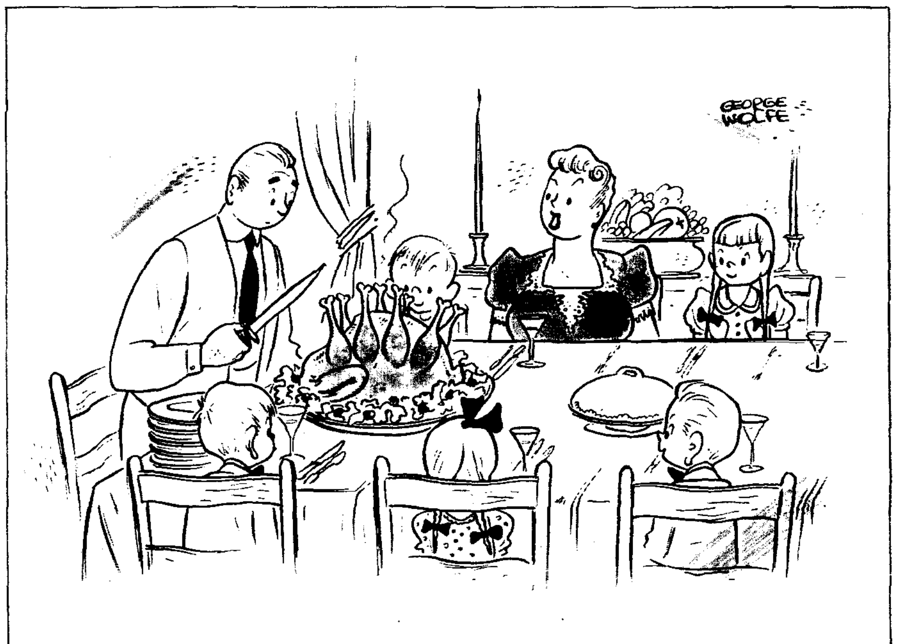
Mr. Taylor is Vindicated

Erny drilled where Mr. Taylor indicated, but no water showed up, although farmers round about were getting it at thirty feet. Mr. Haycox, however, had great faith in human nature and Mr. Taylor's eerie powers and commanded the drillers to labor downward, even to five hundred feet. He felt he could not let Mr. Taylor down. The drillers finally hit water at four hundred ninety-six feet, vindicating Mr. Taylor and giving Mr. Haycox the deepest well in Multnomah County to add to his collection of big things.

Besides writing and farming, Erny owns a power yacht and goes cruising on the Willamette and Columbia with Jill and the two children—Jim and Mary Ann. When this palls, he builds sheds, chicken houses and barns on the estate, or whittles at ship models. Since editors often retitle his stories, Erny takes his revenge by retitling his ships. A scale model of the old Loch Ness, on his library mantelpiece, has been retitled Star of the West.

Not content with all these energy absorbers, Haycox has put in a woodworking shop and proposes to build furniture. There is also going to be a model railroad, with real steam engines, running about the place—the biggest, needless to say, in northwestern Oregon. When manual labor peters out, he studies Army life in the Old West, and includes geography and mathematics as side lines.

A versatile guy.



"I told the butcher I had to have a drumstick for everyone!"

GEORGE WOLFE

Second Wind

Continued from page 15

league. He often wondered whether he had lasted longer than the others because he was bigger or dumber.

The train lurched and screeched around a curve, bringing Hobie into the ball game he was playing within himself. Hobie always leaped into his consciousness on a high, piercing note routing all other thoughts from his mind. That's how it had been from the start, six weeks ago, when Hobie wrote her first letter.

Thorgens got his share of fan mail and poison-pen letters. But Hobie's first letter was different. It came the day after the Packers murdered him and it read:

"Dear Mr. Thorgens:

"Build a better mousetrap and you will bait it, you big piece of cheese.

"Hobie Baker"

THAT was all, but it intrigued him. The handwriting and the blue stationery identified the writer as a dame, which made it all the more interesting. It's tough to spot the mousetrap from the stands. Thorgens himself didn't realize the Packers were mousetrapping him to death, letting him break through the line without opposition, then whacking him from the rear while the ball carrier barged through the large hole he had vacated, until late in the second quarter and by that time the Packers had the game in the bag. Thorgens guessed a football-playing brother or boy friend smartened her up. He hoped it was a brother.

The following Sunday he did all right against the Cardinals. The customers never wrote after you won a game, except to ask for favors, but a blue envelope was waiting for him the next day. Again the letter was short, but sweeter:

"Dear Mr. Thorgens:

"Did you know Baskin of the Eagles telegraphs his punts by stepping off four paces after he breaks from the huddle?

"Hobie Baker"

The dame had something on the ball. Baskin, a good rookie, kept everybody in the league off balance with his running, passing and kicking from a short punt formation. The next week Thorgens watched Baskin closely the first time the Eagles had fourth down coming up deep in their own territory. Sure enough, the kid wheeled from the huddle, marched back four steps and gave the ball a nice ride down the field with his foot.

The Giants had to kick back, losing on the exchange. The Eagles huddled and Baskin gave it the one-two-three-four business. It didn't look like a punt; the line was spaced in a fancy spread formation. Thorgens glanced at his own backs and saw they were playing it tight defensively. A quick kick would make them look extremely silly.

Thorgens knew he was a chump to go on a dame's word and leave himself wide open for a sucker play, but he decided to give it a try. The ball was snapped from center and Thorgens burst through the loose line. He saw Baskin draw back his foot. Instinctively, he closed his eyes and threw up his hands and then a horse kicked him in the belly.

It wasn't a horse. It was the ball he had blocked. The impetus of his charge knocked down Baskin and the ball was bouncing crazily toward the goal line. Thorgens clutched it fondly to his chest and lumbered twenty yards to pay dirt.

He felt very fine about the touchdown, the first he had scored in five years of pro ball. When he returned to the hotel he examined the blue envelope for the return address he already knew wasn't there. The only clue was a Station H postmark, and then he astonished himself by getting a brain storm. He looked in the phone book and discovered Station H was on West 104th Street, practically around the corner from the hotel. Breathing heavily with the thrill of the chase and the unaccustomed mental activity, he flipped the pages of the phone book and was floored momentarily when he saw there were a thousand Bakers listed, but no Hobie Baker. There was, however, an H. Baker on West 114th Street, near Columbia. That could be, he supposed, in the Station H district.

He vaguely wondered what he could do with the information now that he had it. He still was wondering the next afternoon at five o'clock when he stood in front of the address in the phone book.

He rocked gently on his heels and said "Hi" to a couple of Columbia kids who recognized him from his picture. That gave him another bright idea. A dame who could tab the mousetrap and Baskin's tip-off from the stands should have no trouble spotting his bulk a block away. He decided to let the dame introduce herself and while he waited he tried to imagine what she looked like.

She might be built like the side of a barn and she might be a toothy, giggling dame. Too many who hung around the clubhouse after games were no bargains. She might even be a high-school kid doing her homework in one of those square patches of light high above him. Or cooking dinner for an ever-loving husband. Thorgens puzzled over that for a while and decided he could take a powder on the dame by dreaming up a dinner date with Lou Little at Columbia if she turned out to be a wet smack or out of his league.

Thorgens idly watched the citizens hurrying home from an honest day of toil and then he saw her coming down the street. Only he didn't know it was she. He only knew the girl he saw was meant to be accompanied by the soft, dreamy music they played in burlesque theaters at frequent and promising intervals, an irreverent thought Thorgens immediately dismissed. She was tall and she carried herself with the controlled, conscious grace a good halfback puts on for the customers after he has run for a touchdown. She was beautiful and she was wonderful.

THEN he realized the girl was approaching him deliberately and he froze up, like the time in his first pro game he had a clear shot for a touchdown with an intercepted pass and he couldn't make his hands and feet work.

"Hello, Minnesota," Hobie said. "Waiting for me?" She wasn't surprised. Her eyes were so large and wide and blue they couldn't possibly open wider without falling out of her face.

"Is this a coincidence or a plot?" she asked, and her throat throbbed with suppressed laughter.

The cat crawled out of Thorgens' mouth: "I—I just wanted to say thanks for that touchdown you tipped me to yesterday."

"That's nice of you, Minnesota." She smiled and her teeth reminded Thorgens of young corn kernels. "I haven't talked football in ages. Come up to my place and tell me all about it."

So they went up to Hobie's place, a two-room apartment very cozy in the dim lamplight. Thorgens sat down in a chair before he discovered a pair of

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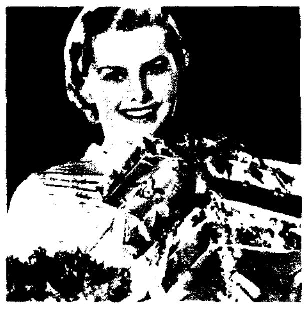

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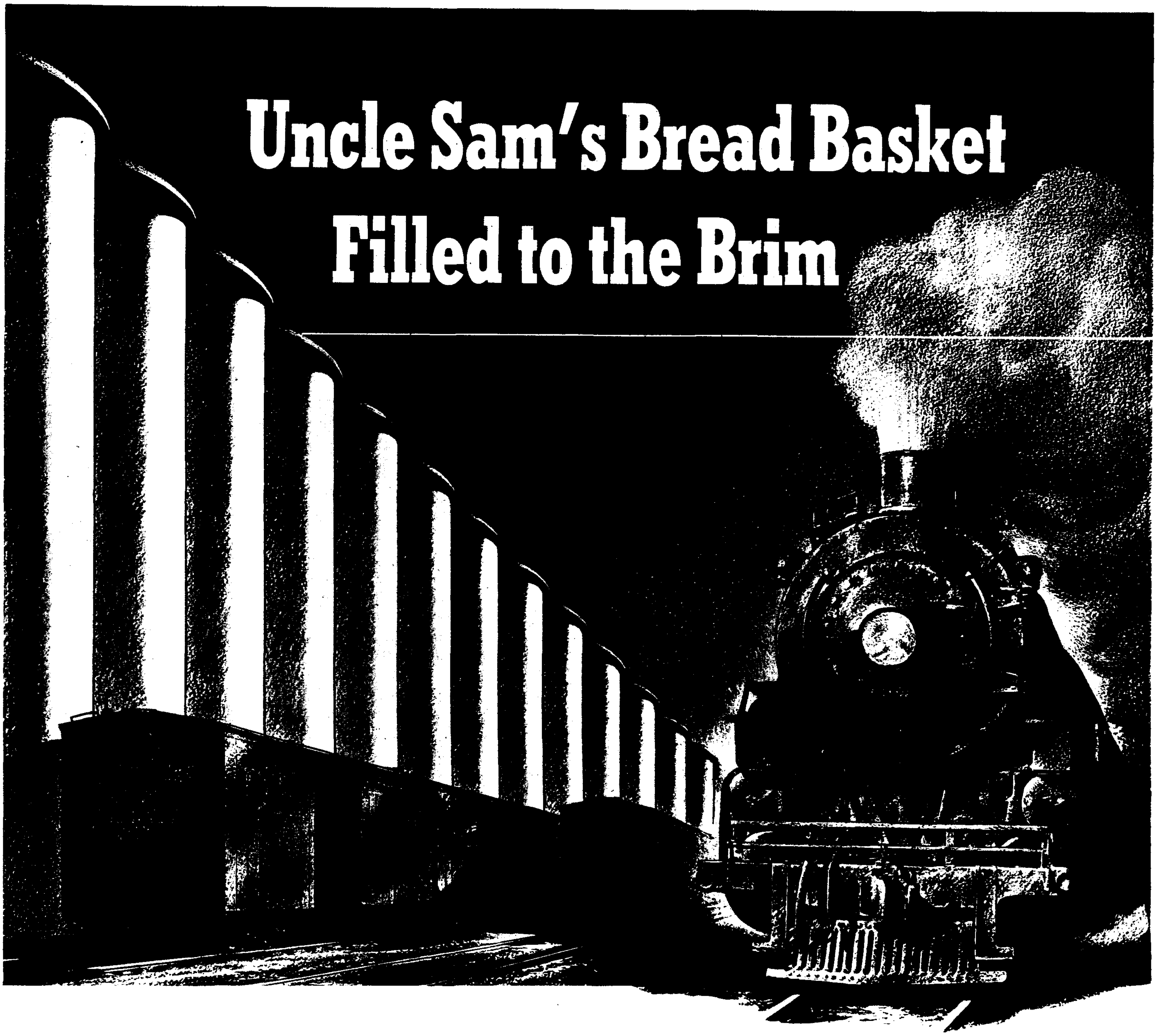

Uncle Sam's Bread Basket Filled to the Brim

LAST summer the railroads were faced with what might easily have been called an impossible task. With a near-record wheat crop ripening in the field, the elevators were still jammed with the biggest carry-over in history. And, as everybody knew, the railroads had their hands full already with a mountainous pile of defense assignments.

But the railroads refused to call it impossible. They laid their plans to do the job.

Before the first wheat was cut, the railroads had started moving old wheat out of grain-belt elevators. Altogether more than 75,000,000 bushels were shifted to more distant points. And while the loaded cars were rolling out, a reserve army of 30,000 cars was being mobilized in the wheat belt, ready to handle the new harvest.

Result? The railroads were able to move every bushel for which storage space could be found! They could have moved more if there had been any place to take it, but with elevators filled to the brim, the wheat still remaining on the farms can be moved only as fast as consumption and export make space available.

This is just one example in many of how the American railroads work together to do a job – in cooperation with shippers, agricultural representatives and government agencies. And it's also a good example of how they get the job done!

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stockings and a strange gadget, which he identified from ads in the papers as a girdle, were draped over the back of it. He moved hastily to another chair and looked around guardedly for signs of male life. Hobie came in from the kitchenette with a can of beer and read his thoughts.

"No husband, no man, no nothing," she announced. "I'm just a bachelor girl."

They had the can of beer and another or several and it was very gay and New Yorky. Thorgens felt fine. He felt so good that he asked Hobie to have dinner with him. You don't make a practice of buying dinner for dames when you earn two-fifty a week, twelve weeks a year.

SO THEY went to dinner, they had fun and that's how it started. Hobie knew more football than any other girl he ever met. He presently was to discover Hobie knew so much more about football, his business, than he that she made him look like a dim-witted college freshman. He asked her how come.

"My father was a football nut from Princeton," she explained. "I guess you could say he was the whole orchard. After my mother and me, football was his main interest in life and sometimes it was touch and go whether we rated a look-in. I was watching football before I could talk and then I grew up talking football."

And did she write letters to all the boys on the Giants putting them wise to trade secrets?

"No, you're the only one I've written. I suppose I picked you because you were the last great player my father saw."

"When did he see me play?" Thorgens asked, puzzled and flattered.

"He took me west with him to see you in your junior year," she said. "He heard so much about you that we made a special trip."

"That was in 'thirty-five," he said. "We were unbeaten and untied. Which game did you see?"

"Northwestern. The score was 21-13."

"I was good that day," Thorgens said.

"You were good," Hobie agreed. "My father was thinking of putting you on his second all-time team when he died a month later. I guess my father spent most of his life dreaming up new plays for Princeton and picking all-time All-America teams, for all the good it ever did anyone. He thought you were tremendous. That's why I—I have a special interest in you."

When she told him that, Thorgens heard cathedral bells pealing while Walter Camp and Grantland Rice invested him with the royal robes of All-America office awarded by Hobie's old man.

Now they were leaving the subway at Times Square and they were having dinner together again, but they didn't have much fun any more. Thorgens sensed Hobie had something pretty important on her mind and was reluctant to spill it. Maybe she was griped by the whacking the Bears had given the Giants. That was the trouble with dames—they were tough losers.

They usually grabbed a seventy-five-cent blue plate at a little joint on a side street off Broadway and saw a movie afterward, but tonight Thorgens wanted to show Hobie a time and lift her out of the dumps. He felt pretty low himself. He took her to one of the big hotels where they had music, headwaiters and a clean tablecloth for each new customer. Hobie didn't seem to notice.

"You want to jig?" Thorgens asked, nodding toward the dance floor. Thorgens liked to dance. He was surprisingly good in spite of his size.

"No, thanks, I don't feel quite up to the Minnesota shift. Besides, if somebody bumped you you'd probably fall flat on the floor through sheer force of habit."

Thorgens smiled ruefully. Hobie was in the groove. They sat silently for a few minutes. Hobie leaned across the table and said, "Minnesota," in a husky, tentative voice.

That was a good sign. Whenever Hobie wanted to be nice to him, she called him Minnesota.

"Yeah, what is it, sugar?"

Hobie hesitated. She averted her gaze and imprinted circles on the tablecloth with the bottom of her glass and then, suddenly and swiftly, she said, "I want you to quit playing after this season."

That was it. That's how you must feel when you go for a routine physical examination and the doctor says you have six months to live. One minute you're great. The next minute you're dead. You feel no pain. You just go numb all over.

"Am I that bad?" Thorgens asked after a while. "Don't I earn my money any more?"

"Oh, you're worth what they're paying you," Hobie protested quickly. "You're still a fine tackle, Minnesota. You can take care of the college boys who think they're All-Americas, but I remember the time you could handle the entire side of the line yourself. Next year the college boys will be playing you even and the year after that they'll be pushing you around. It's like a two-way elevator. You're going down and the college boys are coming up. I hate to think of them passing you, and it's got to be like that."

"Are you afraid I'll get hurt, baby?" he asked.

"The scars won't show on you, you big, beautiful hulk," she said softly, "but they'll cut you up inside. They'll twist your spirit out of shape and they'll leave you punch-drunk emotionally. You're the strongest guy in the world, Minnesota, but you're gentle and sweet and you play cleanly. When they start to push you around, you'll try to get by on your strength and you'll get a physical, tough-guy complex. That's what I don't want to see."

"All right, I quit," Thorgens said. "Then what? I ain't got what to eat or where to sleep. I got to play football for a living. This is the only racket I know."

"You've got your college degree in physical ed. You can get a job teaching in high school and coaching the football team. You'd have security and you'd be doing the work you like."

"I'm not a smart guy," he grumbled. "I'd be a lousy coach."

"You'd be a good coach," she retorted. "The kids will love you. You know the fundamentals of football. That's all you need in high school."

THORGENS reached across the table and enfolded her hands in his paws. "There's something more on your mind than me getting punchy inside. What is it, sugar? You fed up with football? I thought you came from a long line of football nuts."

"That's the trouble," Hobie said, pressing hard against his hands. "I like football so much that I want everyone to remember you as I think of you—as the best tackle most of us ever saw. That's what makes me a nut. But there's another side, Minnesota. Every time I look at you I see an enlarged picture of my father, and I don't like what I see."

"The way you talked, I thought you were crazy about your old man," Thorgens said slowly.

Hobie studied the glass. "I was," she said. "My father was a very swell guy, but he never grew up. Football left him breathless all his life. You might say he never got his second wind emotionally."

Thorgens frowned hard. "I must be

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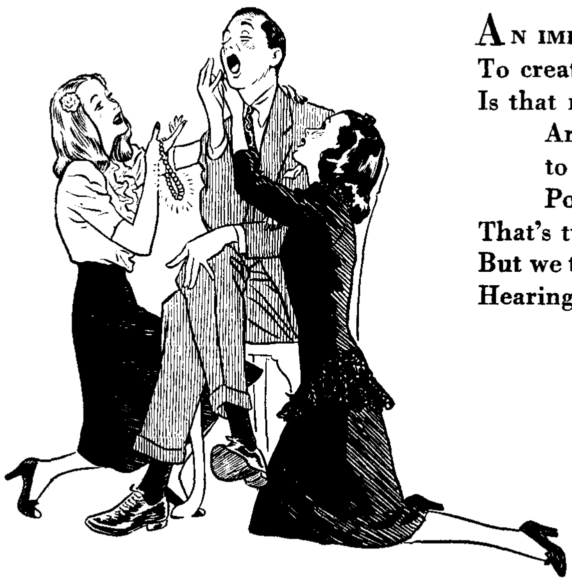

There was a Powers model dying
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the teensiest bit*.
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Was the McCoy.

One night, while dancing at that
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And who, incidentally, was a honey.
He looked mighty good to her in
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gave him, and as you were
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We are pleased to say
The Powers girl caught the bride's
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May we remind you that Dale costs
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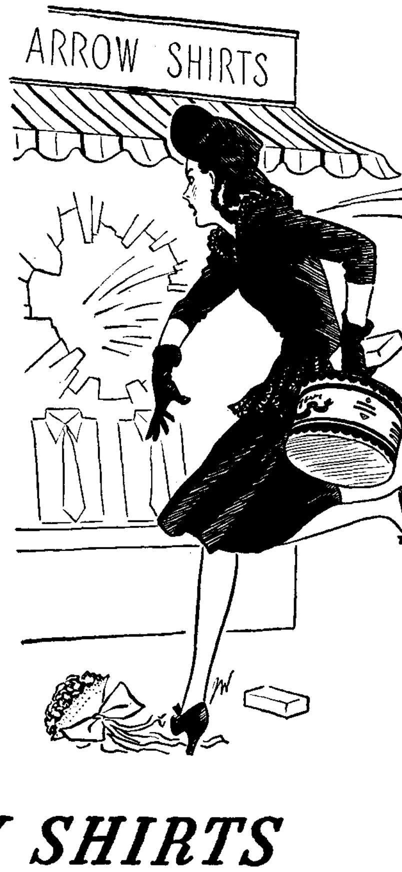

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dumber than I think," he said. "I don't get it."

"My father lived in a dream world marked like a gridiron," Hobie went on. "Everything might have been different had he weighed twenty pounds more. He might have made the team at Princeton and football would have been a reality behind him instead of a romantic illusion to chase all his life."

"What did your old man play?" he asked.

"My father was quarterback on the fourth team for four years," she said dully. "He never played in a real game. His greatest thrill was sitting on the bench in uniform during the Yale game in his senior year. He went through college an animated tackling dummy for the varsity and he was very noble about it. He thought Fate, or something, brought him to Princeton in Hobey Baker's class. You've heard of Hobey Baker, haven't you?"

Thorgens nodded. Back home in Minnesota, though, the kids remembered Hobey Baker as a hockey, rather than a football, player.

HOBIE was like a tightly wound clock trying to recapture time. "Everything important in my life seems mixed up with Princeton, football and a coincidence of names. My own silly name, for instance. I was born two days after the Armistice, in 'eighteen. A few hours before Hobey Baker was killed in France making a test flight in a plane a friend was supposed to take up. My father survived the shock of death and birth quite well, considering I was a girl. He named me for his friend, of course. Hence, Hobie.

"Under other circumstances, my father might have been a useful citizen. He was intelligent. He made money on Wall Street almost in spite of himself. He could have made a lot more, but he thought it was unethical, even dishonest, to make twice as much as the football coach. He was wiped out in October, 'twenty-nine, during the market crash, but he didn't seem to notice it. He had other things on his mind. Princeton was going through its worst season in history.

"Football was my father's life and—and my mother's death. She had the grippe the day Bill Roper put his last Princeton team on the field against Yale. My mother knew my father wouldn't go without her and it would kill him to miss the game. She went and contracted pneumonia. It was a wonderful game, but it wasn't worth my mother's life.

"My father got drunk twice in his life. The first time was the night after the Armistice, but he wasn't celebrating with the rest of the world. He was alone in the Princeton Club, drinking toasts to Hobey Baker. Seventeen years later he got drunk again, the night Princeton finished the 'thirty-five season unbeaten and untied. He ran into a telephone pole driving back to New York. I have one consolation, anyway," she added bitterly. "I know he died happy."

Thorgens wanted to shout above the blare of the orchestra and silence its brassy, mocking requiem. He wanted to crawl into the woodwork for being part of the game that had brought Hobie so much pain. He sat there in an agony of embarrassment, watching Hobie fight to pull herself together, wondering what to say. If there was anything that could be said.

She saw the reflection of her suffering on his face and said it for him: "It wasn't football's fault. It wasn't even my father's fault that he remained a sophomore. But I don't want it to happen to you, Minnesota. I want you to grow up and expand and look ahead, even if it's only teaching kids how to play football. At least, that's a man's job."

"It's a wonder you want to have anything to do with football after all it's done to you," Thorgens said.

Hobie's lashes opened wide, the shutters of her eyes, giving him a giddy vista of the future. "Maybe I figure football owes me something," she said.

"Say the word and I'll quit tomorrow," Thorgens growled.

"No, I want you to tell me you know you're ready to quit," Hobie said. "I don't want you to think back on what might have been, as my father did. I know how you feel about football. It's exciting; it gives you a lift. When it stops doing that to you, tell me. You'll be the first to know."

"You mean that?" he demanded. "Suppose it takes two, three years? I've got a lot of football in me yet."

"I'll wait," she promised, "but you've got to be on the level with yourself. Don't try to please me. Convince yourself."

He was incredulous. "Gee, you trust me that far?"

"I'll go farther. I'll help you keep me dangling on the hook. Remember how I tipped you to that touchdown against the Eagles?" Now she was the brisk, efficient young woman who earned thirty bucks a week downtown. "I'll be your personal scout. I'll watch the teams you're going to play and maybe I'll see little things your own scouts haven't the time to notice. I know the game and my father had the most expensive pair of binoculars ever made. I might as well use my inheritance," she finished wryly.

Thorgens slumped back in his chair and gawked. "You're crazy," he said.

"That's right," Hobie nodded. "I come from a long line of football nuts. Let's see, now. You play Cleveland here next Sunday. I didn't see the first game you had with them out there in October, but I gathered from the newspaper accounts that Koshlinski, their end, played rings around you."

"He sure did, but good," Thorgens agreed fervently.

"All right. Cleveland plays in Brooklyn Tuesday night. We'll see what makes Mr. Koshlinski so tough."

THORGENS went to the game with the Giants and sat behind the goal posts, where they could see the plays originate and develop. Hobie sat at midfield in the upper tier equipped with pad, pencil, binoculars and a preoccupied expression. Thorgens watched the game and saw Koshlinski commit interesting atrocities on his counterpart in the Brooklyn line. When Hobie met him after the game, she wasn't quite sure of the score, but she was most certain Thorgens could put Koshlinski in a bag and toss him over his shoulder.

"The oaf gives away the plays by the position of his feet," she reported. "When he's going to put a block on the tackle, you, he crouches with his right foot back to get the angle on you. When the play calls for him to go out to his right for a pass, he pushes off the left foot. If he's going straight ahead to cover a kick or block the halfback, he has his feet together. Don't you masterminds in the league watch those things?"

Thorgens spent a thoroughly enjoyable and energetic Sunday frustrating Mr. Koshlinski. Hobie had the guy cold. When the chump's telltale feet tipped a pass, Thorgens bawled the warning before the ball was snapped from center and the Giant secondary batted down the ball and frequently Mr. Koshlinski. When he was going straight down the field, Thorgens played wide and whacked him from the side, upsetting the Clevelands and Mr. Koshlinski no end. When his large and unmistakable right foot indicated a soulful smack for

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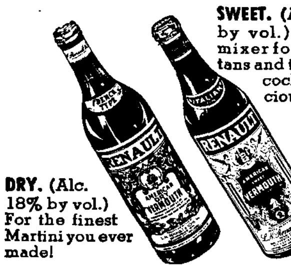

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Thorgens was cooking, Thorgens went down on his hands and knees and dug in resolutely and jammed up the hole the Clevelands were trying to clear. He got many soulful smacks, to be sure, but the Clevelands got no ground whatever at tackle.

The customers clapped hands for Thorgens, and the Giants won the ball game in a breeze, but Hobie wasn't there to see it. She was in Philadelphia scouting Detroit, their next opponent. She brought back gladsome news which enabled Thorgens to set up light housekeeping in the Detroit backfield all day and the Giants shut them out.

Thorgens invested twenty dollars in a trip to Pittsburgh for Hobie and drew elegant dividends when she returned with the blueprints of the Packers' mousetrap. The Packers baited the trap for him but he didn't nibble, much to their surprise and subsequent chagrin. Once again Thorgens' face, sinister and ferocious under a helmet and the prompting of persistent photographers, frightened regular readers of the sports pages. There was much loud and loose talk of Thorgens as all-league tackle and it became louder when he comported himself with such vigor and vehemence against Brooklyn that the Giants were quite astounded to find themselves tied with Washington for the Eastern division title.

THORGENS was at Penn Station at midnight to meet the Washington train bringing Hobie and the dope on the Redskins to him. Hobie beamed radiantly upon him but Thorgens greeted her diffidently. He didn't even try to kiss her in the station, a very good place for that sort of thing, as she was keenly aware.

"Hi, Champ," she halloed. "I heard the score before we left Washington. Tell me, did I have their flat pass and end-around?"

"On the nose," he said shortly.

"Wait until you hear what I dug up today!" she trilled. "Mata Baker, the international spy, they'll call me. You're practically playing the Bears for the championship."

"Not now, sugar," he said. "Let's get some coffee."

He was strangely aloof and detached walking down the street. Hobie guessed the strain of the season and the importance of the game coming up with the Redskins had him down a little. He'd feel better after he heard her news.

They went in for coffee and Hobie lit a cigarette with what she hoped was maddening deliberation. Thorgens would fall off the chair when she told him what she knew. She held the match to the cigarette and her eyes gleamed with diamond flecks.

"Hold your hat, Minnesota," she said. "This is money in the bank."

"Look, sugar—" he cut in.

"Don't interrupt. Watch Mallory when the Redskins have the ball. When they're going to pass, Mallory—"

Thorgens reached across the table and pushed a napkin into her mouth. He held it there until she stopped struggling.

"Listen to me, baby," he said gently. "I'm going to be strictly on my own next Sunday. Don't tell me what Mallory does. Let me find out. You said I'd be the first to know when I'm through. Let me find out about that, too. I'm a smart Swede now, but that's not me. It's you, Hobie. I want to see how Thorgens, the big, dumb Swede, goes. I'm a big boy now. It's about time I acted my age."

Hobie pushed the napkin away from her face. She put her absurd little fist against the point of his chin.

"Go in there and fight, kid," she said softly.

Orson, the coach, gave them the same song and dance, only longer and with a different inflection, and then they were rumbling out of the Polo Grounds clubhouse to try contusions with the ton of meat and muscle advertised as the Washington football team. Thorgens dug up divots with his cleats; he felt good. He tried to spot Hobie among the solid wall of faces on the upper shelf but had to be satisfied with a vague wave in her general direction. The mob waved back and roared. He was their boy.

The officials called Hein and Mallory, the captains, to the center of the field and Thorgens went to the bench for his helmet. He grabbed Orson and took him off to one side.

"Do me a favor, pal," he said. "Don't take me out today unless I'm lousy. If I'm going good, let me stay in. I don't want a breather. This game may have to stay with me for a long time."

Orson looked at him quizzically. "Okay, it's your funeral. In a manner of speaking, that is."

Orson wasn't groping for words. It was no afternoon dedicated to light exercise. They kicked off to the 'Skins and somebody knocked Thorgens down. He got up off the floor for the 'Skins' first play from scrimmage and he was knocked down again. They slammed into him again and somebody used the back of his neck as a springboard to first down. The 'Skins punched out another and then they kicked and the Giants banged into the line and got nowhere rapidly.

The Giants were good and tough but the 'Skins were better and no less tough. Thorgens knew after five minutes the 'Skins had them on the hip but it didn't show on the scoreboard. He pushed his face into people's bellies and sometimes the people had the ball and sometimes they pushed his face through his rear collar button, but the Giants did all right until Pellini stepped out of the line and nudged the ball over the sticks from the 37 for a field goal and three points.

THE Giants knocked their brains out against the brick wall the 'Skins used for a line and then the other guys were having another go at them. Mallory, the halfback with a chest like the trunk of a tree and a voice like a buzz saw going through same, was too good for them.

Thorgens didn't like Mallory, a sneering, contemptuous punk and a good football player. Too good. He wondered what Hobie could have told him about the harp. He watched Mallory on the next play, which was a grievous mistake. The tackle and end double-teamed him and the ball carrier went through the hole for fifteen yards. Then Pellini dropped back again, put the boot to the ball and it was 6-0.

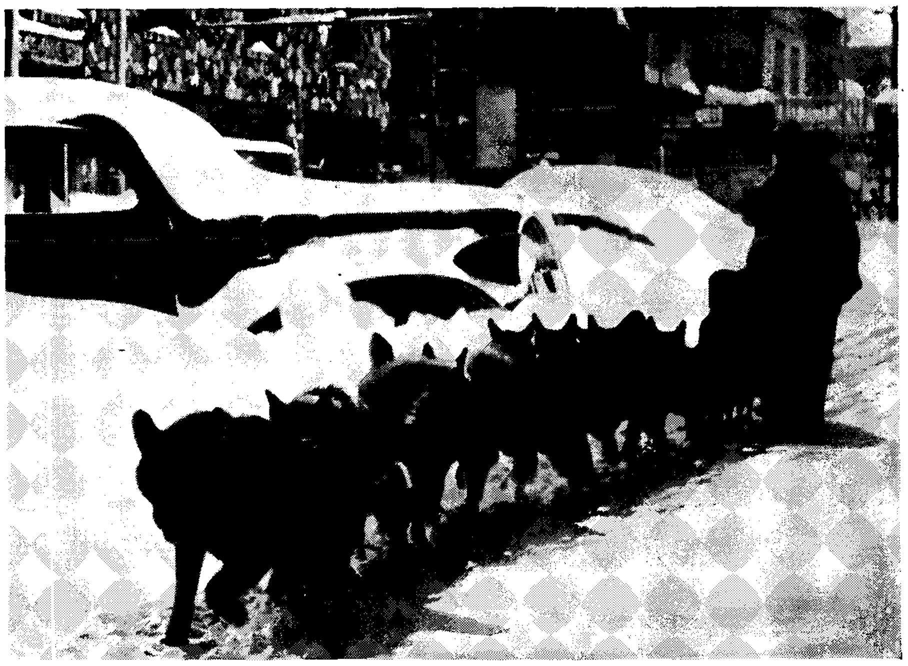
Thorgens was sore. He began to curse steadily and fluently. The Giants couldn't buy two first downs in a row. Mallory tried him with a power play and Thorgens pushed the interference back into Mallory's lap. Maybe that refreshed Hobie's memory of him handling the entire side of the line himself. Thorgens dived over the middle to help on a spinner. He went down into a whirlpool of thrashing, cleated feet and one dug into his knee. The customers groaned when Thorgens didn't get up, but he knew Hobie was taking it calmly. She said they couldn't hurt him. That's what she thought.

The trainer came out and poked inquisitive fingers into Thorgens' left knee. Thorgens clenched his teeth against the flame of pain curling up his leg and pulled away savagely.

"Work on the other leg, you fool," he rasped. "Make out the good one is hurt. I wanna stay in here."

So Thorgens had two bad legs when

This May Be the Coldest Winter in History



You may safely disregard that time-worn statement "we don't have the Winters we used to have." Weather Bureau records prove it just isn't so. The only sensible thing for a motorist to do is to prepare for the worst.

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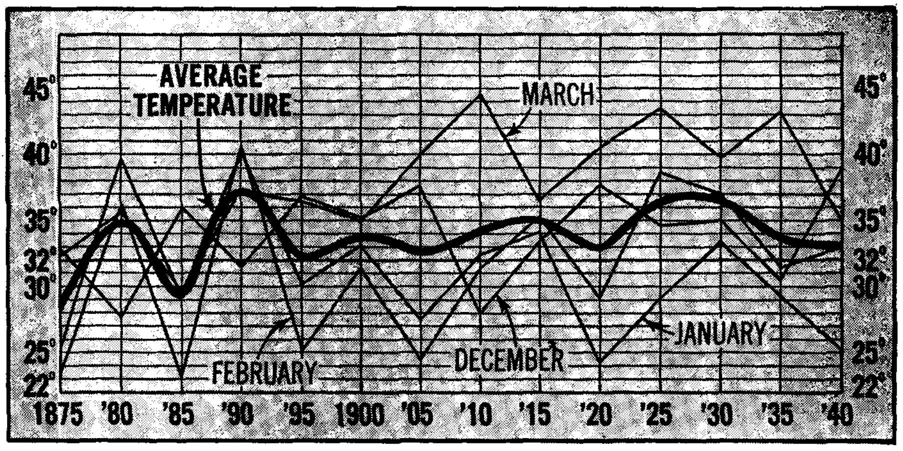

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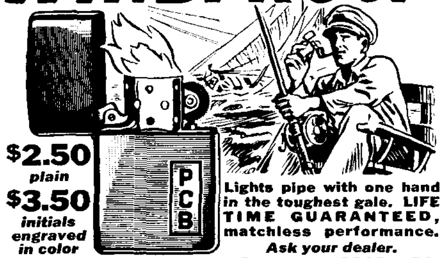

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they went off at the half with the 'Skins' big 6 overpowering their fat zero on the scoreboard. They still had a chance, Orson told them between the halves; one touchdown would put them in the ball game. Thorgens wished he knew how they were going to get it. But they did rack it up and it was so ridiculously easy that Thorgens had to laugh. You beat your head against a brick wall for thirty minutes and nothing happens and boom! a pass connects and ten seconds later you're walking on a springy rubber mat and the other bums are dragging their tails on the ground.

Then the 'Skins really went to work on them. They picked them up and threw them down. Mallory stabbed up and down the line seeking a vulnerable spot and found one at right end. He went over standing up and the rubber went out of Thorgens' legs. A hammer was pounding his ribs and a small safe dropped from a height and landed on his back.

Thorgens was pooped; the Giants were through. They tried to keep it a secret. They smacked into the 'Skins and were smacked back, but harder. Mallory came through tackle ahead of the ball and scrambled Thorgens' brains with a high, careless elbow. Thorgens spat blood and tried to free his right arm Mallory had pinned to the ground. Mallory rubbed his rough, grime-caked hand over Thorgens' face and casually walked away.

"I'll get you," Thorgens muttered thickly. "I'll kill you."

Mallory turned and sneered. He called Thorgens a gutless dog, among other things. Hatred choked Thorgens' throat. He went after Mallory on the next play and the 'Skins let him come. They mousetrapped him and Mallory slipped through the hole and went all the way for another touchdown, the clincher.

Thorgens ignored his man on the kick-off. He went for Mallory; he trailed him down the field and exploded into him from the rear, without warning. Thorgens waited for Mallory to say something. Mallory didn't move; he didn't get up. A stretcher came out for Mallory and Thorgens heard a monstrous booing in his inner ear.

He was a dirty louse. For the first time in his life he had maimed a man deliberately.

He was the strongest guy in the world and he had used his strength to beat down Mallory, a better football player. Now he understood what Hobie meant. Now nausea gnawed at Thorgens. This wasn't exciting, high adventure. It was grinding, demeaning labor.

He crawled on his hands and knees to his position and from a great distance he heard the field judge say there were eighteen seconds to go. One play left. Thorgens called for time, wiped the blood from his mouth and stood up in the line.

"If you guys want to get me, come on," he told the 'Skins. "This is your last chance."

THE 'Skins came and somebody picked up the ball park and hit him over the head with it. He was sliding down a dark, winding tunnel and then, suddenly, there was a blinding flash of light at the far end and Hobie was standing there. Her face was blurred and then it was clearly in focus and she was smiling at him from the foot of a white bed. The bed felt good. Thorgens snuggled down into the blankets and grinned sheepishly.

"Hello, you big, beautiful dope," Hobie said. "You didn't have to get yourself half killed to show the people you could take it. They discovered that long ago."

"Nuts to the people," he said amiably. "I wanted to find out something about us, you and me. Sugar—"

"Yes?"

"When you said football owed you something, did you mean a guy? Maybe a grown-up husband?"

Hobie tilted her head, swung on her heel and pursed her lips.

"You know, I've dreamed up the swellest off-tackle play for a high-school team," she said thoughtfully. "It can't miss."

"There's one tough part about this hospital gag," Thorgens said. "You'll have to come all the way over here if you want to be kissed."

It was quite the most satisfactory tackle Thorgens ever made.

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

time when American air observers go to England. One high-ranking American Air Force officer who flew in France in the last war as a lieutenant and who is still an active pilot recently went over as an observer and was invited to go on an observation mission over England on a quiet night to see how the radio and communications were operated. The R.A.F. pilot hadn't been born when the American air officer was flying stick and wire airplanes during the last war, but he was very proud of his distinguished passenger and wanted to give him the best. After working out the communications mission, the youngster announced through the interphones: "Now I'm going to take you over to Brest and let you see the fireworks."

The German antiaircraft over there is reported to be very good, especially at night. The American officer was in a quandary. He most certainly would like to compare it with the last war but here he was in uniform and what if they were shot down and he were taken prisoner? Fine thing for the international situation. Yet, the honor and reputation of the American Air Forces were at stake and what would R.A.F. pilots think of these American pilots if he declined to go for any reason. He had but one choice.

"Okay," he phoned back. They went out over the water and approached Brest. The fireworks came up and then suddenly the young officer up front discovered he was running low on fuel—had just enough to get back. He made it. Whew!

OUT in the Channel and in certain spots of the North Sea the British have established a number of large buoylike shelters where pilots may wait until aid comes from shore. Reports brought back here say they can hold half a dozen men at a time and that they are stocked with blankets, food and artificial stimulation.

Put out of commission in an air battle, an R.A.F. plane made a crash landing near one of these oases and its three occupants swam over and climbed aboard. Eagerly they anticipated the supply of rum to head off that cold sure to develop from the ducking. Everything else was there but no rum. Then they looked down in the bottom of the big cylinder and saw an R.A.F. fighter pilot, sound asleep and surrounded by a number of empty bottles. It developed he had been down there for two days and had had a wonderful time.

F. R. N.

Our New Army

Continued from page 19

time the legitimate addressee gets to the tent he finds most of the company's 200 men waiting with impatience.

MAJOR GEN. EDMUND L. DALEY, boss of the 5th Army Corps, has ordered the record of Hq. Btry., 2d Btn., 136th F.A., to be put on every bulletin board in the corps. It's a model unit, having completed a year of service without (a) the arrest of a single man, (b) an A.W.O.L. case, (c) a member's having spent any time whatever in the hoosegow and (d) a case of venereal disease. When the record went up, all other units around Shelby began calling it The Sissy Battery. They quit when the model battery's football team hiked up its padded pants and began to clean up the league.

ARKANSAS

35TH DIV.

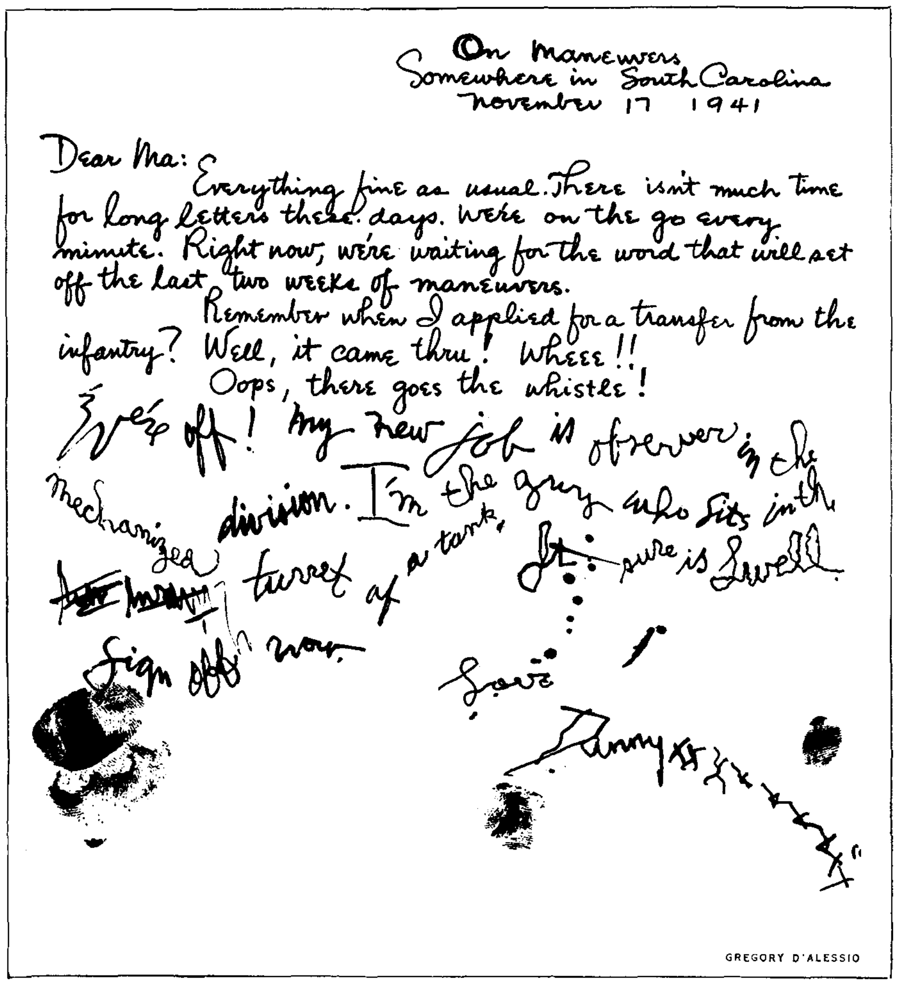
CAMP ROBINSON, Little Rock. The American Legion rallying cry, "Where's Elmer?" is one you don't hear around the 35th Division. Every member of his 137th (Kansas) regiment knows that Pvt. Elmer Davis will show up in the middle of everything every time, putting his right foot down when the other boys put down the left. Elmer has learned lots of things in the Army, but keeping step is not one of them, and eliminating him from parades and reviews is a problem that has officers tossing in their sleep. Coincidental with maneuvers came the news that Elmer was in the hospital. "We want him to get well," officers assured the medicos, "but are you positive Elmer will be in the hospital for the duration of the maneuvers?" The docs said yes. With light hearts the regiment leaped into the fray, but they had forgotten Elmer's remarkable ability to show up in any delicate situation that could easily be gummed up. For Elmer, having sneaked out of the hospital, was at this point only twenty miles from his regiment, grimly marching down the highway, pausing occasionally to flag a passing car with the wrong thumb. There were plenty of vehicles on the road that day and no one has been able to explain why Elmer had to thumb the one flying the three-starred, red flag. The car stopped and Elmer contrived to finish his trip with Lieut. Gen. Ben Lear, generally known as the 35th Division's severest critic. Elmer was delivered, with suitable comments, to regimental headquarters, which promptly shipped him back to Camp Robinson and the hospital. So now, with half the 35th on furlough and nothing going on that could possibly be tossed off base by Elmer, our hero rests quietly, thinking happily of the parades to come, when he's on his feet again.

TEXAS

1ST CAVALRY DIV.

FORT BLISS. Operating here for the first time in the Army's history is the 16th Veterinary Evacuation Hospital, meaning a battlefield emergency station for man's best friend (or are we thinking of dogs?). You can take a horse's word for it that the most modern equine hospital treatment is the Army's answer to a horse's prayer. On maneuvers the 16th performed military and hospital duties and followed the zigzag course of the 1st Cavalry Division all at the same time. A sick horse goes to the hospital in a veterinary company truck and the record of his condition and recovery is kept as diligently as though he were a brass hat. Some horses don't realize the great benefits to be derived from medicine, but Staff Sgt. Zwierzynski and Pvts. Szaszowski, Zukowski, Sokolowski and Stransky have persuading ways. With a force like that there's nothing for a horse to do but give in.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells. For an infantry sergeant with twenty-nine service years behind him,



On maneuvers
Somewhere in South Carolina
November 17 1941

Dear Ma:

Everything fine as usual. There isn't much time for long letters these days. We're on the go every minute. Right now, we're waiting for the word that will set off the last two weeks of maneuvers.

Remember when I applied for a transfer from the infantry? Well, it came thru! Wheee!!

Oops, there goes the whistle!

We're off! My new job is observer in the mechanized division. I'm the guy who sits in the ~~[illegible]~~ turret of a tank. It sure is swell.

Sign off now.

Love

Danny xxxxxx

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EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT NOW!— Plan early, *come* early—and come right to Miami—where living costs are lower and you're nearer more things to do.

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HERE'S the Story in COLOR!

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Warren Givens, Co. C, 54th Btn., has accomplished a feat with his footwear. The pair of shoes issued to him back in 1921 at Camp Sherman, Ohio, still serve as spares for guard duty, furloughs and visits to town. Sgt. Givens has had them repaired only twice during the intervening twenty years.

WHEN camp personnel last spring bulged out of bounds and into nearby Mineral Wells and Weatherford, thirty-some miles away, rents hit and went through the ceiling. In April Capt. W. E. Davis was made billeting officer and in August a civilian Fair Rents Committee pitched in and helped finish the job. Rents charged Army men are now $5,000 per month less than last April's total. One garage apartment, formerly renting for $65 unfurnished, is down to $35, with a cookstove and icebox thrown in. The whole thing was done with diplomacy and a minimum of hard feelings. Landlords were asked to bring down high rents but the recalcitrants weren't blacklisted. "Bad psychology," said Capt. Davis. When the Army and city representatives agreed on a top price of $40 and the landlord held out for $60, Army men were told they could rent the place if they liked it—but for not more than $40. It merely took a succession of would-be tenants all offering the same price to make the landlord surrender.

UTAH

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. If you want to get away from war talk, join the Army. Now in the Reception Center barbershop, Tonsorial Artist Jack Carter, who had become fed up with the war gab of his customers, hasn't heard any for five months. Friends ask him for the inside dope. "Don't know any," says Carter. Selectees generally are too occupied with their immediate welfare to worry about actual combat. As a matter of fact, many of the new ones are switching to the regular three-year hitch upon induction. Some of the reasons: $30 a month right off the bat instead of waiting four months, better opportunities, knowledge of where they are going and what they will be doing.

WHILE practically everybody else was tossing millions around, the 188 soldiers at the Wendover Bombing and Gunnery Range, in the salt-flats and sagebrush country 130 miles from anywhere, up and built their own sidewalks out of cement dust the runway contractor left in the boxcars. The men here are pretty much on their own. When the noncoms decided they needed a clubhouse, four of them set out in a reconnaissance car to size up an old railroad bridge for lumber salvage. They found the lumber. Eventually, a searching party found them—thirty-five miles out in a desert gully, where they had spent the night minus food, water and other stuff like that.

For the fliers the soldiers make giant bull's-eyes out of waste oil. The bombs obliterate the targets with one application but there's lots of room for more—1,800,000 acres. The permanent targets are built by Army engineers, who aren't provided with bombing schedules and have to do some neat dodging now and again.

CALIFORNIA

CAMP CALLAN, San Diego. "There's good money in it, but I earn every cent I get," is the opinion of Corp. Lowell Harmer, Battery B, 52d Training Btn. He doesn't mean the Army. His side line is operating a recording machine into which Callan soldiers dictate messages, mostly to gals. To get a customer into a sentimental mood Corp. Harmer puts what he calls "a mush record" on a phonograph. "Then," says the corporal, "I tell the guy to pour it in thick and not mind me. Talk about hot records! Nobody'll ever know the agony I go through keeping from passing along some of the stuff I hear."

GENERAL

THAT de-emphasis cry, long directed at college football, seems to be migrating to some Army camp athletics. The mistake being made, according to officers and men here and there, is that too much attention is devoted to turning out one or two top-notch teams, which draws more sports-page publicity but doesn't help the soldier who's not good enough to participate. The question seems to be whether the purpose of the athletic program is to put on a show for the boys or give them a chance to play in the game. We aren't taking sides.

HERE are the names of a few more out-of-the-States soldiers who are pining for a kind word from gals back home. In Co. A, Force A, (A.P.O. 803), Trinidad, British West Indies: First Sgt. John H. McMahan and Sgts. Charles Colburn, George Angel, Bart Sockle and Julis Snider. At Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico: Pvts. Ernest Hanscom and Robert M. Meigs, 305th Signal Co., and Pfc. John C. Carey, Jr., 51st Signal Maintenance Co. At Schofield Barracks, Hawaii: Pvts. Wm. L. Hallberg and Clarence J. Hunt, both of Co. C, 804th Engineers Battalion.

WISCONSIN Selective Service officials were somewhat chagrined the other day when a prospective draftee, after medical examinations showed him fit for Army service, walked out of the local board's office and dropped dead. Minnesota's Hennepin County Board No. 19 experienced the reverse of this situation. A machinist answered the question about illnesses and accidents with the following list: Back injury, scarlet fever, stiff neck; index, middle and ring fingers all broken; nose broken eight times; both arms broken at wrist; dent in skull from football injury. "Do you consider that you are now sound and well?" asked the questionnaire. "Yes," wrote the machinist. He's in Class 1-A.

THE ARMY is getting the boys all set for a cold winter, and at prices civilians wish they could buy stuff. In addition to nearly 2,000,000 more blankets at about $6.65 each the Army has let contracts for 1,350,000 olive-drab overcoats costing between three and four bucks each, and 1,392,000 pairs of woolen gloves at about six bits a pair. A million tons of coal were squeezed in somewhere. For mobility, Uncle Sam bought thousands of pairs of skis and ski shoes, 69,000 pounds of ski wax, 100,000 pairs of skis and snow goggles, plenty of ski pants and a quarter of a million dollars' worth of special winter flying shoes. Not to forget 165,000 parkas at ten bucks per parka.

THE latest and hottest bull session at Fort Douglas was not over football, chow or Christmas leave. No. The topic was whether a man would make a better husband for having served a year or more in the Army. The affirmative said the ex-draftee would get up promptly for breakfast, wouldn't dawdle over dressing, would make his own bed and hang up his pajamas before sprinting for the 7:55, would be in time for all meals, scrape the dishes and wash them occasionally, get along on a small allowance, be polite to his wife and take orders without growling.

WHAT do *you* think? As though we need ask. G. W.

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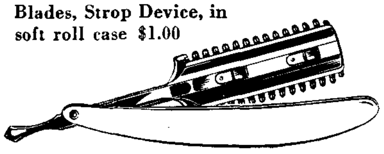

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CAT'S PAW
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Hell on Wheels

Continued from page 21

them the thrill surpasses the danger. Often they'll risk their lives to accomplish their mission, however insignificant, with utmost expedience and dispatch. Possibly this is their greatest fault.

Corporal Row, in our outfit, was that way. Every time he received his errand he raced off at top acceleration, giving the captain the jitters. Later we'd hear something coming toward us from the far distance; as the put-puts loudened someone would say, "Here comes Corporal Row."

One day the captain called him in.

"Row, I'm afraid you're going to get killed. You are too fast on your cycle."

"Well, I'm doing my best, sir."

"I know you are. You're the best rider we've got, but you're going to kill yourself. I need a staff-car driver and I think I'll put you on it."

Row was reluctant. "Very well, sir."

"We've a new staff car and you'll drive the colonel in G-4. You won't smash it up, now?"

"I'll do my best, sir," Row said. "Just like I did on my motorcycle."

The captain threw his arms in the air. Next day the incorrigible Row was back on his beloved cycle.

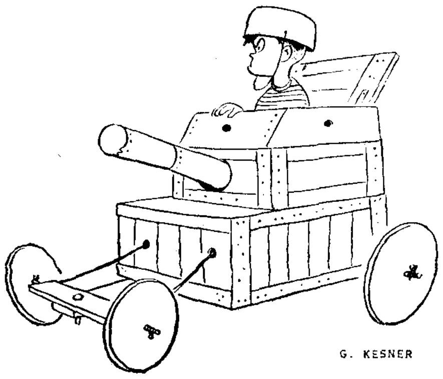
Row and his fellows, though serious when work's to be done, cowboy their cycles in side-show gravity-defying style when officers are out of sight. Carefree fatalists are they, and their reward is the esteem of fellow soldiers or, perhaps more, the wide-eyed worship of civilians for whom they put on a special show not prescribed in Army regulations. Unfortunately, civilians see only the highway processionals, which are duck soup for the cyclists who frolic up and down the column with pleasant abandon.

At the crossroads a cyclist drops out and blocks traffic until the column passes, meanwhile flirting with a neat feminine driver or explaining the intricacies of his tommy-gun to a passing farmer. After the last vehicle clears, the cyclist unsnarls the waiting cars and then begins the fun he loves—leapfrogging the civilians past the convoy.

Rough on Rookies

In full field regalia the motorcyclist takes a beating. Summertime he wears no more than his shoes, sox, coveralls and crash hat (wintertime clothing poundage soars). But he carries a pistol belt and holster, a canteen, rounds of ammunition, a first-aid pouch, a raincoat, a dust respirator and a gas mask. On the right side of his cycle is the tommy-gun and holster; biggest and bulkiest of all is the bedding roll in rear of his seat.

A rookie cyclist experiences considerable crotch chafing and buttocks pommeling when first he rides cross-country, so furiously does the seat jounce up and down. Rough though all that may be, it is during winter months that you see cycle soldiers exhibit their fortitude.



You have ridden all day and into the evening on a vehicular march in January. Hardly do you slip into your bedding roll, when someone awakens you and you crawl shivering to a scout car. It is scarcely ten P. M., you've slept perhaps an hour. The column pulls out of bivouac for an all-night march, you learn, to strike the enemy at dawn 200 miles away. And it's cold. The black-out order is issued. It seems to get colder. The metal hulk of the vehicle seems to attract and hold the damp iciness. There's nothing colder than cold steel. All the clothes they issued you aren't enough, you're so frozen you can't sleep and the car heater can't warm itself. Every hour and a half you stop for hot coffee; to your amazement it's worse outside, the wind cuts and there's a bit of sleet or hail in the air. Stiffly you crawl back inside and resume your all-night misery. You admit, grudgingly, the coffee helped some.

The Column Goes Through

Then you realize, as something roars and passes your scout car, what an abominable, soft, pampered sissy you are. You had forgotten about the motorcyclists. This is too much. Impossible. You see them working, but still. . . . That settles it. Those guys are tough . . . they're the toughest guys you ever saw. Civilian motorcycles during winter are stored away in gobs of grease. Yet here are these cycle soldiers, unstymied, battling inexorably with the elements. Only nuts or experts, you say, would ride on a night like this. You can see by the way they handle themselves on black, icy roads they're not nuts. In your numbness you realize you couldn't begin to do their job.

Occasionally you'll see one spill, pull his cycle out of the way quickly, brush himself off and start again. A green rider once in a while will, in fright, switch on his lights. A veteran will ride up to him, shout something and all will be darkness again.

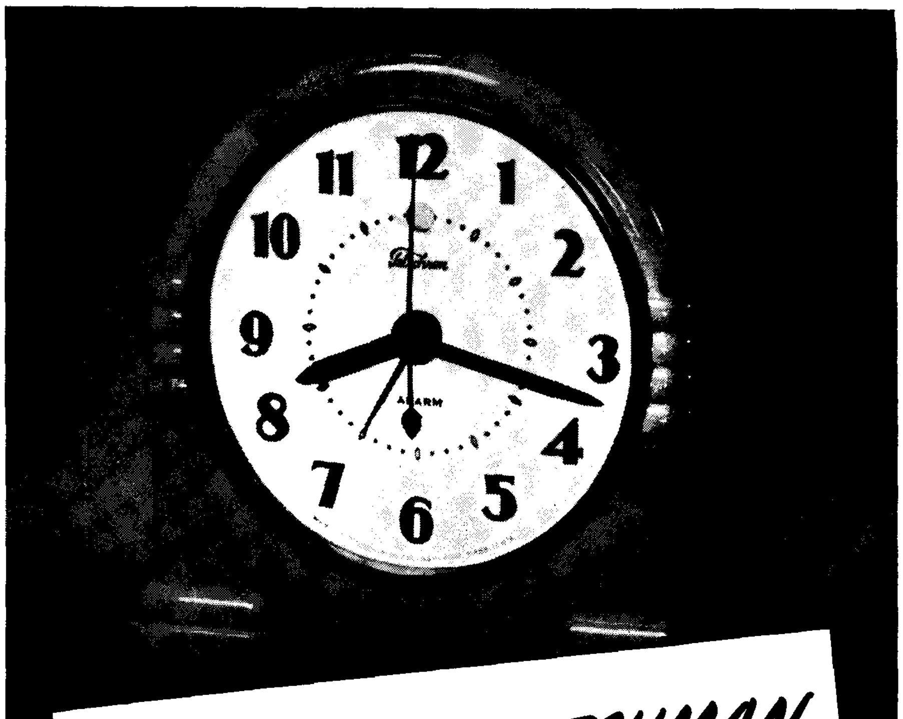
It's a hellish night, but the column goes through without snarls, thanks to the night riders. Somewhere, sometime, somehow you fall asleep—groggily, perhaps, but you snare some rest. At dawn you awake; the motorcyclists still are working tirelessly, efficiently. You have some new ideas about heroes.

"Never ask your men to do anything you can't do," officers are told. Generally the rule is adhered to, but motorcycle riding makes exceptions.

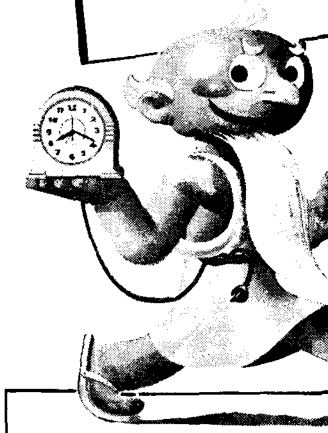
Young lieutenants and captains ride as well, often better, than their cycle soldiers, but love of security and the preservation of a sound and unified bone structure is uppermost in the minds of older, higher-ranking officers, and the quick co-ordination so vital to safe riding is not for them. As is to be expected, hordes of officers and men could never qualify as Army cycle riders, many more want no part of it. But from the youngest private to the most crochety colonel their respect for the devil riders is on the highest plane.

One colonel, his legs bowed from years in the horse cavalry, stood near an Armored Division command post wistfully watching several riders kick-starting their cycles. One took off in a roar, skidded sharply, showered the colonel with dust and grit and sped away. A lieutenant swore and began dusting his superior's tunic. The colonel glared after the departing motorcyclist.

"Wish I could do that," he growled.

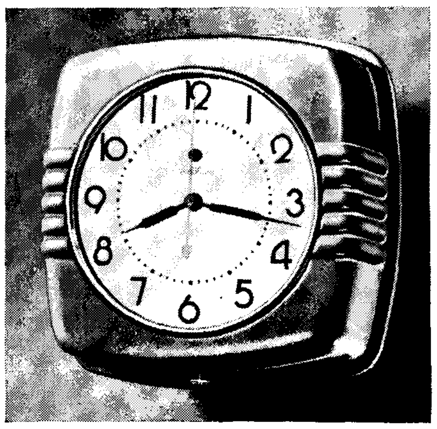


THIS NIGHT WATCHMAN DOES A THREE-WAY* JOB AT A NEW LOW PRICE!

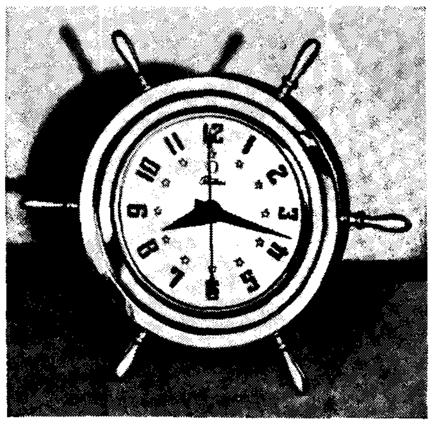


*1. ACCURATE CLOCK
2. DEPENDABLE ALARM
3. HANDY NIGHT LAMP

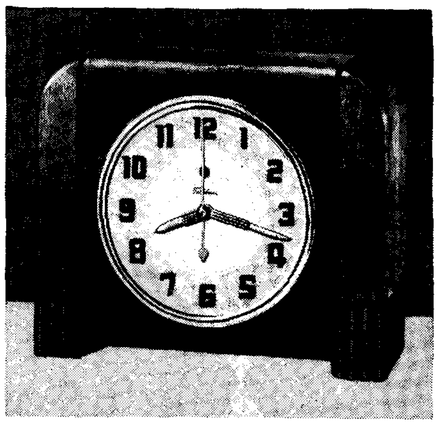
$4.95 **WARDEN** *(top of page)* —Attractive and efficient. Choice of mottled brown or ivory-color plastic. Electrically illuminated, translucent dial.



PATRON — For her kitchen wall. Metal case. Choice of red, green, white or ivory finish. Pretty, precise, and priced at only **$2.95.**



RESOLUTE — Gold-color metal, **$5.95.** ***Flotilla*** —with alarm, **$6.95.** Several Telechron clocks give any home a complete timekeeping system.



BANKER — Brown and black wood contrast in case, **$8.95.** Many other Telechron models from $2.95 to $35 at all good dealers.

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ALL with the famous self-starting Telechron motor, sealed in oil for silence and long life. Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass. ***Prices subject to change without notice.***

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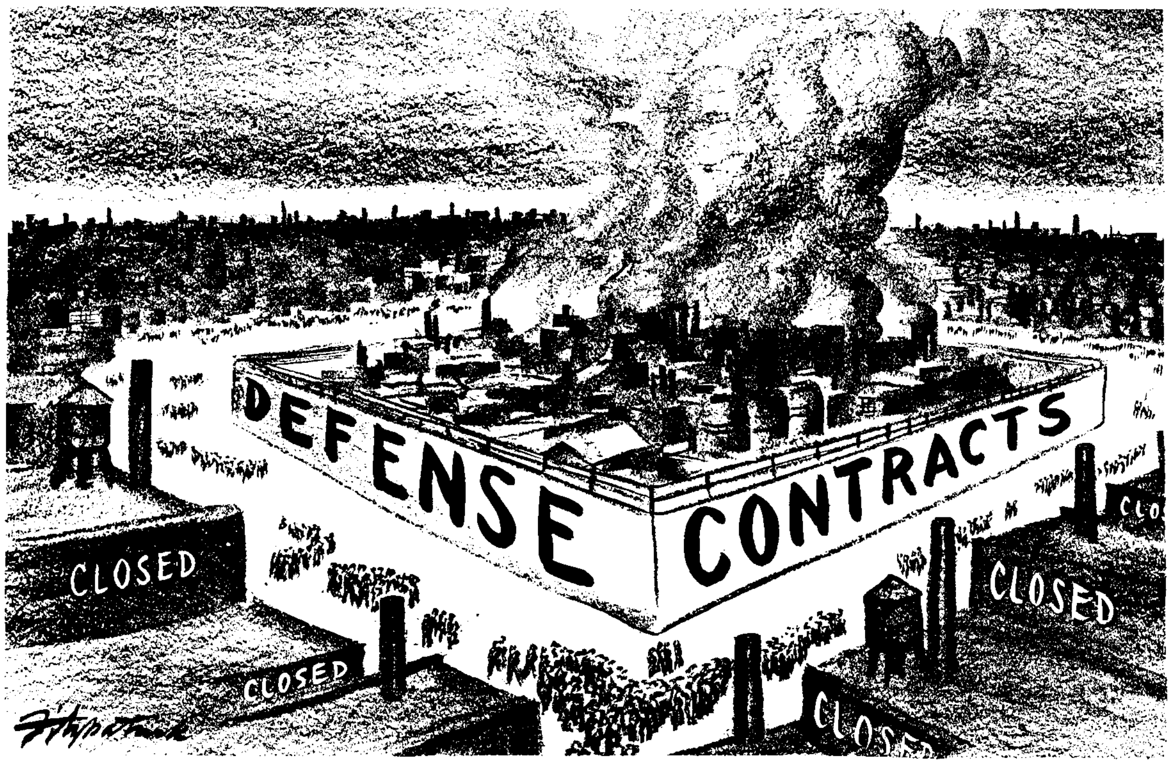


DEFENSE DEPRESSION

BUSINESS as usual" was a pleasant dream, fostered at Washington till realities exploded it. The realities are that defense priorities are expected to force numerous small businesses to the wall and throw between two and two and a half million people out of work at least temporarily. All this in the middle of an unprecedented boom in the defense industries and in those that can shift over to defense.

It's unavoidable; but must the little businessmen and the new unemployed smile cheerfully and slide quietly into the quicksand? We don't see why they should. Neither do we see why so many Washington thinkers should airily expect these people to take it on the chin, unless, as some charge, said thinkers are Communists and Fascists at heart and want to see the little fellow rubbed out economically.

For the little businessman caught by priorities, there should be some scheme whereby he can be helped along out of the profits of the defense boom—and we don't mean by super-excess taxes piled on industry. For the ne unemployed, there should be less talk and mo action in the matter of extending and enlargi Social Security.

Plans to counteract the defense depressi can be worked out and put in motion, if Co gress and the Executive branch really want do the job. And they'd better want to. The is social, political and economic dynamite attempting to laugh it off, detour it by loud ar hollow appeals to patriotism, or ignore it.

Why High-Hat Hoover?

HERBERT HOOVER again proposes to organize food relief for some of Europe's war destitute if allowed to do so by the governments of Great Britain, the United States and Germany. And again, up to this writing at least, he gets the not too polite brush-off in Washington and London.

Why? There is actual famine in Poland; the Germans are stripping Greece; civil war is intensifying food shortages in Yugoslavia and Croatia; the Low Countries, occupied France, Norway and Finland are on semistarvation rations; 40,000,000 children, according to Mr. Hoover, face hunger, famine and pestilence.

So why not give Hoover a chance to ameliorate the horror? This man fed about 10,000,000 persons in Belgium and France during the other war. No substantial German thefts of that food were detected. Neither was any adverse effect on the Allied war effort.

Hoover thinks that he could get similar agreements from the Germans again, if Great Britain and the United States would consent to pass his food ships through the blockade. The minute any real cheating on the Germans' part was discovered, the whole thing would be called off.

We've heard only one plausible reason for the refusal to let Hoover try it. That reason that the Allied strategists hope a stiff dose hunger will move the conquered peoples to r volt that much sooner. It is a cruel reason best, and it is more than outweighed, we thin by the fact that undernourished people dor habitually stage successful uprisings, and t the further fact that German propagandists a fanning European hatred for England by blan ing the general belt-tightening on Churchill.

We think it would be sound Allied strateg as well as humanitarian decency, to give Ho ver his chance to repeat his magnificent pe formance of 1914-18.

The National Health

A LOT of draftees have been rejected because of minor physical defects, so the compulsory repair of as many of them as possible has been ordered. This is all to the good, we think—one of the numerous ways in which the draft can be made to work widespread benefits.

However, when the politicians go on to talk about a national health program to include practically all of us, it sounds to us like hashish. Americans are too fond of gypping such government ukases, as was proved for all time, we thought, by the prohibition experience.

We think the national health can best be improved in the ways in which it has been improved for the last 35 or 40 years. We mean chiefly by individual efforts and health study—don't eat too much; don't eat crazy food combinations; see your dentist at least twice a year; take reasonable exercise; be moderate with your liquor, tobacco and other indulgences; act your age; get a full physical checkup once a year from a reliable doctor; above all, don't worry too much about your health.

These individual efforts should be supplemented by prudently managed group hospital insurance plans, more and more community attention to hospital services, sanitation, parks and playgrounds, care of school children teeth, free school lunches or milk, the spreac ing of information about venereal-disease pr vention and cure, and so on.

In short, we think the national health doing all right.

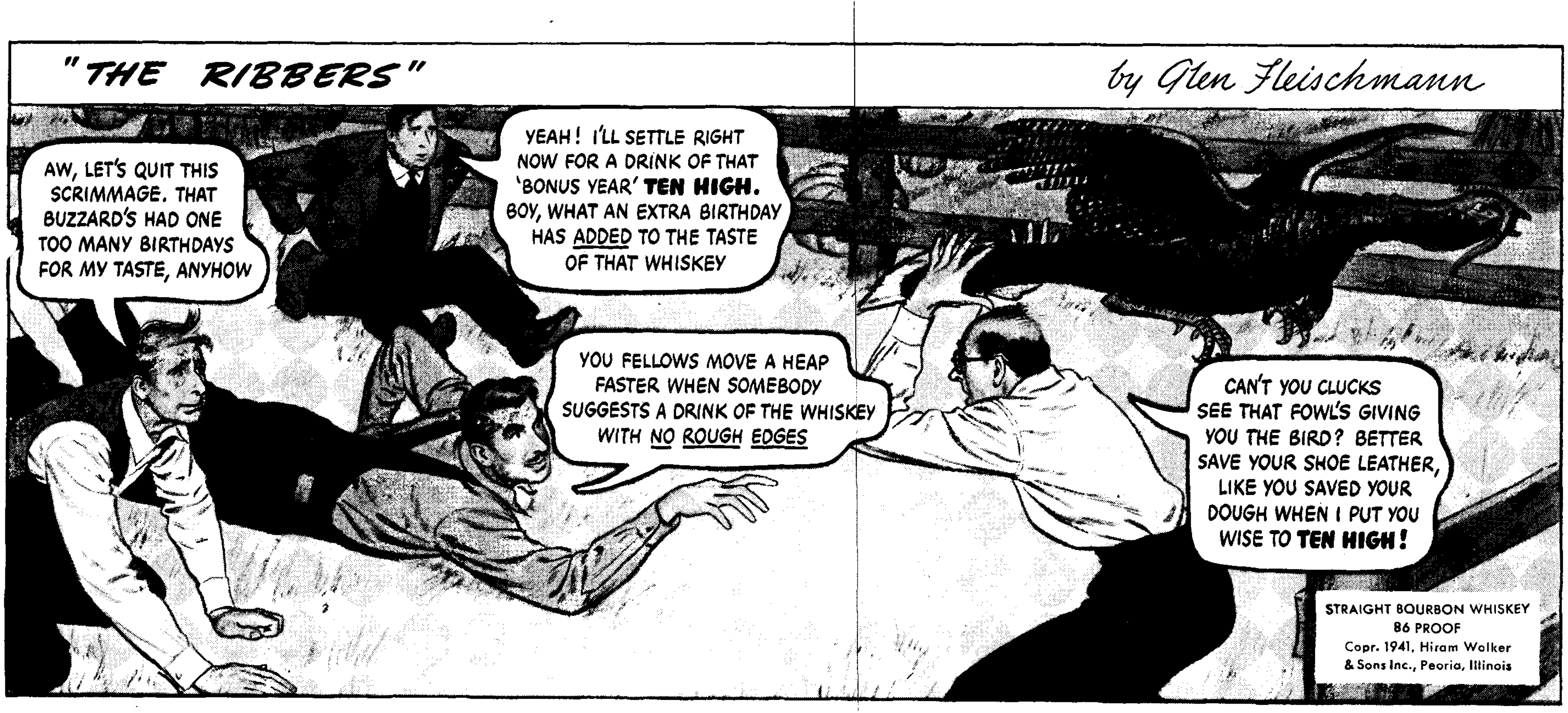
And speaking of the draft army, a lot of th boys are learning things they never suspecte before about sensible foods and food combin tions. As they stream back to civil life, the d mand for fruits, fruit juices, vegetables an other health foods ought to soar—which in i self will be an automatic boost to the nation health.

Uncle Sam's Contact Bureau

A RECENT Collier's editorial, Those Defense Commissions, objected to persons claiming to be able, for an appropriate fee, to connect businessmen with government defense contracts. We observed that this seemed a bit noncricket to us; that it was up to the government to make such contacts easy.

We hear now, from Undersecretary of Commerce Wayne C. Taylor, that the Department of Commerce has established such a service. The commission men, says Mr. Taylor, are made largely unnecessary by this new office; so are personal trips by businessmen to Washington in search of contracts; and "that more businessmen have not availed themselves of this service is due entirely to the fact that many of them still do not know it is available to them.

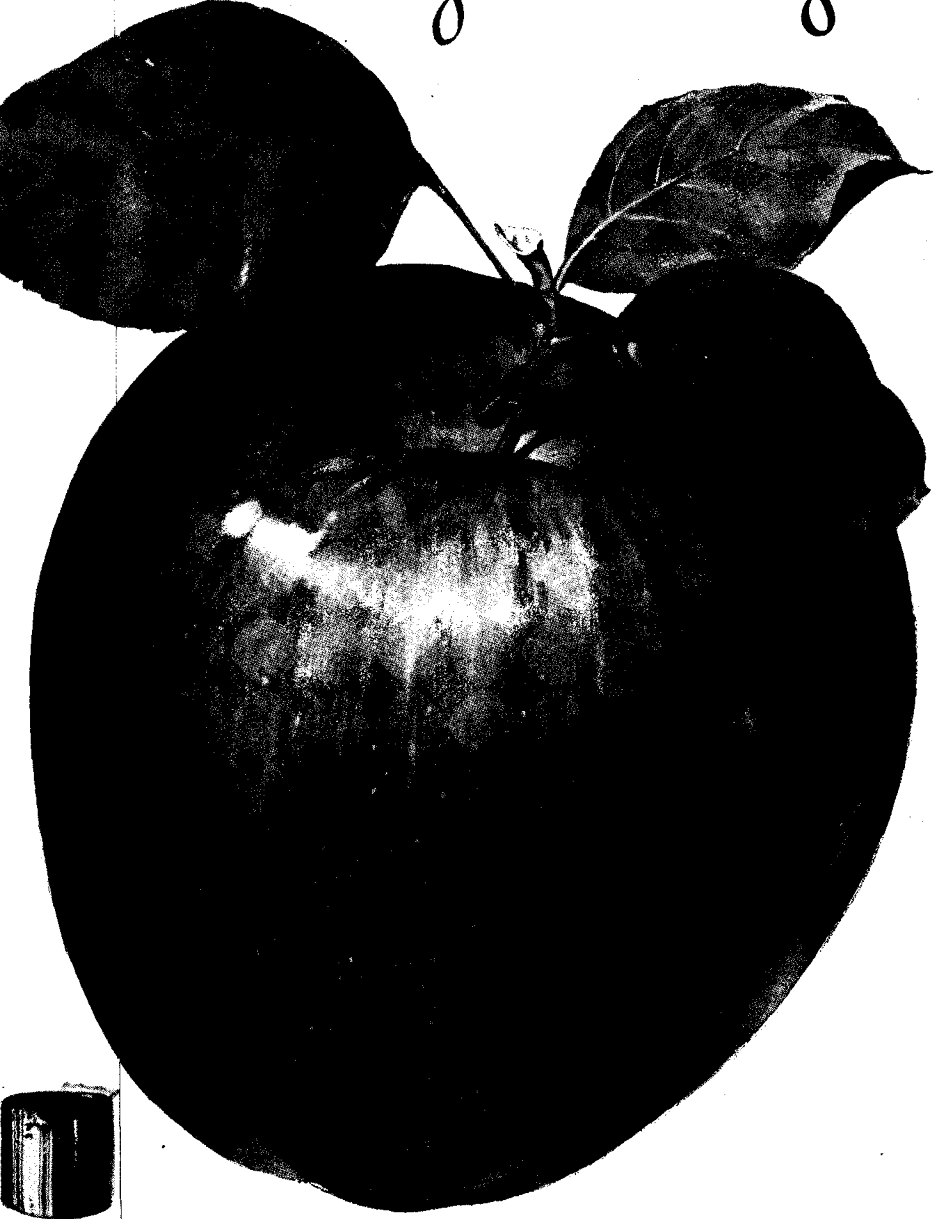
We're glad to pass on the news, which ce tainly was news to us, and we hope Mr. Taylor optimism is justified. If you want to try it ou send a request for full information about th contract bureau to Service and Informatio Office, Room 1060, Department of Commerc Washington, D. C.

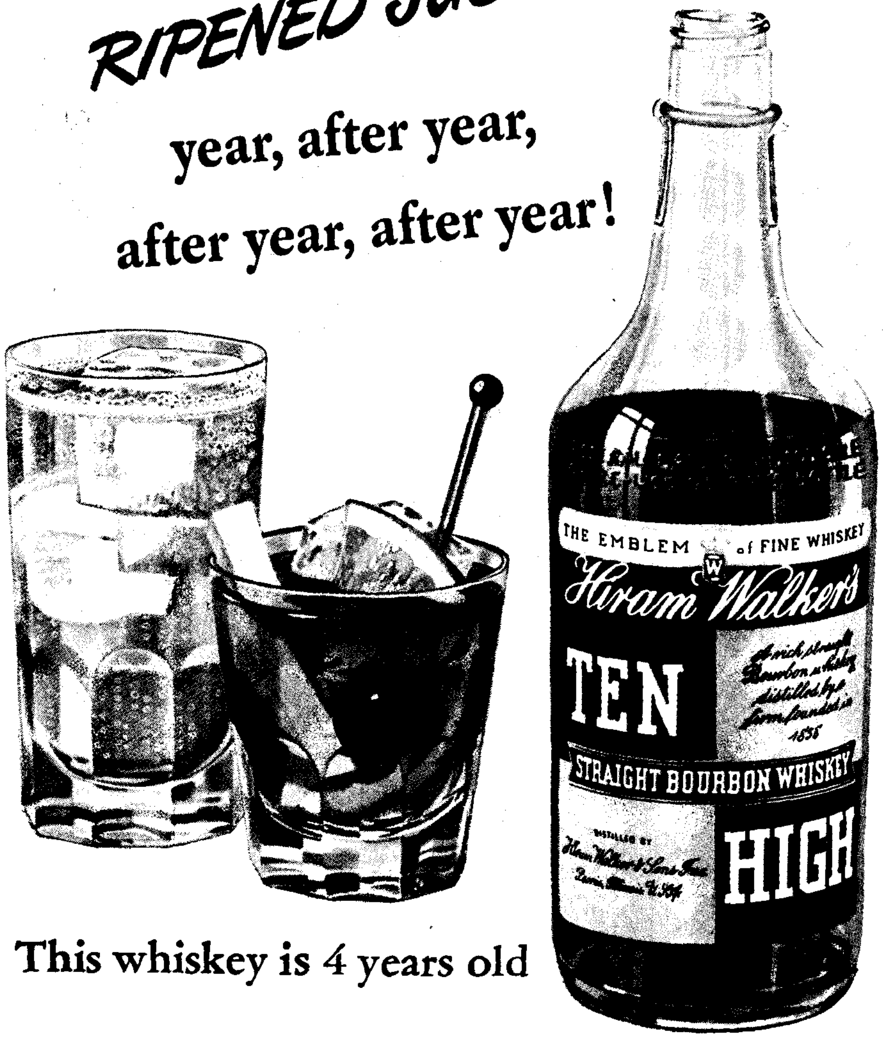

"THE RIBBERS"
by Glen Fleischmann
AW, LET'S QUIT THIS SCRIMMAGE. THAT BUZZARD'S HAD ONE TOO MANY BIRTHDAYS FOR MY TASTE, ANYHOW
YEAH! I'LL SETTLE RIGHT NOW FOR A DRINK OF THAT 'BONUS YEAR' TEN HIGH. BOY, WHAT AN EXTRA BIRTHDAY HAS ADDED TO THE TASTE OF THAT WHISKEY
YOU FELLOWS MOVE A HEAP FASTER WHEN SOMEBODY SUGGESTS A DRINK OF THE WHISKEY WITH NO ROUGH EDGES
CAN'T YOU CLUCKS SEE THAT FOWL'S GIVING YOU THE BIRD? BETTER SAVE YOUR SHOE LEATHER, LIKE YOU SAVED YOUR DOUGH WHEN I PUT YOU WISE TO TEN HIGH!

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
86 PROOF
Copr. 1941, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Double your enjoyment with the "Bonus Year" Ten High!

Like an apple picked at its juicy prime TEN HIGH is RIPENED JUST RIGHT— year, after year, after year, after year!



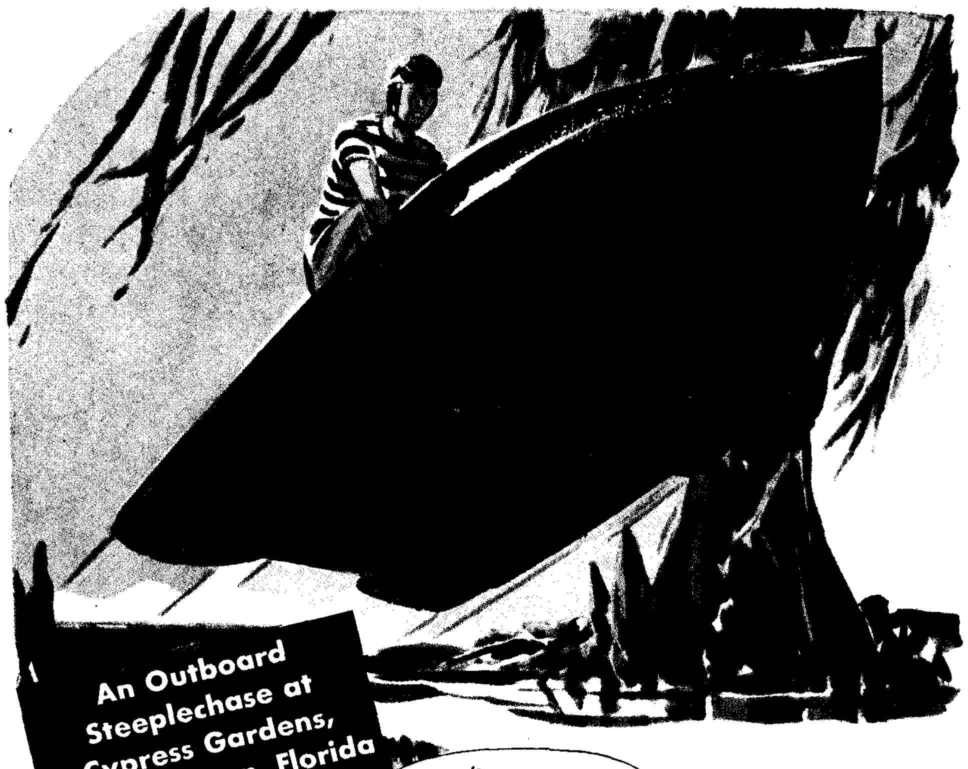

THE EMBLEM of FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich, straight Bourbon whiskey distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
HIGH
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois U.S.A.

This whiskey is 4 years old

YOU CAN *taste* the flavor bonus in the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH!

Yes—a full-ripe *extra* goodness put there by adding another birthday. And this is the whiskey already so delicious it's the favorite in countless homes.

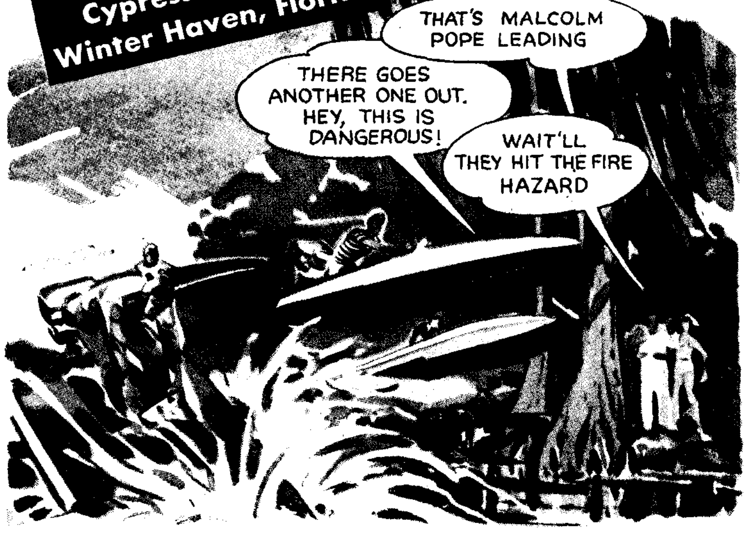
If you don't know this superb four-year-old bourbon, discover it today. If you're an old-time TEN HIGH fan, taste the *"bonus year"* TEN HIGH—and you'll *Double Your Enjoyment* of your favorite drink.

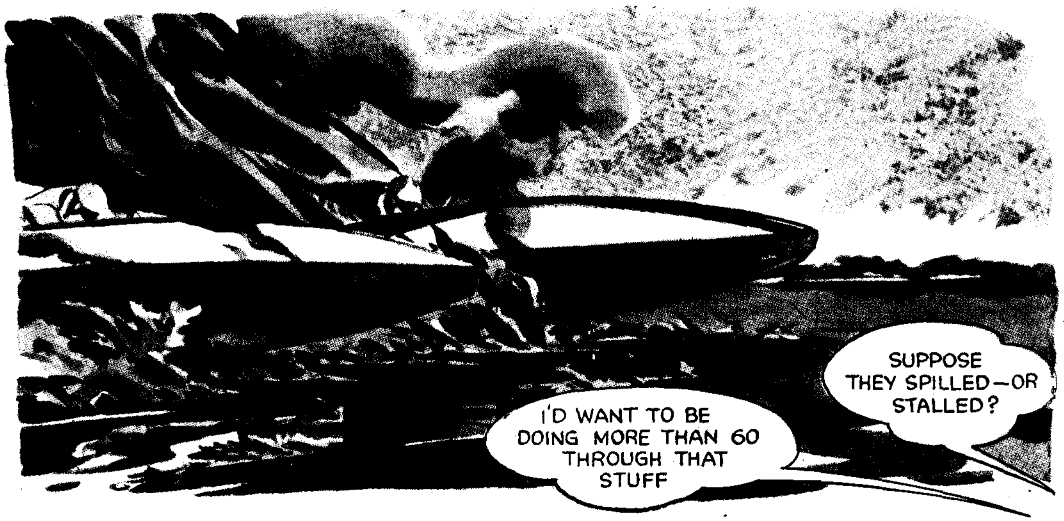


An Outboard Steeplechase at Cypress Gardens, Winter Haven, Florida

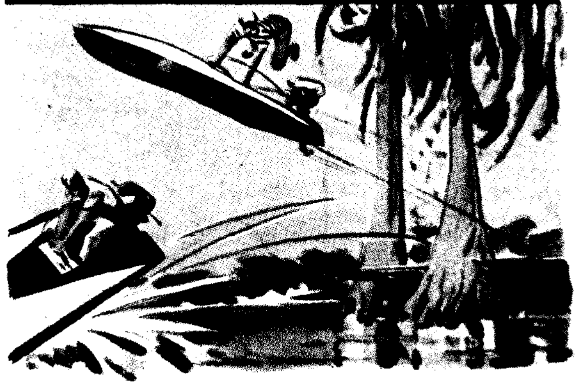
HE Doubles in Danger!

STUNT ACE MALCOLM POPE, WHO DOUBLES FOR THE STARS, CRASHED THE MOVIES AT 60 MILES AN HOUR

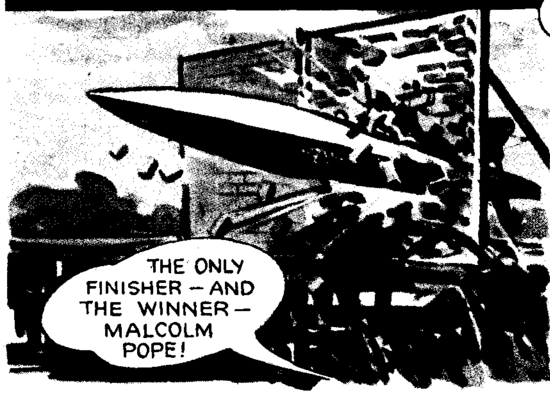

THAT'S MALCOLM POPE LEADING
THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE OUT. HEY, THIS IS DANGEROUS!
WAIT'LL THEY HIT THE FIRE HAZARD

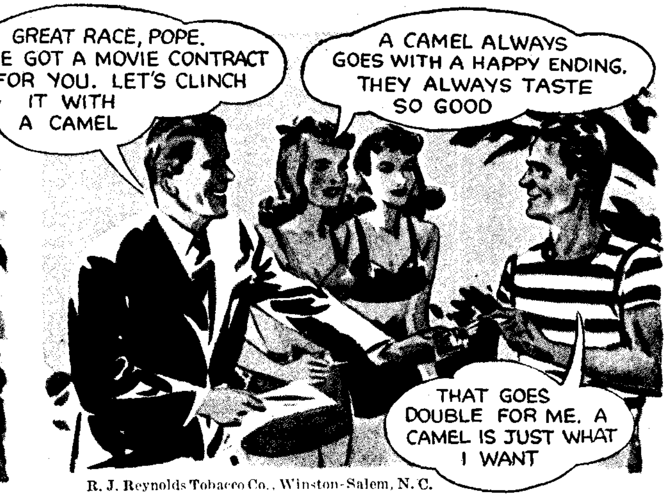

SUPPOSE THEY SPILLED—OR STALLED?
I'D WANT TO BE DOING MORE THAN 60 THROUGH THAT STUFF

40 Feet through the Air From an Inclined Platform Jump



The Last Hazard!


THE ONLY FINISHER — AND THE WINNER — MALCOLM POPE!

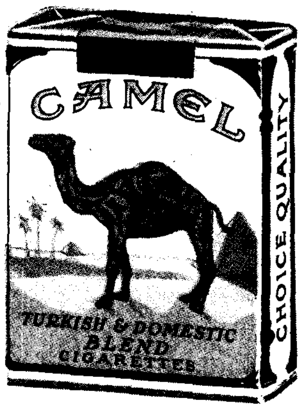

GREAT RACE, POPE. I'VE GOT A MOVIE CONTRACT FOR YOU. LET'S CLINCH IT WITH A CAMEL
A CAMEL ALWAYS GOES WITH A HAPPY ENDING. THEY ALWAYS TASTE SO GOOD
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME. A CAMEL IS JUST WHAT I WANT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

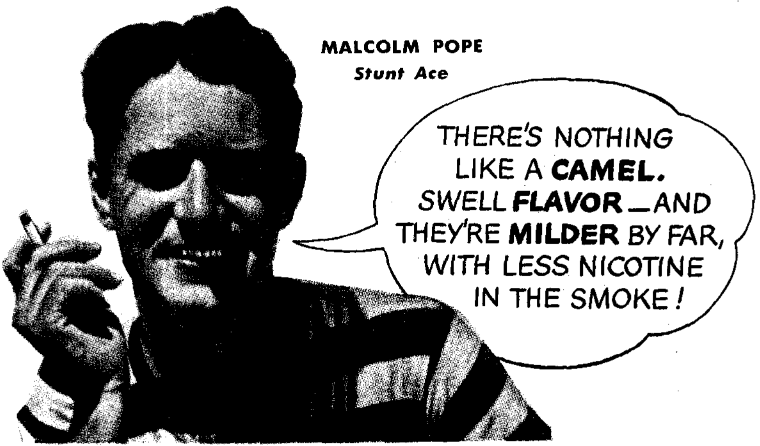
28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!* The *smoke's* the thing!


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS


MALCOLM POPE
Stunt Ace
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CAMEL. SWELL FLAVOR—AND THEY'RE MILDER BY FAR, WITH LESS NICOTINE IN THE SMOKE!

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**